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To our dear Rev. Olympia
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With a spirit-~~hat~~ of love,
from, Emma E. Bailey.

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(







Emma C. Bailey

HAPPY DAY

OR THE

CONFESSIONS OF A WOMAN MINISTER

BY

REVEREND EMMA E. BAILEY
"



NEW YORK

EUROPEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

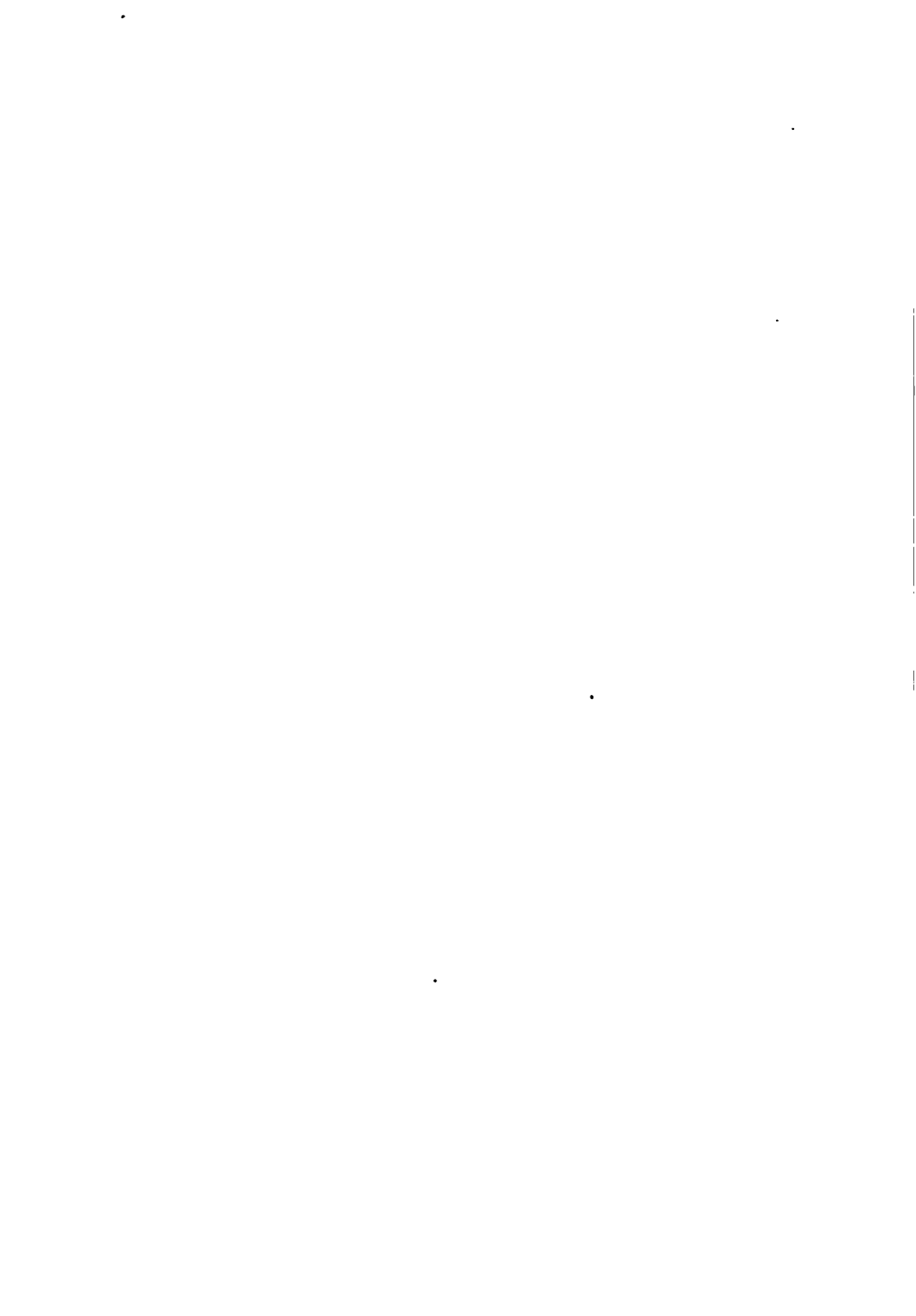
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**THE MERSHON COMPANY PRESS,
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TO OUR CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATES OF THE YEARS,
IN MEMORY OF THEIR VIRTUES OF FAITH AND LIFE,
THEIR DEVOTED SERVICE TO THE CHURCH,
AND THEIR PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP,
. TRIED AND TRUE,
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

THIS book has not been written for personal reasons, but simply because it wanted to come. I would gladly have dispensed with the ego part of it, could the result have been as satisfactory. It was commenced under an assumed name, and then in the person third; but found not wise in either case; so it appears as now, with the first person much in evidence, or in the autobiographical form; though, of course, from the crowding together of the many incidents and events of a busy and professional life, much that was pleasurable and noteworthy had to be excluded.

In the title, "Happy Day" bespoke itself, as the whole book has evolved from the idea of a happy life in God. We trust by it "A Woman Ministry" may be served to more favorable views and practical ends; a Universal Religion in Christ Jesus, the Lord, to a wider acceptance and belief; and "The Divine Immanence" to a more immediate recognition by the human heart.

Should the book prove tiresome to the reader, he must bear in mind that "biographies are books to read in; hardly read through."

EMMA E. BAILEY.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., *June, 1901.*

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HAPPY DAY.

CHAPTER I.

BEGINNINGS.

WHEN I was a little girl my father called me "Bird," because he said I seemed so joyous in all my manifestations. I well remember how ecstatic I was, bounding and laughing everywhere, with the birds singing in my soul and the flowers mirroring themselves in my spirit. I was heard to exclaim: "I never walk anywhere; I always run, because I am so happy." When asked my name I would say "Bird," and skip away to show the very spirit of the songsters, whom I adored with all my little being.

As the magnetic influence of the individual fitteth the within, and is a part or continuation of the same, so the name my father had given me seemed to fit my heredity and oncoming life.

When four years old, at the home dwelling-place, in Wilmington, Vt., where I was born September 18, 1844, my only and younger brother and I wandered forth to a neighboring meadow, and there beheld the first white flowers of my recollection—a wide and grateful expanse of them among the grass. In their dewy freshness and innocence, they looked to me as though angels hovered over them, and in later life I have said: "I do believe at sight of those flowers I felt something, as Mary did,

when Jesus spoke to her out of his resurrection whiteness and glory, and that there is much of salvation in the word 'restoration,' if it means, at all, a returning to the blessed state and impressionability of childhood."

A woman came to visit my mother, by the name of Plum; she wore a brown delaine dress with figures upon it, grouped by twos—light and dark purple together. Going before her, and standing in miniature dignity, I said: "Your name is Plum; you have plums on your dress; I should think you would be good to eat!" and then we both laughed heartily, for I could see as well as she the absurdity of my speech. Only I was greatly pleased with the coincidence of name and dress, but no more so than when, in recent years, after listening to an animated recital of a runaway, I asked, "Who caught the horse?" and was told, "Mr. Ketchum." I think I remember the first time I ever heard a rooster crow, and as the unmusical sound went over me and frightened me some, I said, "What is that?" and got the explanation. The first singing that attracted my attention was that of my father and mother, as they rendered on a Sunday night the old fugue hymn, "Over the Hills, where Spices Blow," my father bringing out the melancholy but stirring strains on his sad-looking bass viol. I never liked that old instrument; it made me feel lonesome and forlorn, as did some of the hymns of that period; but I did like to hear my parents sing the more lively compositions of the day. I especially enjoyed hearing my mother sing the old-time patriotic and sentimental ballads, of which she had committed many to memory.

Though the old hymns, lined out, might be dreary, yet nothing was consciously lacking to our child-world.

Our rag dolls were beautiful and beloved, and our Christmas doughnuts, fried in the shape of little men and women, were all that could be desired. We four—my two older sisters, my younger brother, and I—were just as happy as we could be; with father's and mother's faces the assurance to us of the great God-love which sustains and animates all things.

A nearby white sandbank furnished endless enjoyment, and the neighbor across the way, Mrs. Esther S. Forbes, beguiled many an hour for us in her home and amid the flowers of her garden. A flower of highest Christian beauty herself, she also furnished a real model for our young hearts, and we loved and revered her. From that time until now she has walked through the sweets of our living, a veritable queen—regal, but gentle and loving. Once, when we were alone together in the front path of her garden, I looked archly in her face and said: "You made my mother a bonnet, didn't you?" She understood at once the desire of my patronizing manner, and gathered me a nice bunch of flowers to take home, knowing that a little girl's heart was longing for their brightness and their beauty.

The scenery about our Vermont home was very charming, and one portion of it delighted me beyond expression. It was a bit of roadway coming down, as it were, out of Eden, for it led up a mossy bank to a blissful berry patch. On either side berry bushes appeared, as if to summon little girls to the feast beyond. Above these fragrant shrubs, glistening with their red-dotted fruit, arose a wealth of tender and feathery leaves, light and dark green intermingled of the sprouts, or children of the trees, and higher, the trees themselves, with here and there a marked one of another kind

haughtily rising and zigzagging across the sky; and all this, warmed and illumined by a summer sun, penetrated, interpenetrated, and all alive with the kindly ministrations of that glorious orb. Translucent indeed, and a wonderful scene for a happy and appreciative child! Memory recalls it, even now, as a beautiful and natural gateway into a child's paradise.

A dear old road passed the house through the trees toward the mountains. This we children loved to travel, drawing the youngest in his little red and blue wagon, with the old cat following; for it led to another kind neighbor's home where we were sure to find a warm welcome, and also nice hot griddle cakes, drowned in a rich, sweetened cream or delicious Vermont maple syrup. Here also was the music sweetest to me of all: the tinkling notes of the running spring water as it fell into the large wooden tank for family and domestic use, and so pure and delicious that it seems to have held special relation to that of which, if we freely drink, "we shall never thirst," but it shall be in us "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Some little wrong things of course we children did. I remember walking the old cat up and down the front yard, gleefully holding on to her front paws, and also turning over a churn of cream which stood on the platform in the cool woodshed, thereby making a "study in black and white" which caused me to run and hide, like many another when he thinks he has done wrong instead of making full confession.

When I was about five years old my father, a Universalist minister, had a call to settle at Madrid, N. Y., which caused the removal of our family from Vermont; but before we go to the new home I desire to mention some

of the incidents connected with the eight-years' ministry of my parents over the church in Wilmington, as they formed a factor in shaping the "beginnings" of my life. A church and Sunday school had been organized by them, and many persons admitted into the full membership of the church, forty-five of whom received baptism, by immersion, in one day. There were blessed religious services here, especially in the prayer and conference meetings. My mother made a practice of taking us under her shawl to church as soon as we were six months old, and she says we were always good and quiet. During a few months before I was born she had been very much engaged in the female prayer meetings held at the parishioners' houses, and this she believes had a great effect upon my heredity.

The singing in the prayer and conference meetings of the church was grand and inspiring, such as comes from healthy bodies and fervent spirits. Often not one present would remain silent, and the complete gospel electric chain, uniting all hearts, would give an expression divine and glowing. The Love-Christ of the Gospels was in their midst, and at times my parents would break forth and sing together, bringing a hush and great moving power. A number of young men, who have since made a good record for themselves in the ministry, were led to that life and profession through the influence of these meetings; several of them have testified to the fact that the "vital spark was touched," by the soul-inspiring singing of my beloved parents. One of these, Rev. Joy Bishop, writing to me under date of 1887, says: "I can now almost seem to hear your father and your mother sing as they used to in the dear old conference meetings in Vermont. Those times were

heavenly, and the Holy Ghost came down with loving power and filled the place."

My mother's singing in these meetings has often been mentioned, for at times she would sing alone, and to the delight of all who heard her. Her voice, of the very Spirit itself, would float away up to God in loving and trustful ecstasy, and with a yearning desire that souls might be touched as with coals from off God's altar. Sometimes she would sing "The Garden Hymn," with great stress upon the stanzas:

"The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who come to Christ shall live.

"We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from a shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink and drink and drink again,
And yet for more we cry."

The gifted and consecrated Mrs. Forbes, a member of the Wilmington church, in writing my mother as late as 1892, says: "You are never very long absent from our thoughts; there were so many beautiful scenes in the eight years that you and your dear husband labored with us, that some of them are constantly passing before me, making me thankful that I had the privilege of enjoying those rich gospel feasts; and I find myself wondering if there will not be something of the same when we reach the heavenly kingdom. I hope so. I believe everything will be glorious and perfect beyond our conception when we shall see our precious Saviour, and all our

dearly beloved friends—all united, none cast out, but room enough, bread enough, and white robes enough for all." At Hinsdale, N. H., where my parents enjoyed an earlier pastorate, the fervency of their prayer meetings became so great, that by invitation they joined hands with the neighboring parish at Winchester and held them together at five o'clock in the afternoon on alternate Sundays at each place. Often there would be fifteen or twenty loads of the friends passing from town to town to enjoy these feasts of gospel, unity, and love.

Of the incidents connected with the ministry in Wilmington I would mention the following as both amusing and interesting: One Sunday afternoon father and mother went to fill an appointment up on the mountain in a little schoolhouse. As soon as the meeting opened the whole congregation—men, women, and children, everyone with the exception of the minister's wife,—began chewing spruce gum, with which they had liberally provided themselves as they passed through the woods on their way to the service. How mightily those jaws worked, rendering it a most jaw-full, if not joyful, occasion, and the minister dare not glance the way of his wife, nor she to look at the pulpit, for fear of risibilities beyond control! Oh! the way that sermon was chewed down; the like of it had never been seen before. The minister was incited to do his best, and the more fervent he became the more natural and vigorous was the chewing; and great life was in the meeting! Father said afterward that if that crude but kind people gathered there from all parts of the mountain digested his efforts as well as they masticated them, an abundant harvest would be the result. Before the service, as mother was passing into the schoolhouse, a tall, awk-

ward, bashful, kindly-looking fellow standing near, reached down into his trousers pocket and drew forth a large handful of the gum and gave it to her. She thanked him, and said: "I do not chew gum, but I will take it home to my children, who will be very glad of it," for she knew it to be very good gum, the best to the youthful mind of all the concrete juices of the trees.

At another time a bushy-looking man came down from the mountain where he lived, and called at the parsonage to see the minister. As he was not at home mother drew from him this message: his wife had died, leaving five children, and he wanted the minister to come for the burial service. After listening to the particulars, mother said to the man: "It must be a very hard blow for you to lose your wife." He began to cry, and said between his sobs: "I couldn't have felt worse if I had lost my very best cow." Such a reply was so unexpected that my mother had to turn away to conceal a smile; but she soon recovered, and thought, "Poor man, his treasures are earthly ones and from these he must draw his comparisons!" but she felt sure there was a real fountain of grief in the poor man's heart.

A very funny thing happened one day at the parsonage when a thunderstorm was arising. A woman had called, but as she saw the sky darkening she began quite unceremoniously to leave. Mother said: "You better stay now until the storm is over." "Oh, no!" said this woman; "I must get right along home, for my daughter is very much mortified when it thunders and lightens!" One day when we children were alone a very loud rap was heard on the front door. Ellen, the eldest, responded, and there stood a man, who, in a loud and hurried voice, asked if the "boss" was at home. The

color came into her sweet face, as she said, "Oh, no! it is out at the barn!" thinking the man meant the cow, for she had never heard her beloved father thus spoken of before. We were left at home one evening in the care of a young woman who was a "home-assistant" at the time, and who sat reading in the midst of her flock of four. Ellen begged her to read aloud to us, but the young woman said: "I guess this book is too old for you, but we will try it." After a time she turned to Ellen, and said: "Do you enjoy it?" "Oh, yes!" says the dear girl, always so dignified, and thoughtful of others; "it is very interesting, even if we can't understand it."

An event taking place in the cold month of January greatly impressed the minds of my parents, and taught them afresh the great fact that the God-love, the self-sacrificing nature, is in all men, regardless of belief or situation. They had heard of a family of nine children, living four miles from the village, whom they greatly longed to gather into their Sunday school, though they had some misgivings about it, as the father was known to be a drinker and an infidel; so one day directly after dinner they were tucked snugly into their sleigh and went on this gospel errand. They found the family kind, cordial, and apparently tractable, and the afternoon was passing very agreeably, when a heavy snow-storm set in, and after a time a drifting wind, causing the hearts of these parents to swell in uneasiness for their children at home; so they said, "We must be going," but nothing would do but they must "stay to supper," the man saying if they would only do so he would see that "they got home all right." They were over-persuaded, and sure enough, when they were

ready, after the warm and excellent meal, to start for home, the man appeared all rigged for service, with a snow shovel in his hand, and a neighbor with him similarly furnished; and these two brave and kind hearts shoveled snow, before the good family horse, for nearly two miles on the homeward journey, as far as the drifted portion of the road extended. Not long after, the family of this man were all seen in the Sunday school, neatly clothed and ready for its teachings. How we children loved to hear about this man and his neighbor; and we have always cherished a warm feeling in our hearts for their friendly act to our parents.

One Sunday afternoon in summer, as our family came home from church, we found sitting on our front doorstep a strange woman, advanced beyond middle age. She said she had come thus far from the Baptist Church, but she could go no further. Her limbs had given out, and she must rest a while. She lived three miles from the village, but in some unaccountable way her family, with whom she had ridden to church, had driven on without her. Mother cordially invited her into the house, and to take dinner, saying: "If your people do not come for you my husband will hitch up and take you home." Some extra preparations were made on the stranger's account, and as she was being helped generously she laid down her knife and fork, and remarked: "I felt just as you do when I was first converted forty-three years ago; I wanted to do good to everybody." This was almost a breath-taker for my parents, who believed that to be born of the Christ-spirit was only the beginning of a life full of growing goodness and love through self-effort and through help divine; and who took very little stock in the adage, "Once in grace,

always in grace," thinking it led to the pernicious view that at conversion all was done, and nothing more needed to be done; that thus safety was secured, and, by this, Jesus' sacrifice was made available without any further effort. Much of this thought obtained at an early day, being the cause of a great deal of self-righteousness, self-dwarfing hypocrisy, and an outward pious observance rather than the true righteous inward one that leadeth to "life eternal." This remark of the stranger reminded my parents of a similar one made in another town by a woman they had befriended. Receiving their hospitality and assistance, she said to them: "I felt just as you do when I was first converted; I loved God; I loved everybody, and I wanted to do good unto all." Her friends thought, "What a pity she could not have kept on in this way!" and were burdened with the loss she had sustained all through the passing years. Not to improve from the time of one's conversion, but rather to fall back and back, seems a most deplorable state of things. A very strange and amusing answer was made by a woman who had come out from the narrow faith into the larger one, to the question put to her by my mother: "Did you not feel very sad when you believed in the doctrine of endless misery for a large portion of the human race, and did it not often cause you wakeful hours at night?" "Oh, no!" said she; "for I never thought it would be for any of my folks or anyone I should ever know, but only just for the heathen or some of the people away off in the old countries!"

But we must pass on to the home in New York State, situated on the banks of the De Grasse River, surrounded by scenery that completely filled the children's minds; and where, in the warm seasons of the

year and during hours out of school, and through the long days of vacation, we were permitted to roam at will along the mossy, wooded banks and o'er the beautiful lowlands to the more beautiful and "individual" river beyond. How rare were the sights, the sounds, and the delights of those charming, developing days, when body and mind were in harmonious action, and "life an organized absorptive force"; when the senses were keenly alive and all things seemed sweet and blissful! The note of the bird struck so clear, mellow, and distinct, awaking that harmony within which shall be heard again when the Lord perfects that which concerneth us; the breezes from afar, laden with the early violet perfume and other odors, mixed and rare; the brightening flush of the morning sky, the day's sunshine and the evening's hush; the soft willows along the bank, entwined and garlanded with the delicate friendly vines, affording unconscious resting-place for little minds; the dear old sleepy stream underneath the rough-made bridge, where little heads, sunbonneted and bare, oft bent inquiringly o'er to catch a charming sight of their little, whirling, twirling minnow friends; and the broadening expanse of the fair and friendly river—all this, and more, gave of its nutriment, natural and pure, to the growing inner life of the children, and blessed their world abundantly. I was more than happy; I was filled to overflowing. Every little thing interested and attracted me; and I remember going out alone one day to gather a little bouquet for my dear father, who was sick. It was Sunday, and he could not preach, so I felt very sorry for him. Along the beloved bank I spied some tiny forms of fresh plant life hardly yet green, just peeping through the earth, for it was early spring, and

of these faithfully I gathered my small hand full, and running into the house, and tying them together, I carried them to my father, lying so pale and benignant upon his bed. He took them, smiled, and said: "You are a very good little girl, and may God bless you." These words and the look upon my father's face I never forgot, but have treasured them in the inner chamber of my mind as types of the never-failing, the everlasting love of God. On our way to school we children passed an aristocratic-looking house, with cultivated rose bushes growing at the door, which were in their season full of great pink double blossoms, magnificent to behold; and some mornings I could hardly get by their great attraction, but would hang over the fence and feast my eyes upon them. How quiet I was upon these occasions! I said nothing, but preferred to keep all of the triumphant, millennial feeling which took possession of my soul "under the rose," and in other days could say:

"From those over-blown faint roses
Not a leaf appeareth shed.
And that little bud discloses
Not a thorn's breadth more of red
For the winters and the summers
Which have passed me overhead."

Another beautiful scene engraved itself upon my heart: that of a home in the country where we four children would often be invited in the summer time to spend a Saturday afternoon with dear playmates living there. The quaint old house was completely set in a wreath of roses, presenting the sweetest, most Eden-like picture in the world—a perfect gem of loveliness. An old tumbledown stone wall surrounded it, entirely overgrown with old-fashioned June rose bushes. This mem-

ful, heroic ones who have joined hands with Christ to remove the load of ignorance, error, and sin, and to let in the kingdom of light, of knowledge and righteousness, the true and lawful inheritance of every child of God. Of course, in the olden time, impurity and evil lurked in places here and there, but it was not so widespread as at the present day. Would that purity banners and mottoes might be freely displayed for the sake of the little ones whom Jesus regarded so highly that he could say of them: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Would that leaflets might be read by the children which should be to them as light in the darkness of the world. The child's life is of the "sunburst pattern"; and too bad that it should wane, become old and weak before its time. The purity, the "White Cross," and the social-reform work are noble, and God speed it on! Anthony Comstock, Wilbur F. Crafts, Mabel L. Conklin, and others stand already upon pedestals very high for what they have done in this line.

Not to transgress heaven's high laws of body and of mind is binding upon everyone, male and female, old and young, and upon little children as well, in whom center all our hopes for the future. May all who understand these things clear the way for every life to start out with a firm determination, under God, to have and to cultivate only clean ways and right habits of life.

There was only one teacher among the several in the old red schoolhouse in Madrid who made a favorable, lasting impression upon our minds. She was a young and lovely Christian woman from Massachusetts, who taught her pupils manners, morals, and the principles of pure religion, as well as how to read and write; who sought to have them pure, amiable, loving, and good,

as well as to develop and bring them forward intellectually. In addition, she cultivated our artistic ability and æsthetic taste by giving us drawing lessons and impressive talks upon nature and the beautiful scenery about us. She insisted upon our having a fellow-feeling for all, and often appealed to our honor and true pride. She even talked to us about patches upon our clothes, that we should not be ashamed to wear them, so long as our garments were clean and neat. She told us we must be orderly at home as well as at school, and great was the hammering heard thereafter, in some of the homes, so that each little hat, cap, and shawl might have its appropriate nail. Sister Ellen fell downstairs in getting her nail into its place, but this served only to impress the admonitions of the teacher more forcibly upon her mind. The mothers of the town came to appreciate this exceptional teacher, and many were the tears of regret shed at her departure from the place. The little parting verses which she wrote for the children on small note paper, with pretty pencilings around them, and containing sentiments adapted to the individuality of each, were fondly cherished and retained as mementoes of one who had blessed their early lives.

This teacher's name was Mary Pike, and she was the one among our early instructors who stood forth in our minds, even as Pike's Peak stands forth among the Rockies. She was a new departure; and may God bless all such who act the part of a true friend and Christian moralist as well as that of book instructor to the young. During these schooldays an incident occurred which, perhaps, was hardly justifiable in all respects. In running about the playground I found a pretty carnelian ring. Some of the boys begged it of me, so I told them

to form a circle about me, to close their eyes, and I would put the ring in the hand of the boy I liked best. I proceeded with this somewhat dangerous operation, but placed the ring not in the hand of the one I preferred to all the others,—a rosy-cheeked, dumpling boy, a veritable “bread-and-butter cherub,”—but in that of a poor, lame playmate older than myself, and with a real fatherly face.

I do not remember ever to have struck a child but once, and that was in the schoolroom, when one boy, furiously angry at another, had gotten him down on the floor and was stamping upon him. As quick as a flash I darted toward the stove, caught up the iron poker, and hit him a pretty hard blow upon the seat of his trousers. This had the desired effect, for he let his victim free, but unexpectedly gave chase to me. Being light, I skipped over the tops of the seats, and flying out at an open window, found refuge in the arms of the older girls, though badly shaken up and frightened.

On one Friday afternoon there was a commotion in the schoolroom, for our only brother, little J. Murray Bailey, who afterward became a minister of the gospel, was to speak his first piece in public—some little verses his mother had taught him, beginning with:

“I’ll never chew tobacco, no;
It is a nasty weed.
I’ll never put it in my mouth,
Said little Robert Reid.”

He was led to the platform, dear little rosy-faced innocent! and left to himself to solemnly give utterance to that which had been carefully drilled into his mind. He began by saying:

“I’ll never chew ‘bacco.”

leaving off, in his embarrassment, the first syllable of the word, and then became so discouraged and frightened that his cries were heard all over the schoolroom, and his sister Ellen had to carry him ingloriously off the platform. However, he kept his word and never chewed tobacco!

There was an oasis in the lives of the children of this village when some parties came to gather them all into a singing and training school, to end with a floral festival, for it was during the warm season of the year. Some of them to-day, through blessed memory, can taste again the glorious feelings with which they entered into this last performance, when, dressed in beautiful new garments, they sat on the raised seats, amid a bower of beauty, to shout forth their instructed words and tune-ful notes! It was a child's heaven to them, and they often wonder now if the children of the present day, who have so much done for them by way of Children's days, Christmas and Easter festivals, L. T. L.'s, Bands of Hope, etc., enjoy all those occasions one-half as well as they did their one event, and, if so, how well it pays the older ones to give them all these pleasures.

As we have intimated, the home life of our family was a happy one. A natural atmosphere gave of its showers of blessings. Love was the ruling power, and nothing was ever put under lock and key. A minister's wife, Mrs. C. H. Dodge, many years after a visit to our parents' home, thus wrote of it: "The domestic life of this family was so lovely that it inspired admiration. It was a household so full of love and tenderness that it was taken as a model for every virtue. How far-reaching and like the sweet perfume of the rarest flowers is the good outwrought by such a family as this! And their

experiences were not unlike others', but that calm faith and trust and love soared above all storm clouds into that high atmosphere of radiance and joy whereby they grew more and more to the stature of the Master. And these symmetrical, well-proportioned, and sweet, human characters, men and women that have trod the same paths we have trod, are what we need to contemplate, to help and strengthen us to try to live in the same spirit, and work as they have to save lost souls, as well as to sing songs of joy with earth's weary ones upward passing! I remember the mother's eye of heaven's own blue, and its expression. Mrs. Bailey had been an invalid for many years, but still manifested the same contented spirit. Her husband, Rev. J. W. Bailey, was an exact counterpart of herself. They sang the same songs, knelt at the same altar, and their children were like pearls about their necks. What may we not expect of them, reared in a home like this? "

Though the estimate of this friend seems far too high and her expectations to have been far from realized, yet I can truly say that my father and mother performed their duty by us as far as understood, and that no morbid teaching was given us as to the natural depravity of the human heart. We were not made to feel that "we were awful little sinners when we were not, thus making awful little hypocrites of us," in the words of Phillips Brooks. Nothing was said to us about "getting religion," but the fact was emphasized that we were in the kingdom of Jesus, who was so loving and good that we were to follow Him, and that we would love Him more and more the better we became acquainted with Him. We were taught that God was our Father, that He was good, far more so than our earthly parents, whom we

almost idolized; that He had made us, and this beautiful world, and all things therein, and that He had prepared better and better things for us, even away up into the skies. We were told that Christ Jesus His Son, our Saviour and the Saviour of the world, was like His Father, and one with Him in all good, and was at last to find all of God's children and bring them home unto Him, purified and redeemed. All this made us hopeful and happy, and encouraged us to try and "be good," though, of course, we many times failed.

On Sunday we loved to be dressed nice and neat, and go to church to hear our dear father preach, that father who had never deceived us nor caused us to fear him. To our minds no shadow was ever brought over the fair face of Christianity by our parents. It was the one thing to be desired and loved! Though the evils of the world were pointed out with their dreadful consequences and awful, but remedial punishments, yet, by the mercies of God, we were exhorted to do right. This seems to be the true way, for love of God leadeth not to sin; and perfect trust in His tender mercies wins the soul to a natural following of His truth.

One day in winter an event occurred which revealed how this teaching of the care and love of God had taken hold. There came a poor, thinly-clad, distressed-looking beggar woman to our door, asking my mother for something to wear. At once my eyes were fastened upon my mother's face, and as she turned to go to a closet where she kept her dresses I ran along beside her. The few articles were carefully looked over, and one or two taken down, but with a look of hesitancy and doubt. Noting this, I pulled at my mother's skirts, and cried out: "Oh, do give her one, and God will send you an-

other!" This brought a decision at once, and a good dress was taken to the poor, waiting woman. The very next week my mother had sent her by a kind parishioner the pattern of a dress far nicer than the one she had given away. Thus was my childish faith rewarded; and I have noted all through life that God careth for us, and that bread cast upon the waters does return, in one way if not in another; for giving with the heart always brings a shower of blessings.

So life went on, in the parsonage home on the banks of the beautiful river, in a general atmosphere of love and sunshine, the children enjoying perfect faith in their parents, in the God above them, and in the Saviour who lived and died for them and all men; in that "love divine, all love excelling," which ne'er faileth, come life or come death, yea, which is from everlasting to everlasting.

By sacrifice a piano was secured, adding to the sum of our enjoyments, and opening up for us almost endless enchantments; for what home which has once had the sweet inspirations of an instrument of this kind would return to the old life without it? Great and notable was the arrival of the piano, and the night before it came sister Ellen arose before midnight, dressed herself, and, with an oil lamp in her hand came downstairs to ask father and mother if it wasn't time to get up? The great interest she then showed was but prophetic of her musical attainments in after years; for at the age of eighteen she had become a very proficient and gifted player upon the piano and organ, and was possessed of a trained voice as sweet and clear as a bird's.

But now there comes a change in our peaceful home life. Another climate must be sought on account of the failing health of mother, for a trying cough had fas-

tened itself upon her lungs, greatly reducing her. Through Rev. William S. Balch, a firm friend of the family, Richlands, Onslow County, N. C., was fixed upon, Mr. Balch having been for a time a sojourner and a preacher there. We children were delighted with the prospect of the journey, and all the new things anticipated in the new place of residence; but a shadow came when on a morning all collected in mother's room, and she told us about a book she was reading called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," producing the book from under the covers of the bed, as father had forbidden her reading it, as it had excited her so much. And when she told us how therein was pictured the life of the poor colored people who were slaves in the South, in the very place where we were going, and that we were to live right among them, the tears came to our eyes. She talked to us about this much-abused and suffering race, and then and there was awakened in my heart an aspiration different from any I had known before, and one not to relax its hold until the great proclamation of Lincoln freed the slaves and gave them their liberty. My sympathy for the slaves grew and grew, until it fastened itself upon my very heartstrings; but of this further on in these confessions!

One night, before leaving Madrid, for some reason little J. Murray had not come with his sisters to mother's bedside to say his prayers, but after a time, trudging in alone, mother said to him: "Murray, who told you to come?" "Me told me," said the precious little fellow, and when he had said his prayer he remained to talk, saying: "Mudder, if you should die, would God have a room all fixed up nice for you, and would He pick you a nice little bunch of posies?"

We were very sad at thought of parting with our dear mates and leaving the beautiful scenery of the place where we had passed several years of the poetic period of our lives! We had all formed strong attachments, and there were two little girls about my own age whom I very much loved; the one was slender and of the butterfly type, and helped on my enthusiasms, already great; the other, fleshy, fair-faced, and plump-legged, a sweet, quiet girl, held me back and gave me repose. Between these two I felt about right, and they, with other dear girl mates, drew upon my feelings. The boys also came in for their share of drawing influence, especially the "rosy-cheeked cherub one," and a few others. The morning we left an animated scene presented itself at the railroad station. Besides parishioners, it seemed that nearly all the villagers and school children were there to offer their tender farewells and tokens of appreciation. As the train moved off, the school children ran along beside it, shouting their good-bys, and otherwise giving vent to their emotions. This brought the tears afresh to all eyes, and it was some time before we could quiet down in the car to look over our presents. Among mine I found a beautiful breastpin, round, with a large white glass stone in the middle and many smaller ones circling about it, red, green, and yellow, all set in bright tin, the gift of a good boy across the street, with a little note accompanying it asking me to write.

The distinction of owning a breastpin had never been mine before (though I had once swallowed a large glass stone belonging to one), so, of course, I was very much pleased. Holding it up for admiration, I exclaimed: "I shall keep this as long as I live!" But

how little I knew at the time what fate awaited my precious treasure!

In the quiet of the journey our parents' thoughts were busy with their past labors, and they thanked the Lord that by His good grace they had prospered, that many souls had been blessed in Christ, and the temperance cause had revived and augmented. They recalled to mind that under their ministry spirits journeying heavenward had caught the inspiration of the unseen, going in light and glory; and particularly "Brother Hawley," who, on his dying bed, had asked them to sing to him, and as they did so he looked upon them and said: "That is beautiful, but I hear other singing, and more beautiful; that of the angels, it must be," and that through the night he repeatedly requested his son to sing with the angels, and that toward morning the son found the right hymn, so that, singing it with them, the old man's heart was comforted to a peaceful and seraphic departure! They tucked snugly down in their hearts for lasting remembrance the names, the lives, the characters of many of their flock, as well as those of their neighbors, for how dear a possession is neighborly kindness and attention!

CHAPTER II.

NEW LIFE IN NEW PLACES.

ON our way to New York city great excitement was caused by mother's youngest daughter getting lost. In changing trains, fluttering and independent, I had gotten into a different car, but when father found me, there I sat perched on a seat all by myself, looking as natural, contented, and unconcerned as could be. Restored to the bosom of the family, tears of joy were shed at sight of my little face again. We spent in the great metropolis some interesting days. The Crystal Palace was seen in all its splendor, and we children to this time can remember the kind and interested face of our dear father as he led us about to view its many wonders. Other places of interest and improvement were visited, and the occasion made most memorable. The smiling colored waiters at the hotel, the Colamore House, where we boarded, greatly impressed us, and all things appeared new and delightful.

Here also boarded the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, afterward Dr. Sawyer, a distinguished educator, theologian, and divine, the very Nestor of the Universalist denomination. He, in connection with his gifted and poetic wife, contributed much to the interest of our visit in the city. In conversation with my father we children overheard him say that he never wanted to swear except when he thought of human slavery. This saying sounded mysterious to my young ears, but later I came to understand

it. Dr. Sawyer did not believe that God would or could damn any of His children forever, yet he could ask Him to damn or condemn the great evil of slavery, so black a curse "that no part of our civilization could be white so long as it existed"—and the same of the licensed liquor traffic.

From New York we went to Philadelphia, and there we saw the "Old Liberty Bell," the sight of which, long after, at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, made me weep. This old bell seems to have a very heart of flesh and soul of understanding, and calls forth more patriotism and sentiment of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for all" than any other object in the Union. We had our daguerreotypes taken in the "City of Brotherly Love," the older girls together, my brother and I side by side, and all placed in a pretty double case. Let us look at these pictures, for they are still extant and highly prized by our aged mother.

First comes Ellen Rose, twelve years old, with her round face and small, sweet mouth, so small that she cut it with the large knives at the Colamore. Some admirer said that the language of her mouth was, "Come and kiss me." She is fleshy and her cheeks are red, and with all her amiability she bears a look of high-mindedness and sustained dignity of character, which she possessed in a remarkable degree, even in very early life. No one could see her without loving her, and she grew to be a fine and beautiful young lady. Abbie Ann is thinner and taller. Her years are ten, her eyes large and thoughtful, with often an angelic look suffusing them. The expression of her face is more serious than her sister's, and her mouth somewhat firmer. She is the embodiment of native purity and refinement, and

always "a little lady." As she advanced in years and wore her hair adown her slender shoulders in long and shapely ringlets, she was the one selected for the angel in the tableaux for the exhibitions of the church and Sunday school. Next in order is myself, Emma Eliza, eight years old, and with a more ordinary look than those we have been describing, but one quite as lively and cheery as the others; and somehow you think that this one will be longer in maturing, which proves to be true in the coming years. Little James Murray, resting against my shoulder, seems just goodness and sweetness itself; and now, entering upon his sixth year, he looks to me like an intelligent little sugar plum, good enough to hug, kiss, and eat. What an innocent little mouth, and how wistful and confiding his expression! But the thoughtful look in his eye betokens love of right and a noble career somewhere in the great future. The four pairs of eyes are blue, and their owners said to be bright and active. We girls are clothed in plain traveling dresses, low-necked according to the erroneous and pernicious custom of the times, and our brother in open plum-colored velvet jacket, trimmed with pink silk braid, with white ruffled waist underneath.

From Philadelphia we journeyed south, and, after passing Mason and Dixon's line, we caught our first sight of a slave, an old man. He was being driven through the car, in chains and handcuffs, and with the tears rolling down his face. We were all greatly affected, and we children sobbed audibly. Our parents tried in vain to dry our tears, and this attracting the attention of a kind, intelligent-appearing lady in the car, she came over to our place to help pacify us. She said if we would stop crying she would have her husband



OUR FAMILY GROUP.

go out and inquire into the man's history. Soon the husband returned, with this explanation: the man was a slave who had been sold to a new master, and, not wanting to go with him, they had put him in chains. Not very comforting; but the kindly notice of the strange lady and husband served to divert our minds and to somewhat assuage our grief. The man, a Southerner himself, said to my mother: "Reckon you are coming South for health and not for knowledge." Mother replied: "From what we have just seen, I judge we should gain knowledge the downward way." Arriving in North Carolina, we, with the Northern music and school teacher, Charlotte Fobes, who had accompanied us, were met at the railroad station by a gentleman living on the way to Richlands, our destination, who took us by teams to his own home for the night. That night proved a memorable one, for it gave us our first insight into the life and ways of a Southern plantation. Great was the cordiality of our reception, and the very marrow of things was at our use and disposal.

In the evening, as we all surrounded the great fireplace, with its glowing pitch-pine light, the great Bible was brought out and "Mr. Bailey" invited to read and to lead in religious devotions, which he did most fervently, and with new sensations creeping over his soul, for the colored people, the slaves, gathered about the doors and open windows, not being allowed to come in with the others. After the prayer my mother started the familiar hymn, "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," using the hallelujah chorus, her whole family and the Northern teacher, a fine singer, joining in. Members of the resident family took up the strain, and then the voices of the colored people, with whole-souled zest and

melodious ecstasy, until it seemed that a great chorus, a mighty pæan, swept heavenward! Other hymns were sung, with similar effect; but all the time the dusky forms about were the center of interest and attraction to the incoming strangers; and their condition of bondage could not be forgotten. Among them at the door my mother had noticed an old negress who seemed completely glorified by the religious exercises. Going toward her and taking her hand, she said: "You enjoyed all this very much, did you not?" "Oh, yes!" said she. "Poor old Aunt Fanny has felt your singing and your praying all down her poor old bones," pointing to those members, "and she wants to say God bless you, and to ask you to come again this way." Mother, of course, was much moved, and we children also, and I took the words and the spirit of this dear old colored slave to bed with me, and in the night made up my mind that something must be done for her. The next morning, as "Aunt Fanny" was seen approaching the house, I ran to my mother and said: "Oh, mother! won't you let me give dear old Aunt Fanny my beautiful breastpin, and you give her a nightcap," thinking, though so young, that the useful and the ornamental should go together. Mother consented. A nightcap was produced, and a happy child allowed to take it, together with her "beautiful breastpin," to the wistful old soul lingering near the door. As the presents were received in her thin old hands, she looked into the face of the little girl who gave them, and said: "Bless you, honey! Chile, you look as though you knew everything!" The love born in my soul from the first real knowledge of the slaves, through that divine book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was stirred to its depths, and made me willing

and eager to part with my most valued earthly treasure for their sake, as my heart went out to them all through dear old "Aunt Fanny."

The evening of the same day finds us all at the Franks plantation, where it is arranged that our parents are to remain, with the youngest child, J. Murray, and we girls are to go with our teacher to a little town on Onslow Bay, forty miles distant, where she has found a school in which we are to be instructed. We were to be under her care, and with her my sisters were still to pursue their music. Father was to exercise guardianship over us, as he was to come once a month where we were to preach to the people.

The Franks plantation was a large and wealthy one, and the owner a venerable, white-haired man, noted for his wisdom, generosity of heart, and kindness to his slaves. Indeed, he was said to be the best man to his slaves in all the county. He was a believer in the great salvation through Jesus Christ, and had been very desirous to have my father come to his place. With Southern kindness and hospitality, he had really invited him to come, with his family, to his home, to remain indefinitely, and without money and without price. Mrs. Franks was kindly of heart, and of the same reasonable mind with her husband. Though their union had been childless, some sixteen children of relatives and others had been brought up by them, and had gone out with good educations into the world. The household was of marked intelligence and open cordiality of spirit, and the home ideal barring the slavery. The rooms of the dwelling were airy and pleasant. Vines and roses climbed over the windows and verandas, and the garden was redolent with the choice and the beauti-

ful. The homes of the slaves, arranged along a shaded avenue, were of unusual comfort and presented a picturesque appearance. All in the party remained here several weeks, enjoying a unique and highly interesting visit. By invitation we went to other homes and plantations, and found everyone kind and friendly.

We children enjoyed ourselves roaming about with the other children, discovering new things, listening to the mocking-birds, appropriating peanuts from the great stacks heaped up for the swine, gathering black walnuts, and eating the sweet potatoes raw. The sweet potatoes, especially the yams, were exceedingly fine, and when baked the rich juice would ooze from them; made into pie they were very delicious, and all of the family found them pleasant to the taste. They were something new, and furnished one of the changes from the North to the South, and so were especially noted. My father appreciated the assistance of his family in beginning his gospel work in the building they called a church, not far away. It was a rude structure, with board blinds for the open windows, and here the fine ladies with their silk stockings would gather their nice dresses close around their limbs to keep the fleas from biting them, as they sat listening to the Word. The minister at first felt that none of his sermons "would do," for they all seemed against slavery, but his wife said: "You must remember what Brother Balch said to you, that if you did not mention the words slavery or slaves, you could preach what you might, and all would be well." Acting upon this suggestion, he met with no real difficulty, as people to-day bear and like liberal preaching if it be not labeled as such. The friends seemed pleased and benefited, and an orthodox minister, after listening to

his sermons for some time, came out a believer in the everlasting love of God for all men, and later became a preacher of the same faith. The time arriving for us to go to our school in the little town on the bay, our parents accompanied us and remained to see us settled as comfortably as possible. New and lovely was life to these girls in this quaint old town. The balmy air, the mild, soft sunshine, the strange new plants, flowers, and vegetation, with their strange new odors, the waters of the bay, coming in and going out by tides, and skirting the shores with the early sea-foam, the universal fatherly and motherly kindness of the people toward them, served to make and keep them contented. Finding dear little playmates, I passed hours with them paddling about in the small boats which lay anchored along the shores of the bay, and dreaming of the great ocean beyond. At early dawn we would flit down to the water's edge to bathe our faces in the sea-foam, that our complexions might be clear and white. An old sawmill stood near, and it did a great and buzzing business; when quiet, we liked to wander through its peculiar haunts, to find there a certain bust painted white—a regular Juno head and face, which once had adorned the prow of a ship. This looked mysterious to me, and I delighted in its contemplation. I loved to watch and to mark the tides going just so far and no further, as if held and guided by an unseen power. Indeed, they seemed to tell the story of a great attachment to a grandeur far away, and almost infinite; and when I went with a party of young people and children over the bay to see the great breakers of the ocean, I realized something of the connection with it and the tides.

Later in life, when thinking of these enjoyments and mysteries of youth, I was led to the following reflections: Oh, great waters of the deep! thy surfaces and even those of the solid earth are affected by sun and moon; the very heavens above teaching us on a scale so vast of the great unity and interdependence of all things, and making to appear small and mean the little bigotries and aristocracies of men; the corners they make in religious or other life, keeping to themselves their heart and pulse commodities, rather than pouring them forth into the grand old channels of the common life. I'd rather be an ocean wave, following the guidance of the sun and moon, than to keep even one little corner of my heart barred against anyone or anything that God has made. I'd rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the temples of the Exclusivists. I'd rather keep close to my God and be poor and lowly, than to feel that it was an act of condescension for me to notice or fraternize with any child of His.

This going over to the ocean was a red-letter day with us, and we enjoyed to the full gathering shells to carry home; climbing the high white sand banks and then rolling down their sides; and being invited, with some others, by the captain of a ship which lay anchored there to go on board and eat bird soup. Sometimes we would cross the bay to visit, by invitation, a family by the name of Hill, the head of which was afterward a colonel in the War of the Rebellion, and who seemed a lofty and high-minded man. Everything upon his plantation looked neat and orderly. The houses were painted white, and the "colored quarters" white-washed. I enjoyed looking through these places to find

the young babies, who looked to me like little black dolls in white houses, and so cunning in their little white caps. The mansion for the white people was in two parts, connected by a covered walk, the guest side containing a large parlor the floor of which was sanded in flower patterns, until broken up by feet. In the evening, with the services of a colored fiddler, there would be a merry dance, during which the master would often call Sambo to order for keeping time with his feet, which was very hard on the poor fellow so full of rhythm.

Returning once from the beach, we encountered a fearful storm, causing our hair and our sailboat to simultaneously stand on end; but the two strong slaves, faithful and brave, aided by a kind Providence, got us safely through. When the sun shone warm in the little town on the bay, we took a pleasant path up a wooded hill to a rude structure where we bought of a man and woman delicious old-fashioned gingerbread, the very best molasses candy, and sparkling persimmon beer! As a temperance woman I now look upon the beer part of these pleasant little trips with grave suspicion, and with utter condemnation upon our occasional practice of getting "brandied peaches" at another place, and I am glad that such things, together with the brandy in mince pies, are now outlawed in good temperance society. Had not our home been a total-abstinence one, the memory of the beer and the peaches might have proved very deleterious. The women of the South "dipped snuff," so the little folks must have their brushes, and dip too; but not tobacco, only powdered Peruvian bark.

There was a young physician in this town, a worthy young man, who paid some attention to the pretty Northern teacher, and who also took quite a fancy to

the youngest girl in her care. Planning to take the long ride to the plantation adjoining Mr. Franks' to visit relatives of his own, he invited me to go with him, that I might be with our dear parents for a time. My guardians said I could go, and I was thrown into transports of joy with the happy anticipations. To-day I remember this ride as the pleasantest one of my whole life. The doctor had read many books, and, selecting the story which he thought would interest me the most, he began relating it, and as we journeyed through the odorous pine woods, noting the trees in their nice white aprons, chipped for their turpentine, and fanned by breezes soft and salubrious, he brought forward the characters and plot of the book in a manner to interest me more and more, and the length of it just suited, for it was not finished until on the home trip, when we had nearly reached our destination. It was a story so good that it kept during the week of our visit. Of course there were many interruptions during both rides, and we had some thrilling experiences on our long drive. There being no bridges over the streams, we had to pass right through them, and when the water was deep it became quite exciting; but the bottom of our carriage, as was the custom there, had a hole in it with a spout for the water to run out, so by gathering ourselves up on the seat we were saved from getting much wet. But at one time on the forward journey, in the middle of quite a deep ford, the doctor's trunk was lost from the back of the carriage, and to recover it with a very long pole was almost as stirring to our nerves as the story he was relating. Arriving where father and mother were, I burst into tears—a new experience which I could not understand; why I should cry when I was so glad to see

my parents and my dear little brother I never quite fathomed, except that extremes of joy and pain often meet in tears. A very joyful visiting week was passed, all too short. The day before coming away, one of the colored men on the place told me that in the morning he was going to give me a corn-stalk fiddle, which he would make for me "after hours"—one that would give real music; and this took away somewhat of the keen edge of the parting. In the morning the instrument was forthcoming. It was a queer little thing, but it did make a squeaking noise, and the recipient was delighted with it, especially as a slave had made it for her.

It was remarkable how we fared for luncheon on the way back. With true Southern hospitality, four or five different friends put up boxes of lunch, each box appearing more inviting than the rest. We had lunch and lunch, to eat and to spare, and the doctor, getting a fly in his eye, which became very troublesome, stopped before a house and asked a young girl to bring him out a looking-glass. She was rewarded for her kind act with a great handful of cookies and cakes. Nearing home, the doctor told me of a very handsome breastpin he had at his house, and that he had made up his mind to give it to me, if I would like it. Of course I would like it, but I hardly knew what to say, for it seemed like a great fortune coming to me, and I thought of the pin which I had given poor old Aunt Fanny, worth only ten or fifteen cents, but which had been so precious to me. Could it be that things like what the doctor had told me of in the story were coming true for me? It was arranged that he was to send it down the next morning from the plantation where he lived. It came before I was up, the big colored man in charge of it pounding

so loudly upon the door as to awaken all in the house. It was brought into my room, done up very neatly, and when the package was opened there appeared an object of great admiration and delight. It was a gold pin made in the form of a bow, ornamented with blue and white enamel. Nearly two inches long and one wide, it seemed like a gold mine to me. Nowadays, if the enamel had been all white, it would have made a beautiful W. C. T. U. pin. But it was too large for a little girl, so I never wore it at this age but once. At an evening party, in the midst of an old-fashioned lively dance, the doctor sought me out and asked me to be his partner. I told him I had never danced, but he insisted, saying he would lift me up when my time came and whirl me around; so in a few moments, I was seen, with my large, beautiful breastpin and low-necked dress, going around and around, and up and down the middle, under the lead of the young man who had been so kind to me, and I was just as happy as a bird. I have not believed in dancing as I have grown older, but I am sure that no harm came to me from the grand, free exercise of that dear old night, in the very long ago of my childhood days. Blessed days of childhood, where all is pure and no suggestion of evil comes!

We had a very exciting and blood-curdling time in the schoolroom one day, when a drunken man tried to get in through the door, which the teacher had fastened on seeing him coming. Exasperated and infuriated, he beat heavy blows upon the door, which threatened every moment to give way. The cause of his anger was this: The hogs, which ran free in that country, had rooted up the grave of his daughter, which, with others, lay along the road near the schoolhouse, and he charged

this dreadful sacrilege upon the school children, and was bound to have revenge. After many ineffectual attempts to break in the door, he began to make his way around the schoolhouse, to try the windows. The teacher, seeing her opportunity, opened the door and told the children to run with her as fast as they could go to the nearest house, which they did, and thus were saved further danger; but the school did not assemble again until the man was arrested and shut up. But how woeful to have the graves of the precious dead so uncared for as this! for frequently in passing through the country you saw them forsaken and unprotected along the roadside. Had not the evil and barbaric influence of slavery been so often remarked upon, we would pause here to moralize.

On a Saturday afternoon I was invited to spend the day with a dear little pale-faced girl who lived in a large white house, and on coming away I was presented with a most pretentious-looking rag doll, almost as large as myself, and with a number of sets of dresses and other clothes. It struck me that out of some of its clothes I could make aprons for two of my little slave friends, Grace and Hope, the attractive children of Mary, our chambermaid, an intelligent, warm-hearted, conscientious mulatto, for whom I cherished an affection almost filial. I felt very sorry for these little girls because they were not allowed to go to school and enjoy other like privileges with myself, just because they were a little darker skinned. Able to sew after a fashion, I made garments for these little slaves. Grace was petted a good deal by her mistress, the kind and indulgent widowed owner of the home, and for this reason she felt a little better than the ordinary slave, and when out at

play with us, and noting the stagnant waters about, she would say: "Oh, what is it smells so! I reckon it must be the niggers." I loved these children, and I loved to play with them, running in and out from under the house,—for the houses were all set up several feet above the ground,—trying to avoid the great bloodhounds and bulldogs, of which there were plenty, and picking up bits of broken glass and china for our playhouse at the rear of the great house. A large bulldog was kept chained near the front steps, of whom we were mortally afraid. The night of the party, where the beautiful breastpin was worn, Ellen Rose had her best skirt nearly torn off from the waist by this furious creature, and had to go back for repairs. The dogs were always a terror to us, but there were other things connected with the monstrous evil of slavery which excited us more, causing our hearts to veritably bleed.

The daughter of the widowed mother of the home where we lived had married a Northern "copperhead" and speculator, who was very cruel to the slaves. He was really said to be the hardest, most stubborn, and exacting slaveholder in all the county, or the most "cruel dog anywhere about," and when he came home, for his business was still partly in the North, there were times of great tumult, fear, and bloodshed; even the dogs cowered in his presence, for when angry he would kick them with his big and cruel boots. On one of his home visits he had an altercation with Mary, the chambermaid, which resulted in a dreadful and heartrending whipping. It happened thus: This slave woman, on going out to the porch for water to carry to the rooms at night, had left her candle on the stairs, and the wind had blown it out. The master coming down the stairs

in the dark stumbled over the candlestick, though not sufficiently to harm himself. Mary coming in, he began to berate her fearfully; she tried to defend herself, which angered him, whereupon he ordered her to strip to the waist, and with a rawhide he laid upon her quivering flesh one hundred terrible lashes. We children, hearing the disturbance, ran into "Aunt Nanny's" room, an aged aunt of the family, and getting down on the floor we buried our weeping eyes in her lap, while we held our hands to our ears to keep out the sound of the blows. It was a fearful night for all in the house, and even the children grew old. The next morning blood drops marked the floor, but notwithstanding the great suffering and awful condition of poor Mary she was called up to attend to her mistress, who had given birth in the night to a little daughter. All the family were called in to see the little new arrival, and there was the poor slave woman all cut and slashed adown her face and neck, a most pitiful sight indeed.

On the Richland plantation sad things were also occurring, in spite of the kind slaveholder, Mr. Franks, for the overseer was new and very cruel. One circumstance made my mother, for the first time in her life, question the existence of a God. It was this. A noble-looking slave youth was seen in the early morning crawling to the cook-house dripping with blood, his flesh lacerated and his bones bruised and broken. The poor fellow had not heard the four-o'clock whistle, and so had overslept, bringing him ten minutes late to his field work. The overseer had made this an excuse for giving the slave a cruel beating. Seeing him coming, he grabbed a rail from the fence and laid it over the young slave until he was crushed to the earth. He then left him alone in his

awful condition to make his way to the nearest building as best he could, where he was sheltered for a time. Mother noticed a maiden lady of the house in tears, and, on inquiring the cause, she replied, "Oh, if you could only see what I have seen you would not wonder at my tears!" and then she told her all about poor Tom. The Northern woman tried to comfort her by saying, "This overseer is new; it may not always be thus," but she refused to be comforted, saying, "Blood is running somewhere all the time." When the master came in he was in tears, and he burst forth with these words: "I wish there was no such thing as slavery in the world!" The day wore on, and father and little J. Murray visited poor Tom and brought in the full particulars. Mother was thrown into a violent headache, and with her head bound up she went out into the garden to pray. There she kneeled by the side of the lovely rose bushes and gave utterance to this expression: "Oh, God! if there be a God, this accursed thing of slavery must come to an end." From her prayerful efforts she derived some consolation, some healing balm, for a prophecy arose within her that the end must surely come, and to bring it she must work with others. After returning North she wrote out a lecture upon slavery, made up of facts she had gathered in the South, but on reading it to her family they found it so harrowing that she made up her mind she would spare the public by not giving it. But she and her family never swerved in their convictions about slavery, and were always ready to help on the anti-slavery sentiment and movement. Soon after this cruel incident J. Murray came running in to his mother with a stray printed leaf in his hand, and in great excitement he asked her if it was a leaf from the

Bible, and if the word God was on it; if it was he wanted her to mark it, as Aunt Becky, the cook, had asked him to. Mother told him it was a leaf from the Bible, and she found the word God several times upon it, and marked it for him. The happy little fellow flew back with it to Aunt Becky, who, taking it with great joy, tucked it away in her bosom, to be cherished as a talisman of good and a waymark to that land where the God within the poor slave's heart told her she would at last be free.

With many tender emotions this Northern family and teacher prepared to leave the sunny, and, we might say, bloody, South, and they passed a number of weeks in doing so, for everyone who had made their acquaintance claimed a visit from them, and delightful seasons of social intercourse and cheer were thus enjoyed. The Northern teacher left before the rest, and with six proposals of marriage, some of them from the first families of the South, none of which, however, were accepted by the fair lady. The morning father was to carry his children from their home in the little town on the bay to reunite his family for the final social amenities, there was an interesting scene on the long piazza of the house, about the door, and in the yard, for here were gathered all the family, many other friends, and all the slaves, the last in groups and necessarily a little removed from the rest; their hearts were swelling with emotion, for such partings meant a great deal to these poor abused and suffering ones. All felt sad to have the children go, and Mary, the mother of little Grace and Hope, whom I had loved so much, and who had fairly surrounded me with the warm affection of her nature, often picking me up on her wheelbarrow and toting me down to the

mill where she went to pick up chips and blocks—Mary, poor Mary, and dear Mary again and again, how she longed to really express the deep feelings of her heart at seeing the children leave, but she dared not in the presence of her mistress and the other whites, so she darts in among them, and, gathering the youngest up in her arms, carries her around to the back of the house, and there, nearly smothering her with caresses, imprints a kiss upon her face which she never forgets and which bound her indissolubly to the interests of the colored race.

That kiss seemed to be made up not only of the personal affection of the poor colored slave, but of her dripping blood, the injustice, the abuse, the hopeless agony of herself and four millions of others. It was to become to me as one little throe, at least, in that great earthquake of public opinion, which shook the mind of the great President toward his greatest deed. I have always connected that kiss of poor Mary, whom I have never since seen or heard of, with Lincoln's great proclamation of the freedom of the American slaves, and it has thrilled me "eternally." At the final leave-taking of all the family, at the plantation where hospitality and supreme kindness toward the strangers had ne'er relaxed its interest or exhausted its resources, a similar scene to the one we have described was witnessed, only on a larger scale, with more whites and blacks about. As mother appeared among them she turned to the new overseer, and, pointing to the dusky faces, said: "You will be kind to these poor slaves, won't you?" The master approached her and placed fifty dollars in her hand as a parting gift. While my father was passing small change around among the poor colored ones, one

of their number asked where was the North Star in the heavens.

My mother's health had greatly improved from the change, but father and the children had contracted so much malaria that for some time after they were troubled with chills and fever—I suffering most of all, for in addition I had caught the scald-head from a little Southern girl. For cure and relief powerful medicine was administered, which so injured my system that, together with other causes, I have never been as well as one ought to be; but with Phoebe Cary I have said: “My life for me is the best, or it would not have been,” and I have put a cheerful courage on.

On the home journey we stop at Washington, D. C., climb the dome of the Capitol, get dizzy, and have to take father's hand; see a little miniature piano at the patent office, to possess which is our dream for several years; and are confronted with Egyptian mummies, which give us our first real unpleasant thoughts of death. We visit in Vermont, renewing the acquaintance of old friends and parishioners, and having the best of times, with plenty of maple sugar thrown in, half soft and half hard in the tub, and very delicious.

CHAPTER III.

RETURN TO THE NORTH.

My father accepted a call to Fulton, N. Y., a pleasant village with school facilities. There was situated the renowned Falley Seminary, with Professor Griffin at its head. And now we would gladly follow the history of the other children of this household were it possible and had we freedom of space; but as our book concerns itself with the humble one whose consciousness has been our own, we must confine our pen largely to her, though much of the family life will enter in, as well as that of other people.

I was now about nine years old, and though I went to school and was learning the useful "housekeeping science and profession," still play, with particular amusements and occupations of my own, was my chief concern and delight. Like most children, I loved jam. Mother said: "Put her at one end of a barrel of jam, and she would eat her way through." Picture us when father and mother were away, we four down cellar around the open preserve jar, with spoons and huge slices of bread and butter in hand, soon to be seen no butter, but the rich stuff instead, and then nothing but spoons above happy and satisfied stomachs. I had a little black doll, with ability to cry. Its face was round and plump, and with sweet smile and laughing eyes it completely won my heart. It was indeed "fetching," and I loved it dearly, and mainly because it was colored. Hours were

occupied in making its clothes and caring for it. At last it seemed too great a treasure for me to keep, so, laying it in a box with all its belongings, I carried this most beloved dolly of all I had ever possessed to a little sick girl. She was confined to her bed, and was delighted with the gift. I do not remember that I ever had one pang of regret at parting with it, any more than I did when I gave my much valued pin to dear old Aunt Fanny in the South. This dolly seemed alive to me, and, being black, brought freshly to mind the life with our Southern friends, and the imprint of its face was engraven upon the tablets of my heart, and I still had it after giving it away. At that time the sight of a colored person would greatly excite my feelings and fill my soul full of benevolent love, and when little girls would ask: "Who are you going to marry when you grow up?" I would always say: "I am going to marry a colored man, because I feel so sorry for the poor slaves."

Many years after, when called upon to give an address at a G. A. R. banquet, among other things I told the "boys in blue" how much I was indebted personally to them for their part in freeing the American slaves, because it relieved me of the obligation I had felt to marry a colored man, for before they were freed my sympathy was so great for them that I had felt, if ever I married, it must be to one of their race. It was not to be understood that I had anything against the colored people. Far from it! But only that I did not believe in amalgamation. The boys cheered me a long time, partly, I suppose, because after getting rid of the obligation to marry a colored man I had not even married a white one.

"The Babcock place" in the new village was just

the home for us, as it was on the outskirts of the town, and almost a farm, for there were several acres of land to cultivate and to play upon. We had beds of flowers, with long rows of currant bushes, in a beautiful large front yard, with lovely shade and fruit trees. With a hill projecting at either side from the back of the house, we had our own coasting place in winter and running place in summer; all, except Ellen Rose, whom the life and climate South had so matured that she was no longer a child, but a dignified young lady, associating with people much older than herself. There was a barn, too, with its hayloft, horse, cow, chickens, turkeys, and a growing pig. We enjoyed to be among the animals, to climb the trees, to teeter on father's bars placed near the top of the fence and under the best apple tree, hilariously catching the ripe fruit as we went up, and sometimes falling off the teeter board, and lying upon the grass, laughing until the tears would come. On one side of the house we stretched a rope across the foot of the hill, and, with other children gathering at its top, we would all join hands and run down, to see if together we could jump over the rope; and what a tumbling, laughing, exhilarating time we had of it! When the clover in the field had been cut and thrown up into even and graceful mounds, these were none too good for us to jump and tumble upon, though we were sure to replace the mounds when all was done.

We used to catch an old white horse in a neighboring lot, and bring it out into the road, and each one then would take his turn in riding "just so far" on the poor animal's back. Upon one of these interesting occasions, when my turn came, and I had trotted along quite rapidly, because the boys had scared the horse,

to where there was a rail fence, I rolled off with great abandon on to the soft green grass, and there lay perfectly motionless, simulating death, just on purpose to frighten the rest, for there was a good deal of the old Adam in me, as there is in most people. The other children came running down, of course, in great sympathy and fright to see if I were dead or badly hurt. Not finding me injured, a great laugh went up. Oh, the fun and mirth that are rolled up in the young life are astonishing, but all right, methinks, and serves the excellent purpose of not only brightening it, but of making all after-life less serious and dark. If ever there was a laughing family of children, it was "Mr. Bailey's." Sometimes when we had company at the table we would all have to be sent away on this account. Once, when a country parishioner was with us at supper, father asked her if she would be helped to some of the maple syrup, she replied: "Oh, yes! I always thought it was dreadful pretty stuff." This was too much for us children. Our risibilities reached non-control, and we all had to go from the room. We liked the woman, but we could not help laughing at what she said; and J. Murray has always called this delectable sweet "dreadful pretty stuff" since. A poor man came in one day, just as the family were sitting down to a nice boiled dinner. He was invited to draw up to the board, but declined, saying he had just been to dinner, and could not eat any more; but, on being urged, he sat down and was freely helped to potatoes, corned-beef, cabbage, and all. He began to eat rapidly and voraciously, passing his empty plate to be refilled several times, until it went beyond our endurance, and we all burst out laughing, and had, as usual, to go out and finish our laughter in the woodshed. We felt sorry for

the poor man, and were glad to see him eat, but the discrepancy between his words and actions was more than we could bear.

Once when we were left at home with an older young lady who was visiting us, Mary Richardson of Madrid, N. Y., we thought we would make some biscuits for tea. In some unaccountable way too great a quantity of salt got into our baking, the discovery being made just before supper. When all was ready a minister came and stayed to tea. Though the subject of the biscuits was wearing upon us we all sat down and reverently bowed our heads, while the minister asked the blessing, but as he did so our repressed feelings could no longer be controlled, and, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, there came one unbroken laugh from five throats and five pairs of lungs, simply because it could not be helped. One day a gentleman came to dinner when father, Murray, and myself were at home alone, and I had to take my mother's place at the table. I made the great mistake of asking the man if he would have tea in his sugar and milk, instead of vice versa; this set J. Murray a-going, and, as he was about to serve the lettuce, he asked me, in a whisper, how many leaves he should put on each plate. I told him four or five, and then he began counting out loud: "One, two, three, four!" Of course this was too much for us. We both began to laugh, a laugh which was not ended at the table, but out in the yard, rolling on the grass. The visitor had some books with him, and he left one for the children on good behavior.

Some years after, when we were living in another place, a letter came to father, from which the family derived no small amount of fun. The man writing it

wanted to get married, but he did not say so. He simply said he would like to have Mr. Bailey come to his house the next Wednesday night and "do a little job" for him, and he mentioned the little job several times in the letter. By permission J. Murray carried this letter in his pocket a long time, for a model, he said, against the day of need. One winter day a couple came to the house to be married. The man was of middle age, large and rawboned, and had brought a pair of white kid gloves with him for use at the ceremony. When my father said "All is ready," he took the gloves out of his pocket and began putting them on, by the stove where he sat, drawing a little behind the stove in his modesty and bashfulness. He got pretty warm sitting there, and with large perspiring hands and the gloves too small, the situation grew more trying and wretchedly embarrassing for him and all the rest. At last it seemed to be a case of life or death with him, and he made one great final struggle to get them on, and then gave up. Father, to help him out, said: "Never mind those; we can get along without them." But no, the bridegroom must be thus adorned for his bride, and he got up and stood beside her, with the white, mussy-looking things hanging down, half on and half off. Though we children wished very much to witness the ceremony, one by one we left the room, before it began, to keep from bursting out laughing.

During one of the winters passed in Fulton there came to the home a young woman of fine ability, and noted as a lecturer upon phrenology—Mrs. Lydia Jenkins. She gave a course of lectures in our church, and remained in the family some six weeks, we children becoming greatly interested in the science she taught

and advocated. A phrenological bust was purchased for us, and we made a study of its organs and their groupings, much to our future benefit in understanding ourselves and others. J. Murray, being the boy of the family, it seemed to devolve upon him to examine heads for the amusement of the household and others. One evening, when we were all at a neighbor's, he was called upon to exhibit his new-gained knowledge, and to begin with the host of the company. He laid his hands upon his head and said: "Mr. Chesbro, you have a great, round, soft head, just like my sister Ellen's." This brought down the house, and he didn't proceed any further that night. The winter that Mrs. Jenkins was with the family, father and mother felt that they saw a future minister of the gospel in her, and encouraged her to write a sermon, which she did, and preached it before our people. She afterward entered the ministry, and proved herself highly qualified for it. A young minister, Rev. J. S. Cantwell, came to Fulton from Oswego and delivered the first sermon he had written, in my father's church. He called upon the family, and somehow we never forgot him. He made an impression on our minds much as a fine piece of sculpture would upon an artist's, but we little dreamed at the time that he would become the great Dr. Cantwell of denominational fame, and that some of us would be associated with him in future pleasant relations.

Thus we children came forward where there was an abundance of liberty and of inspiring and stimulating influences. We felt in after years that in all respects we had a real childhood, and blessed God for it. We were so free, yet under the guiding power of parental love and wisdom. The older ones attended the academy and

continued their musical studies. They were sweet girls and true, both growing in inward and outward loveliness. Ellen the student boys called the "Rose," and Abbie the "Violet," and they would often come to our father's church, more especially, they said, to see his "beautiful daughters" and to hear them sing in the choir. The younger children were kept in the district school, and were also constrained to take a real interest in the household duties; to be, with the others, helpers of father and mother. I now began to really love work as well as play, and liked to be trusted to do things all by myself. I used to say that, if dirt must be anywhere in the house, I would rather see it in the middle of the floor than to know it was under the beds or in the corners, and when I became a woman I took great satisfaction in having our house orderly and neat, and was fond of saying that you can make even a dishcloth look graceful if you hang it up right.

I believe, though it seems too bad to be obliged to give so much of one's precious time to material work, that it is the right thing for every woman to know how to keep house, and that when we get to heaven we shall feel better, even there, if while on earth we kept our house in order and well aired. Oh, the woe and the chaos of homes where all is disorderly and unclean! What careful, system-loving spirit could find a resting-place there, and oh, the sickness and ill-feeling there is in many homes on account of their bad and stifled air! In my room upstairs I kept a millinery store, where, with other girls of my age, I trimmed old cast-off bonnets, thereby greatly increasing my natural and acquired powers; and a little society was formed, composed of the younger girls of my father's church, called the "Dor-

cas," the object of which was to sew garments for very poor children. This society brought out and enlisted our sympathies and gave us good employment. Wherever it met we were invited to stay to tea, and it was our custom after the meal to have a real social, lively time, which generally ended with my mounting a chair and making a speech to our little friends, which speech brought them all to the floor in laughter, I at last falling down among them. I would say the first thing that came into my head, and keep right on so doing to the end. A child's mind being so swift in thought and so inclined to fun, there came forth from my lips the strangest medley. As the colored preacher in the army said of his own sermon, it was a "concise conglomerated effort." I really developed quite a talent for this kind of speech-making, and when the family were moving in a carriage from this place to another, for their amusement I began on one of these little impromptu dissertations, and they all laughed so, for it was quite new to some of them, that they were in danger of falling out of the wagon, and father had at last to command me to hold my peace.

The woods, "God's first temples," were near, and afforded us great pleasure. We loved to go to them and to be free to explore their beautiful and mysterious depths. If a stump appeared on the way I immediately got upon it and made a little speech. It was my boast that I never passed a stump without making a speech upon it. I seemed to think that this was what stumps were for, and somehow there was an affinity between my heart and the top of every stump which I could not resist. The love of nature seemed growing and deepening all the time with me. It was a great pleasure to

roam apart and drink in the sweet inspiration of sky, air, earth, the fields, the woods, and the quiet scene beside the brook, with its dear little bridge to the east of our dwelling-place. Often I would go forth alone, with the thought in my heart of finding sweet peace among the familiar scenes about me; and when an older girl, in school, I was asked, "Which of all your enjoyments, when a child, did you like best?" I promptly answered: "I loved most of all to roam the fields and go to the woods, in those happy days."

In the year in which I was ten years old I read the Bible through, every word, with benefit to myself and no detriment. This latter some claim cannot be; that all in the Bible, and especially in the Old Testament, is not fit to be read by children; but we claim that unless the child's mind has already been poisoned by bad influences and communications, the whole Bible can be, and is often, read by children without a particle of harm. The next year I took up "The History of the World," in two volumes, wading through the reigns of all the kings and queens of England, as father had promised the books to the member of the family who would first read them through. I became their happy owner. "The Scottish Chiefs" engaged my attention, and Wallace became my ideal—my hero—and was retained as such until I exchanged him for Jean Valjean, in "Les Misérables." The next Sunday, after finishing this last-named work, when the choir was singing, I began to cry. A young girl sitting near said: "What is the matter with you?" I replied: "I am crying because Jean Valjean is dead." With what almost worshipful reverence does the young mind look upon extreme human goodness and greatness, and how natural to carry its

ideals along with the years, hidden sentimentally and adoringly in the tender corners of the heart! Whenever a great man or woman came to town we felt new waves of life come over us, and ever deeply regretted their departure. The very air would seem lonesome to us after some distinguished lecturer or minister had gone. When such came to our home we would be permitted to sit up and listen to the interesting conversation, and to participate in the final devotions of the evening; all of which left a good and lasting impression on our minds. How well we remember the occasional visits of Brother Balch and Rev. J. M. Austin, and their most excellent preaching, when we heard them in our father's church, or at the delightful grove meetings near, and also the family of Rev. William M. Barber of Oswego, delightful in the extreme as social companions. We were much interested in the services of the church, and enjoyed more and more all that took place within her sacred walls. I liked to sit away up in front, and paid strictest attention to the sermon. Though I could not understand it all I loved the very sound of it, and this advanced upon me, until, in later years, I wrote: "Why is it we enjoy so much and feel so built up and empowered anew, so thankful to God, as if our cup were running over, a table were spread before us, and that we should dwell in the presence of the Lord forever, when we are listening to good preaching or speaking, or reading good books? It is because, as that gifted writer and consecrated friend of God, and dear friend to every spiritual-minded person, Channing, said: 'Truth is the food of the soul.'"

We children were now entering upon our more reflective years, and some of the problems and the sorrows

of life were reaching even my mind. Conclusions I had arrived at, and some of them were these: that war, earthquakes, lockjaw, and death were the worst of human afflictions, and so for a long time I concluded my nightly prayer in this singular manner: "O Lord! don't let there ever be any more wars, nor earthquakes, and don't let me have the lockjaw. O Father! don't let my mother die until I get married." This last petition was based upon a little observation of my own. I was visiting at one time in a home when the news came by letter of the death of the aged mother of the home; and her daughter, though she turned pale with sadness, shed no tears, and I thought it was because she was married and had children of her own, and that if I lived to grow up, get married, and have a family of my own I would not feel so badly then if my mother should die. My little prayer comforted me every night, though I told no one of it. I suffered a good deal with the thought of death, and sometimes I would go out and lie down beside the currant bushes to cry over the distressing separations that come to families in this world; and I would look up into the blue sky and somehow feel better. But it was not made so plain to my mind as it can be made to children, the great distinction between body and soul, that it is only the body that goes into the ground, while all the real life goes to God, who gave it to dwell forevermore, and to welcome all its friends to the evergreen shores. I often felt as did the little boy who prayed: "O God! when I die, put my father and mother and all my little brothers and sisters in the same hole with me."

The great subject of Eternity also brooded over my spirit, and sometimes, with almost suffocating power, compelled me to get up in the night and go out to the hill,

there to roam about, gazing into the deep vault of the starry heavens, to get breathing room. Blind little body, I was trying to comprehend the infinite! I have since learned to let that subject alone, believing that as a bodily life which ends is perfectly satisfactory to intelligent and Christian minds here, so the no-ending life of the spirit will be that, and only that, which is natural to and can satisfy the soul freed from bodily limitations. At the time I really suffered, tugging at this great subject of Eternity; but did not dare confide my feelings to others, thinking that if anyone else should say they felt the same as I, my own thoughts and feelings would be confirmed, and this I could not endure; but God and the stars helped me out; and especially love, for this is the great helper and healer in life, in all its trying circumstances. Love and sympathy brought me the self-activity, comfort, and development needed. I became a veritable little nurse, and a certain time was marked as an oasis in life, when my parents were away, my sisters in school, and a strange woman, taken sick on a journey, was brought in the stage to our home, and I for a time had all the care of her. No hospital nurse was ever more faithful or enthusiastic in the care of the sick than I in that of my charge. I made gruels, used hot applications, kept the room neat, and relieved my patient so she could go on her way rejoicing, before my parents returned; and the sufferer thought it all most wonderful, and was ever after my warm friend and admirer. It was my delight to wait on people and to feed them, leading me to say that when I grew up I would like to be a waiter in a hotel.

The old cat and kittens furnished an almost endless amount of fluttering and solicitous care, and I would

visit them many times a day, pouring forth adoring attention upon them, especially if they were sick or had sore eyes, as was often the case, and then I would carry milk and wash their eyes with it, as carefully as a mother would attend a sick child; and I loved the cunning little things "almost to death." A stray dog was found by my brother on his way home from church, and brought to me to befriend and comfort. I loved him at once, in spite of the fleas which infested him; washed and combed the little fellow, put him in one of my pink aprons, and carried him for exhibition to the neighbors'; but, alas! the owner soon came, and I cried aloud at the loss of my little pet.

The old cat was so much of a character in our home that we must include in our story an account of the dear creature, which mother at one time wrote for a child's paper, "The Guiding Star" edited by Mrs. C. A. Soule.

"Some years ago, when our family was unbroken, we were the happy owners of a pet cat. She was very handsome, black and white, with a beautiful high head and clever face. She had been ours from her kittenhood, and was very much loved by our four children. This dear pet was the affectionate mother to a great many kitties, and we were obliged to make way with some of each young brood, or be overrun with them. This was a trying necessity to all the family, and especially to the children, who would almost feel that their father ought not to preach again, if he had 'killed those dear little kitties.' As time went on we were to move farther into the village than we had been living, and we finally came to the conclusion that it would be well to part with

our old cat before leaving the old place. My husband, on going into the country some five miles away, took the dear creature in a covered basket and left her among the large barns of a farmhouse whose occupants were kind and friendly. Many tears were shed over her departure, and the last sight of her was a very grievous one indeed; but six weeks after, as we were taking our breakfast in our new home, we heard a scratch and a mew at the outside door. My husband answered the call, and, strange to say, there stood our dear old cat, with a baby kitty in her mouth. We all wept to think our precious cat had found us and had brought her little one so many miles to see us. The children fed, fondled, and caressed her, making a nice little bed for her in one corner of the dining room, where she lay down, purring, to nurse her little charge. In the afternoon she was missing, and we did not see her again until she appeared, as before, with another little one in her mouth; this she repeated until her family of three were all comfortably situated with her. My husband, who was gentle and tender toward all of the creatures of God's care, said: 'You blessed old cat! you did love us, and brought us your babies to love; we will keep you now as long as we live in the place, and find good homes for your little ones.' We kept the mother until we moved from the town, and though many years have elapsed since then, that dear old cat has a warm place in our memory and affections."

The father and mother of this happy family of four now planned to leave Fulton for Lima, N. Y., some seventy-five miles distant,—where there were better school facilities; there, not only the Genesee Wesleyan

Seminary was situated, but also the noble college under the same Conference; and here the daughters, as well as the son, could attend, as the institution was co-educational. It was not in disloyalty to their own denomination that a Methodist school was selected, but for the reason that there was no co-educational college of their own at the time in the State, and also, on account of limited resources, the children could not be sent away from home to school. There was no church of our own belief in the place, but two flourishing country churches near, one at North Bloomfield and the other at Bristol, had been found, and all things seemed to favor the change. As we would need a new horse, a grand and gentle creature by the name of "Charley" was purchased, a real "Black Beauty," and also a new democrat wagon, in which the family rode through a delightful country to the new home. The horse, "Charley," had been the pet animal of an only and departed son, whose memory and belongings were cherished with absorbing fondness. After the bargain had been made the father called with the horse, saying: "I thought that I should always keep him, but now he is yours, and I feel sure that you will be kind to him." Taking a package from his pocket he handed it to my father, which on being opened revealed a fine pair of kid gloves and several handsome neckties, with a note from the mother, which read: "I believe my son's horse is going to a worthy man, and I feel that these precious mementoes of our boy's noble life should go with him." The horse proved a real treasure in every respect, and very intelligent. He had been taught a few tricks by his young and loving master, one of which was to kneel down as if in prayer, thus proving himself truly a minister's

horse; another, to lift up one front foot when an apple or other dainty was held up before him. He began at once to be loved by the whole family; and how safely and easily he carried us on this first journey with him, and ever thereafter! In the summer, when we were eating, he would come to the open window of the dining room to enjoy the meal with us, for we children were sure to share our portion with the noble creature. "Charley" was perfectly reliable and sound in all respects. He was retained by our family about seven years, and none of us could ever remember one offensive trait or unreliable act. An amusing incident occurred in connection with a ride to a donation party for father at Bristol. A donation by the North Bloomfield church had just been given at the home, and from which about one bushel of raised biscuits had been left; more than we could eat; so we had fed some of these to "Charley." Well, on the way to the second donation the spirits of the horse seemed to be unusual, and he really for once was quite frisky, lifting his feet high in the air. The children laughed, and said: "It is the raised biscuits, rising within him, which causes him to act so funny," and possibly the idea of another donation had affected his mind. When the dear "Charley" horse was sold he went to a man by the name of Cudworth, a Bristol parishioner, who wished a safe horse for his invalid wife, and who loved horses so well that he said when he died he wished one to be engraved upon his tombstone. He promised that he would always keep "Charley," and that he should never be sold again. So the family felt well about him, though the morning he was taken away a shadow fell over us and there was a lonesome place in our hearts.

The old cat, the old horse, and the little dog "Trip," which we afterward owned—these have grouped themselves about the unbroken family in our memory of the long ago; and the hope is entertained of meeting them all in heaven; for how can it be otherwise than that the spirit of all life is undying? and if, as scientists say, "there is a natural basis of all life, plant, animal, and human, and that this basis is the same in form, structure, and in faculty, the only difference being one of degree and not of kind," why is there not a natural spiritual basis of all life, only differing in degree. This idea is certainly rational and natural; so we shall have our trees, our flowers, and our dear animals in heaven. If we need the material and outward forms of all organized life here to make this world pleasant and beautiful, certainly we shall need their spiritual forms there, to make the other life all that can be desired by the human heart. In imagination or vision the little dog "Trip" can be seen curled up at the door of our heavenly mansion, where father and sister have gone on before, and the dear horse "Charley" and the other pets not far away.

As we removed to the new school town, of course many social and friendly ties were severed. Our parents had their warm friends outside and inside their church; the older girls, their many attachments among the young men and maidens of the place; and the younger ones, their much-loved mates. I have ever cherished the warmest feelings toward some of these; among them was Frankie Knibloe, one of the sweetest playmates of my youth. Her face was fair, her eyes blue, and every feature well formed, her spirit gentle and refined, a highborn girl whom parents, intelligent and most particular, might select as a companion for

their children. So dear is her picture, taken some years after, that we will place it in this book.

In my after reflections of this period of life, there were mingled some sore regrets, among them the fact that my musical education was not so thoroughly provided for as that of my sisters; that I did not have first-hand instruction as well as they, but in a house flooded and inspired with music, and plenty of time to devote thereto, I was left to the desultory and intermittent lessons given me by my older sisters to save expense. This kind of instruction seldom amounts to much, and did not in my case, so in after years, when I longed ardently to express my deepest feelings with music, I could only "play a little." I knew it was in my soul, for with the little knowledge and skill I possessed sometimes there would come a musical wave over me, and, when alone in the room at the piano, my fingers would fly melodiously over the keys, inducing me to improvise, with chords and scales, until those approaching the house would think some real musician was performing. One night, in Lima, when I was thus engaged, my sister Ellen and Charley Hickmont, a brilliant young man, drew near, and, hearing the music, thought a "Gottschalk" was playing. In my lifetime I have composed two pieces of music, one in my youthful days, which to me was full of sweet sentiment, and in three flats; another, during my ministry, when the debt on our church was paid off, and this was in two sharps. I have always believed that in youth, with judicious training and wise management, there is time enough for all the talents possessed by anyone to get a fair start and development; but I have never blamed others for any neglect in my education. I cherish gratitude to God for



FRANKIE KNIBLOE.

my inborn love of music and all things beautiful. When in school I could study better if the girls were at the piano or other musical instruments. The belief that all will complete or go on with their education in all things in the heavenly home has been of great comfort to me.

Another source of regret about this period of my life was the dull and uninteresting surroundings, with their heavy repression instead of inspiration, of the rooms in the district school which we attended—no pictures, no flowers, nothing bright, no pleasant and profitable talks,—nothing except the text of the books, with an occasional terrible flogging of an unruly boy, or a terrifying sentence to put on the blackboard and parse like: “A mortal disease was upon her vitals,” or a mysterious one like this: “Hunger is the best sauce.” No wonder by way of breaking the monotony I used to sit on my foot to get it “asleep” just before spelling-class time, so I could go limping to my place and make the children laugh. Indeed, I was quite up to little tricks to make fun for others; though my brother was far ahead of me in that line. Though the studying went on and on, and round and round again, the same thing over and over, until the life of it was exhausted, still I got a pretty good start for my seminary course in Lima, which I began when thirteen years of age, with my brother J. Murray, in the primary department.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEMINARY AND MY JOURNAL.

HURRAH! now for school life in the new school town, afterward the dear old blessed Lima, the best ever enjoyed, at least by myself and brother. The schoolroom, bright and pleasant, presided over by a regular angel, Miss Helen S. Brown, who looked after the speech, manners, and morals of her pupils, and with whom progress, steadily backed and wisely pushed, became the rule; and all things so living, enticing, and fresh that, compared with the old schooldays, it seemed as a chunk of light cut right out of a bright new world for us. I could hardly wait at night for the morning to come, that I might behold again my lovely young woman teacher, who was so bright, sparkling, and human, and such a friend to all her scholars. I loved to carry her an apple or some other token of regard; and the pleasure, the inspiring helps, and influences of her presence were such that the lessons almost learned themselves. At last the ideal school had been found. It seemed a paradise—nothing dull, nothing irksome, but every day just a pleasant renewing and progressing in that which was food to the body, mind, and heart. This teacher tried to make practical every bit of knowledge gained, in so far as it was possible. She pursued her pupils in their grammar, until the correct speech became the habit. If they said: "I done my examples," they were corrected and corrected, until the "did" was used. It has always

given me real pleasure to contemplate school life with this dear teacher in the primary department of the seminary—nothing to be changed, but all things to be approved of, in my mind. I had only been with her a short time when I began to think how my heart would grieve when I was obliged to leave her room for another. I realized that I had hardly been to school at all since I was with my early teacher, Mary Pike; and how “school-cloyed” I had been; how little progress had been made, and how little practical wisdom gained. Now all was different, so bright, natural, and agreeable.

Out of the fullness and quickness of my spirit some amusing incidents occurred. The teacher had requested the children to say “Good-morning!” to her as they met her at the beginning of each day’s lessons, and I, being a little late one day, and, coming in just as my name was called, looked straight at Miss Brown, and in a ringing voice shouted “Good-morning!” instead of saying “Present!” Oh, how they laughed, teacher and all! At another time, in standing up to read my composition on the New Year, I brought the schoolroom down by this startling conclusion: “How fast time does fly. It will not be long before we shall all be old gray-haired men and women.” Poor girl! I thought I had ended all right, but they laughed so heartily, and especially at the mention of the men, because I was reading before a class of girls only, that I felt some confusion. It is pleasant to remember, even now, how the great tears of laughter would roll out of the dear teacher’s sparkling eyes at any such little unexpected climax as the above. This teacher laughed right out one afternoon when brother Murray was at the blackboard in the algebra class, and all turned around to see what was the

matter. There upon the board were his equation marks as large as snowballs, and they looked so funny that it was impossible not to laugh at them. He was so unconscious about it, and so conscientious, that it seemed all the more irresistible. Miss Brown said: "Why, Murray, what do you make them so large for?" "Well," said the boy, "I thought if I should make just little specks you couldn't any of you see them."

This was his way all through life, very thorough and explicit about everything, and I had much the same way, wanting everything to tell and to be secure. When I sewed, all the family would laugh at the knots I made in the ends of my thread—such monstrous ones, they said; and when my oldest sister once had a new dress made and hung away, I went to the closet, took it down, and fastened all the ends of the sewing its entire length for fear it would some time rip out. This was my style; I didn't want anything to give way or ravel, not even God's love, and in later life, above all things, I deplored preaching that seemed to ravel out, sometimes at both ends. There was a bright young boy in the schoolroom, the younger brother of a distinguished lawyer. I liked his bright mind and pleasant manners, and he invited me to go to a party with him. I went, and had a very good time, but when he wrote me a note inviting me to go a second time, being very prudent, I said to mother: "I think I had better not go, for fear it would be encouraging him"; and mother helped me to write a note declining the invitation. Another school friend a few years after wrote me that he "always liked my ways," and wanted to carry on a correspondence, but it did not take, and that was all there was of it.

The days and months fairly flew by in the schoolroom in our eagerness to learn. We were in love with our studies, our teacher, and all our surroundings, but now we must leave this first department and go up higher—the boy to prepare for college, and the girl, as it was thought, to take the regular seminary graduating course. I was greatly afflicted at the separation from my teacher, who had entered into my life as a constantly inspiring and much loved presence. My heart seemed almost breaking with the thought, and often my pillow would be wet at night with longing for that dear face in the schoolroom, and it seems that the teacher's heart was quite knit to that of her young pupil, for in a letter which I received from her some years after, in reply to one I had written her, she says:

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:

“I am glad that I had the opportunity to aid you when you began so earnestly to study. It gave me real satisfaction at the time, and now I claim a share in you, in your thoughts, in your love, and in all your future. Your letter came to me like a voice from those early efforts at teaching, when I was subject to peculiar trials, and found great encouragement in the ready, loving sympathy of young hearts. You were one in whom I took unusual interest, increasing as you developed daily a relish for knowledge and industry in the pursuit of it. I missed your face from my room, and thought, with pain, that you would gradually forget me; but to-day you speak gratefully of the past, and assure me of kind regard. Your letter gave rise to glad emotions and pleasing reflections. You see, my dear, that we do not

labor for naught, and sometimes the golden harvest is gathered even here. I am taught a lesson of faith in sincere honest effort to bless others, and of gratitude to our Father who giveth every good gift, even precious friendship. I love you, dear Emma, more tenderly than ever, and feel the same interest in your success and constant progress in study. You are often in my thoughts, and I pray that you are trusting in the precious Saviour. I hope this will not be the last letter I receive from you, but only the beginning of a lifelong correspondence.

"Believe me always your true friend,

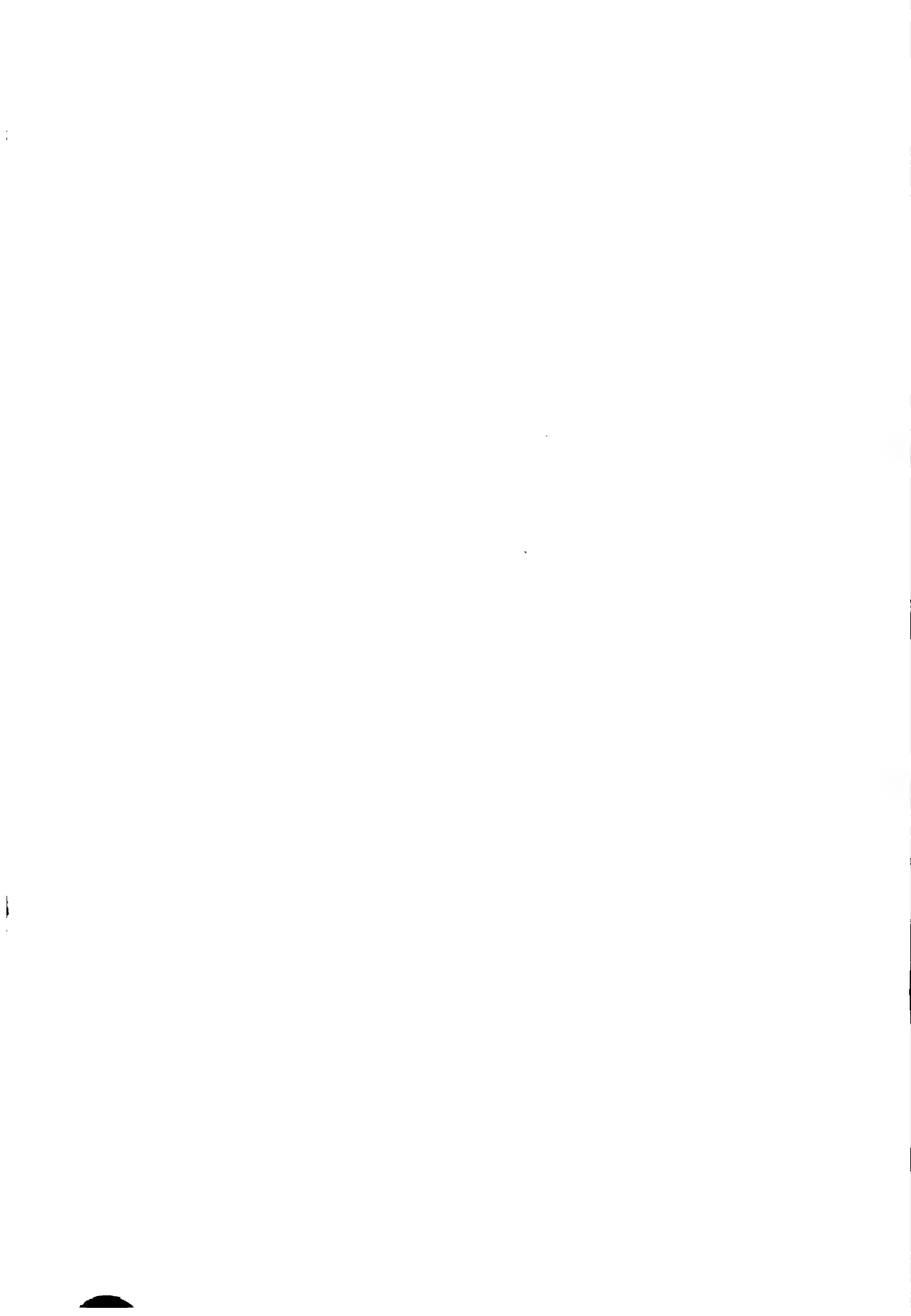
"*June 3, 1861.*"

"HELEN S. BROWN."

A term after J. Murray had begun the classics, preparatory to his college course, the joy of education began to so loom up before his companion-sister that she begged her parents to allow her to prepare for college with him, and she was assisted in this by Charles H. Hickmott, a frequent caller at our house. My parents were in hearty sympathy with the idea, but feared the strain of the long application upon my frail body; but they finally gave their consent, and I joyfully took my place with my brother in his class of fifty-two boys and four girls. The names of the girls were Gratia Chatfield, Sarah Trowbridge, and Ardelia and Amelia Bush, who were twins. All in the class, except myself, had had the benefit of one term of Greek and Latin before I entered it, and these studies appeared very hard to me at first, especially the Greek; but soon I had so learned to love this ancient language that my teacher, Professor Lockwood Hoyt, used to fondly say, that in three weeks I was ahead of the rest. The "digging" for the Greek roots just suited my taste, for it seemed



HELEN S. BROWN.



like getting down to the foundation of things. I liked the foundation principles, and one day I came out with this to my mates, almost a discovery to myself: "Did you know, if you only get the Greek and Latin grammar all right, all else will come easy?" Through my remaining schooldays the classics were the most attractive to me of all my studies. I wrote in my quotation book Thoreau's saying: "The Greek literature is as refined and as solidly done, and beautiful almost, as the morning itself." Before leaving the seminary I was sure I knew everything in both the Greek and Latin grammars, and that no one could "stump" me upon anything therein. I led my class in the final markings of scholarship every term in the preparatory course. I regarded the classical studies as the most cultivating and disciplinary, and, I have said I did not see how anyone could completely lose anchor of character and life who had ever thoroughly gone over the broad, delightful expanses of the Latin, and into the deep and beautiful profundities of the Greek. Behold us, in the upper study room of the home, my arm thrown lovingly around my brother's neck, and both heads bent over the large Greek or Latin lexicon, seeking to bring forth the right translation of the text! or in pleasant summer afternoons, out by a little stream in the woods, whither we had carried our books, and delightfully conning our lessons, side by side; again, driving with the good "Charley" out to some quiet place, and under the cool shade of beautiful elms and maples, sitting in our covered carriage, getting our lessons to the tune of birds and the hum of bees and insects; and then again, on the ample piazza of the home, under the blossoming peach, apple, and cherry trees, with the other four girl mates,

all gayly and devotedly surrounding the study table. It was under such circumstances as the last that the study of Virgil was begun, with six heads puzzled and intensely inquiring, and to this day, "I sing of a man and arms" has more thrills for me than any other sentence outside those in the good old Book; not because of its meaning, but because of its precious associations, and its being a key to much that followed.

There was a good deal of talent and ability in this preparatory class of 1865—one fine poet, some splendid singers, excellent scholars, and those who afterward made a name for themselves in the world. Oh, the proclivities for fun among so many and such bright spirits! and how the eyes of all would kindle as a Hedges, or a Huntley, or a Perry stepped out into the middle of the floor to kill a real or an imaginary spider, or to pass over on to the girls' side a lump of maple sugar from which the fifty-two boys had all taken a bite, so quickly and quietly that the action passed unobserved by the teacher. This spirit helped to keep up the life and love for study itself, methinks, and took the place of the more homelike air of the schoolroom of the present day; for in rooms where no one dared show any liveliness there might be that awful old atmosphere of repression which is so much to be dreaded. The teacher of the preparatory classics, Professor Lockwood Hoyt, was an elderly man who had been instructor here for many years. He was perfectly saturated with what he taught. By his faithfulness and his gentle manners he won the affection of all his pupils. The whole corps of teachers were eminently qualified for their work and were persons of exalted Christian character. The preceptress was Miss E. N. Lapham, who gave the girls excellent advice in regard to

caring for their health; she also urged that each one get a blank book and keep a journal.

I loved and revered all my teachers and classmates. My love and regard included everyone, and their interests in all things seemed my own. I was radiantly happy all the time to be just where I was, and with my identical surroundings. One beautiful morning in spring, as with other girls I was going up the hill toward the school buildings, I ran on before, and, reaching the brow of the hill in advance of the rest, with extended arms, I exclaimed: "Oh, how I love everybody this morning!" The manner of it was so earnest and genuine that it seemed to make an impression, for one of the girls afterward came to me, and said: "What makes you love everybody that way? I don't feel so; but I wish I did." I replied: "I don't know, unless it is because God and Christ love everyone, and I can't help loving them too." It had been ingrained into my very constitution that God loves all of His children alike, and that he will never forsake them in this life nor the life to come; so when the sun shone and all things were bright and beautiful, love for all, taught me and born within me, welled up and flowed forth in loving expression. Loving God and man keepeth the soul in tune, and God wants the love of every heart, young and old. Wherever there is a heart he longs to come into it and take possession of its brightest affections; and blessed be he who sweetly and lovingly yields, and enjoys this love experience!

Knowledge now takes wings, flying on before, and two beating hearts are hastening after her; for soon must come the examinations for college, where classic halls are rising in fairy and mysterious vision before them!

Every two weeks we would all be seated in the democrat wagon for the ride to the North Bloomfield place of worship, four miles away, where we took in two good sermons, with a Sunday school between.

In my journal, under date of Sunday, January 1, 1860, is this: "Father began this afternoon his course of sermons on 'Progression.' I love to hear father preach the best of any minister I ever heard, and I hope I shall be able to hear him preach for a great many years to come, if my Heavenly Father so pleases." March 2, the same year, I write: "Father's sermon on the Lawrence calamity is out in the *Ambassador* this week. It is very good. I always like father's sermons. How much I have to be thankful for in being able to hear him preach every other Sabbath! It is a great privilege, and I hope it will be long continued." This parish, as well as the other, fourteen miles away, contained some of the best people in the world, the very salt of the earth, and with whom lifelong friendship has been retained, especially among the Martin and the Adams families. After services at the North Bloomfield church, often our family would be taken to some one of the homes for dinner, and what a good time we would have, and our keen appetites after the long fast be agreeably appeased. Such times are as a sweet morsel for the memory of other days, and they bring an influence extending on into the futurities, and out of which sweet, dear faces often appear to gladden your own.

Father provided in the home library the standard works, and kept his eye upon the new books of the day; and what authors were then living—the Brownings, Tennyson, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Bryant, Thoreau, Hawthorne, J. G. Holland, Bayard

Taylor, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Dickens, Carlyle, and Victor Hugo! When a new book appeared it was secured and often read aloud to the family by our father, in his rich and tender voice. The books read were discussed by the household and with friends. We also read regularly the *Tribune*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *New York Independent*. To show father's willingness to provide for his children, I quote from my journal of March 12, 1860: "Father purchased a number of books in Rochester, including Shakspeare's complete works, Hume's 'History of England,' Hayward's 'Book of All Religions,' and two Testaments. He brought me a cameo breastpin. He drew this with a book. I was very much pleased with it. Now I can keep more choice the one the doctor gave me in North Carolina. What a man father is to buy things for us! Mother says it 'beats all.' He buys so many things that I dislike to ask him for anything, but there is no need of it, for he is always willing to get us anything we need." He took the greatest interest in the progress of his family. When the girls were learning a new piece of music he would come and stand a long time by the piano, listening and giving them helping and sympathetic words. He never murmured at the cost of books or anything connected with our education, but would sometimes ask: "Children, which would you rather I would do, lay up something in the bank for you, or give you all the education you have strength and capacity for?" Then there would be a chorus of voices saying: "Education, father!"

At the end of the last term of the younger children in the seminary, father was present at the reading of the scholarship marks; when the fact became known to him

that his eldest daughter, Ellen Rose, stood the highest of any in music, and his youngest daughter the highest of any in her studies, among three or four hundred students, his face shone as though it had been the face of an angel. Our mother was as much interested, but had not the time to devote herself to the progress of the family. In the latter part of my journal for 1860 is a list of the books I had read during the year, thirty-nine in all; excellent works, all of them, and among them "The Travels of Alexander von Humboldt" and Helper's "Impending Crisis."

In the journal of the years 1859 and 1860 there is an entering upon the struggle of life for self-mastery, and for the government of the body and the spirit; and a singing of some of the minor strains of life, though they seem to give way very soon to happier ones.

On January 28, 1859, I find: "I am trying to keep Benjamin Franklin's thirteen rules of life, but I do not get ahead very fast. I try to control my appetite, but very often overload my stomach and have the headache. I think that everybody has got to learn that the great secret of health is to eat sparingly of that which is not injurious. If I have any children, which is very doubtful, I shall never permit them to eat between meals, or have candy and gum, which are so very hurtful."

On April 13: "I feel very sad this morning, but can't tell why. Feel like going out into the woods, sitting down at the foot of some lofty tree, and looking up into the bright blue sky. Oh, how glad I'll be when the trees leaf out, and the grass and the plants spring up! The birds have returned. We hear them singing very sweetly every morning. I have got a splendid book to read, Beecher's 'Life Thoughts.' Mr. Hickmott

brought it down from the Lyceum Library; also Bayard Taylor's 'Travels in the North.' The 'Life Thoughts' of Beecher are very interesting, but hard to remember, containing so many rich comparisons. I recollect one I read this morning: 'Some men are like pyramids; they are broad as they touch the ground, but grow narrower as they reach the sky.' I think that will apply to many men, perhaps to myself, though I hope not. Abbie has commenced writing a journal. I am ashamed of mine when I look at hers. She is a beautiful writer, and a good sister. I wish I was as good as she is. She will make a splendid woman. Murray will make a splendid man. He is a good speaker and writer, and is writing a story now, which will be grand, I suppose, when he finishes it."

On February 20, 1860: "Mr. Hickmott invited Ellen to the Junior Exhibition, and she is going with him. I don't believe I shall go with the young men so long as I have a dear father to accompany me; but there is no danger of my having many beaux, for I don't believe the boys like homely girls. They like those that are beautiful, like my two sisters. Sometimes I wish I was handsome, but I think I can do just as much good in the world as I am. I ought to be content, for God has made me just as He desired. People will love me if I am good, I know; but it is hard to be good, isn't it? Hardly a day passes but I do something I am ashamed of, but I will try and be good to all and not tease mother, as I sometimes do. We had a serenade last night. It was fine, but the dog barked like everything when he heard it. Was examined in Virgil this morning; did not fail. I don't much dread it to-morrow."

November 26, 1859: "I can hardly realize that to-day

is Thanksgiving. I wonder if I am as thankful as I ought to be. I fear not, but I will try and be so. Thanksgiving has been appointed in twenty-two different States to-day. It seems so good that we are all offering up our praises to God at the same time—all denominations together."

On November 27, 1859: "Mother is finishing me a new dress. I wonder if I think too much of dress. The Bible says: 'Think not what ye shall eat, drink, or wear, but seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these other things shall be added unto you.' I must try and read the Bible more than I do, for I love its holy teachings. I think we all take life too much in a hurry. I close to-night with a prayer of my own, 'O Lord! I come before Thee to-night, sad and repentant. I know I am very sinful, dear Father, but I have the assurance that Thou art ever merciful, forgiving the sins of your dear children. I pray, O Lord, that Thou mayest be with me in all my thoughts, guarding me and directing me away from evil. I pray for my dear parents—mayest Thou keep them in the hollow of Thy hand. I pray for my dear sisters—mayest Thou be with them in all their thoughts, may they love Thee with all their souls and strength. I pray for my darling brother—may he look up to Thee for protection and love. I pray for noble old John Brown—may his heart be filled with love and peace. Enable him to bear his trials bravely, and if Thou see fit, release him from his enemies, that he may die in peace, and not on the cruel gallows. O dear Father! I pray for everybody. O Lord, create in me a clean heart, that I may obey and keep Thy blessed commandments and be able to say, Thy will be done, not mine. I thank Thee for all the blessings Thou hast be-

stowed upon us during another day. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.' "

On November 28, 1859: " John Brown is to be executed. I can't help thinking of it all the time. Oh, I shall feel so bad, if he is hung! Father talks of sending for his photograph. I have a great desire to behold the man who has set our country in commotion. I feel quite happy to-night, for I think I have not spoken one single cross word to-day. Happy are they who do right."

On December 11, 1859: " Last Friday night we all went up to the lecture to hear Mr. Holland, commonly known as Timothy Titcum. We liked the lecture very much. It was a very superior one. The subject was ' Art and Life.' Now I must devote a part of this evening to the execution of dear old John Brown. He was executed on Friday, December 2. Oh, I was so sorry! I really thought he would be reprieved. It did not seem to me that our Father in heaven would permit such a noble man to be executed. But so it is; he died for slavery, as Christ died for the sins of the children of men. Mrs. Brown had an interview of four hours with her husband the day before the execution. He rode on his coffin to the gallows. As he was descending the steps of the jail he stooped down and kissed a little slave baby, which was resting in the arms of its mother. He remained perfectly calm to the end of his life, ever mindful of the happiness of others. Oh, how much I honor him and his companions who are to be hung the 16th of this month! Brown's remains were delivered up to his wife, who carried them to their home in North Elba, this State."

On December 20, 1859: " It has been some time

since I wrote last. Have been very busy. I study all the time when out of the schoolroom. Sit up until nine at night, when father comes, raps on the stove pipe, and says we must go to bed. I get up often at four in the morning. I get so tired studying that I don't feel much like writing in my journal. Father has commenced reading us Baron Humboldt's *Life*. I suppose he was the greatest naturalist the world has ever produced. He was a glorious man, and did a great deal for his country. He only slept four hours a day. He wrote all his books after midnight."

On February 18, 1860: "On Wednesday night, February 2, we all went up to the lecture, except Murray, who occupied himself by writing on his story. Liked the lecture very well. Mr. Giles is an Irishman. I didn't expect to go, but father is always willing to give us money for anything, if he thinks we will be benefited thereby. I don't believe there ever was a better father. This morning we went up to the cabinet. It is very interesting to look at the different animals and minerals. There is to be something going on every evening the remainder of this term."

On February 24: "Wednesday night the girls went to the lecture. Murray and I stayed at home and invited Frank Martin down. We boiled candy, had raisins, apples, nuts, and lots of fun. Murray psychologized us, and examined our heads. We laughed until we almost died. Murray is the funniest boy that ever lived. We had not gone to bed when the girls got home. Had an exciting time in composition class today. Two young girls cried because they were afraid to read. I was ashamed of them. We are examined Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday forenoons. I don't dread

it much, though I feel quite anxious about my standing."

On February 27, 1860: "We are examined in Virgil to-morrow, in arithmetic on Wednesday. Soon the vacation will be here, and I have got lots to do then. I want to sew, to read, practice my music, make visits, draw some beautiful pictures, and rest for another term. How I do love to draw pictures! I live in the picture while I am drawing it. Saturday night we went to the debate in the college chapel. It was glorious. Joe Snow presided. His subject was 'Soul and Body.' It was enough to carry one away up to the third heaven. I do love to hear him declaim. Mr. Webster read a poem, 'Mount Hope by Sunlight and Starlight.' It was very touching. Mr. Underhill was secretary, Perkins and Benson the debaters. The question was, 'Resolved, That the Sword is Mightier Than the Pen.' We sat with Maggie Haigh by the organ, and had a great many notes passed our way by the boys. On Sunday a strange minister preached for father, and he blew his nose so much that we all laughed."

On March 6, 1860: "We all called to-day on Mrs. Moery, and saw the baby. It is just as sweet as it can be. I do love babies so much. They are so cunning and innocent. I would like to live among babies and old people. I hope when I get married I shall have father and mother live with me, then I will try and repay them for all the care and love they have bestowed on us. I never see an old man or woman but I feel like crying. Once father took me to see a very old man who could not get up out of his chair; while father was praying with him I went in the yard and cried behind the flower bushes, for I thought how soon he'd got to

die and leave all his family. I have commenced reading the Bible every day. I sleep with mother, now that father is gone. We have great fun in the morning. She tells me stories about her young days. Now that I sleep with mother, Trip has to sleep alone. Dear little doggy, how I love him! It seems lonesome without father. Oh, what should I do if I had no kind father to love and provide for me! Abbie and I have learned a piece of music to play together. It is so pretty I want to play it all the time. Have been reading 'The Spanish Student,' by Longfellow. I like it, though not so well as some of his other writings. One comparison in it pleased me very much: 'A good beginning of the week, as the man said, who was hung on Monday.' "

On April 22: "They are having quite exciting times in Congress. I read Mr. Lovejoy's speech on the 'Twin Relics of Barbarism.' It is a bold, true speech. He makes some grand comparisons. Compared the Constitution of the United States to a young bride with warts on her hands. 'Is the mote on her rosy cheek or the wart on her soft small hand the woman whom he promised to love and cherish? He loves her not for these things, but in spite of them; but in a few years the wife wishes to ingraft on the hands of all her daughters her warts and moles, but the husband says, "No, my dear, it cannot be." ' Capital punishment is virtually abolished in New York State. The jury has the power to decide if the prisoner shall be hanged or imprisoned for life. Very few juries will take the former alternative. In the legislature we are indebted to Burt Van Horn of Niagara County for this great reform. Rev. Daniel Worth has been imprisoned in North Carolina for distributing Helper's 'Impending Crisis,' I have written

some of the most beautiful thoughts of Beecher's in the back part of my journal, so I shall not forget them. I have been a good girl to-day. Have tried all day to do right, and think I have succeeded pretty well, and feel so happy for it. This morning I read in John about the Jews bringing a woman to Christ, and asking ought she to be stoned; but Jesus answered, and said unto them, 'He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone.' Oh, how good and holy was Christ in all his dealings with the poor and the downcast of earth!"

On May 14, 1860: "A long time has elapsed since I last wrote in my journal. Have been sick two weeks. I'm not going to school any more this term, but shall take drawing lessons. Father is afraid I would get sick again if I began to study as hard as I generally do. It is a great sacrifice for me not to go to school. I suppose there is time enough yet for me to become well educated before I am very old. I have enjoyed this spring very much indeed, everything has grown so rapidly. The trees look very beautiful, loaded down with their sweet-smelling blossoms. Dandelions star the fields. We have commenced taking the *Daily Tribune*. Are going to take it through the campaign of 1860. Horace Greeley lectured here last Wednesday night. His subject was 'Great Men.' Mother and Mrs. Smith threw him a bouquet, but he did not take them up until after the lecture. His delivery is insufferable, father says. He was on his way to the Republican Convention at Chicago. I am anxious to know who the Republican candidates will be. There has been a new party formed, called the National Union party, with Mr. John Bell of Tennessee as its candidate for the Presidency and

Edward Everett of Massachusetts for the Vice Presidency. The Democrats have not nominated their candidates yet. They have had one convention at Charleston, S. C., but had so much trouble that they were obliged to adjourn until the 18th of the month. Father does not feel very well; I'm so sorry, for I do love my father so much! I don't believe there ever was such a good man! When we are sick he calls us pet names—Ellen, his sweet rose; Abbie, his little duck; Emma, his little bird; and Murray, his blessed little man. Father has bought a new bust for Murray. Murray would make a good phrenologist if he would only study. Sister Ellen has been helping mother all day with the work. What a good girl she is!"

On May 27, 1860: "The candidates for President and Vice President are nominated. They are Abraham Lincoln of Illinois and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine. Mr. Seward was defeated; I felt sorry for him. I expected he would be nominated. Greeley was against him. I think Mr. Lincoln was liked better by the Democrats than Mr. Seward. I hope we shall have a Republican President. The Japanese embassy gave President Buchanan some very fine presents. The press says that at the Washington banquet they were treated to strong drinks, of which they seem to be very fond. Should they introduce the awful practice of drinking into their own country, their visit would be of more harm than good to them; but I hope for the best. The Prince of Wales is going to visit this country this spring."

*On June 24, 1860: "This is a very sultry day. I have been lying on the lounge all the forenoon reading Shakspeare's 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' I like it very much. It is now vacation, and the students have nearly

all departed to make glad the many home circles that have been longing for their presence. Professor Hurd is not coming back. I am very sorry. The students presented him with a watch. We had a house full of company during anniversary. The concert, the prize declamation, and the Aletheon debate were held on Monday; Tuesday, a lecture by a gentleman from Massachusetts, Ladies' Exhibition and Amphictyon jubilee; Wednesday, Bishop Simpson's lecture and Gentleman's Exhibition; Thursday, Commencement, Senior Exhibition, and levee at Dr. Reid's in the evening. The week before Professor Alverson gave a levee at his house. They have done nothing at the Baltimore convention yet. The prospects are they will die in their attempts to live. I am not strong yet, and fear I never shall be, but I will try and do my little mission in the world, if I can know what it is."

On July 1, 1860: "To-morrow we start, mother, brother, and I, for the old place, Fulton, N. Y., where we lived before we came here. Dear Charley horse is to take us, and we can hardly wait to get there, to see the dear, dear girls and other friends. We expect to be gone about two weeks. The Japanese started for home Friday, loaded down with the curiosities of this country. The Democratic convention broke up in a row. The *Great Eastern* has finally arrived in New York harbor, after so many attempts. What wonder will the ingenuity of man next produce? The world is fast progressing. I have been reading to-day from Shakspeare. How I honor you for your wise teachings, your thoughts so poetic and beautiful! Truly it has been said: 'Shakspeare's works are next in goodness to the Bible,' I was delighted with 'Hamlet' and 'The Tem-

pest.' I bid you good-by, my journal, hoping you may sleep quietly in the bureau drawer until I return."

On July 17, 1860: "We returned from Fulton Saturday night. Had a delightful time. I have got Frankie Knibloe's picture. Mary Warren and I had ours taken together. We each have a copy. There is quite an excitement there in politics. The Republicans have a society called the 'Wide Awakes,' and the Democrats the 'Invincibles.' They meet twice a week. The 'Invincibles' are to have a ratification meeting next Monday in a wigwam that will hold fifteen hundred people. They are to have the best Democratic speakers. I thought I would not go to church to-day, as I was so tired, but I have been reading in the 'Idyls of the King.' I thank the Lord that we are all safe home again. There is no place like home. I pray that we may all rejoice in a home above when we leave this beautiful world. How strange it is we all must die! Every day brings us nearer our graves."

On July 24, 1860: "Last Wednesday occurred an eclipse of the sun, about one-third here and total in some places. I commenced a new drawing to-day. It is handsome, and called, 'The Partaken Sorrow.' I am going to read the *Atlantic Monthly* to-night. The 'Professor's Story' is good. The Christians are being slaughtered in some country. I must look in the *Tribune* to find out about it. I have come to the last page of this book and must bid adieu to my journal. I will always keep and cherish thee as a beloved treasure! I hope I shall start another soon."

CHAPTER V.

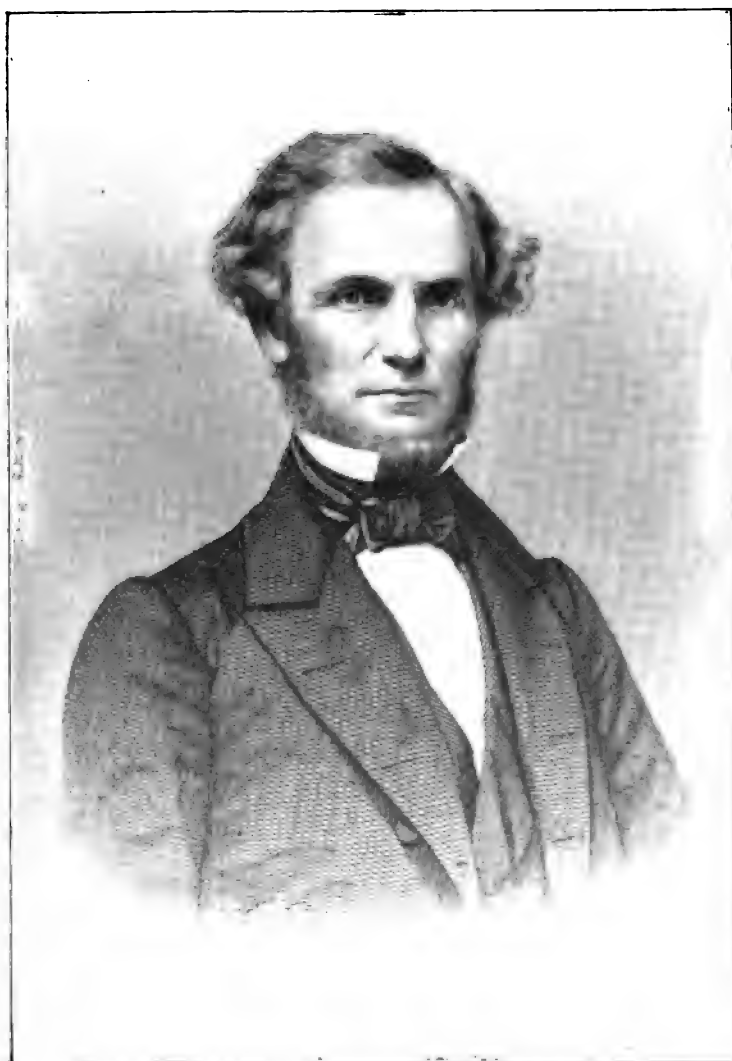
COLLEGE LIFE AND WAR TIMES.

CLOUDS were now gathering across the sky of our family, and the first one was the "Civil War," which broke out before the younger children were ready for college. A member of our class, Willie Coe, enlisted, and this shadowed the hearts of the remainder. The class met to choose a patriotic badge, and here I made my first speech in public, delivered with great fear and trembling. Discussion arose as to what form the badge of "red, white, and blue" should be. The boys had done all the talking, when finally they looked over to the girls' side of the house, and their spokesman said: "We would like to know what the young ladies think." Sarah Trowbridge arose and replied she thought the rosette would be the best. I sat in great suspense, fearing I would be called upon, and sure enough! the same boy said: "We would now like to hear from Miss Bailey." I arose and, almost gasping for breath, remarked: "I coincide with Sarah," and then sat down. How I ever came to use that word coincide, I never knew; but thus it is, when we make the required attempt the right word will seem to come.

Amid the din of war and the roar of cannon, as it were, we passed our examinations and were ushered into college halls, to advanced classical and mathematical studies, and to new and untried fields of learning. I was

not quite seventeen and Murray not fifteen. We were young, but despite this fact, and the great bloody strife abroad in the land, we pursued our studies with great enthusiasm. Such grand teachers as filled the professors' chairs could not fail to interest and instruct the minds of their pupils. They were not only grand teachers, but also grand characters, bringing to those under their care an exalted personal influence and a far-reaching effect for good. In June, 1880, at the semi-centennial anniversary of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, in speaking of the college life and teachers, I said: "From the seminary we entered the college, and here with a grand and faithful faculty we began life in earnest. All things were exceedingly pleasant and favorable. There was Dr. Reid, 'Carrying himself as an orange tree, giving out fragrance from every censer'; Dr. Alverson, beaming upon us as a snow mountain peak in the sunlight of heaven, and guiding our young wills simply by the sublimity of his influence; Professor Wells, the brightest and the quickest, allowing no dullness, but diffusing life generally; Dr. Bragdon, a monument of wisdom; and last, but not least, Professor Lattimore, at one with nature and with God, blessing all by his gentle refinement, his love of beauty and of truth. These, our instructors at that time, made our college life everything desirable."

The respect the boys and girls entertained for each other, and the pleasure they took in each other's society in the schoolroom and elsewhere, greatly stimulated them in their pursuit of knowledge and aided in their intellectual development. The co-educational system furnished the right normal atmosphere, and the blending of forces to produce an equilibrium at once helpful, invigorating, and inspiring. The respect and



DR. JAMES L. ALVERSON.



friendship engendered by association gradually ripened with some into love, and afterward into matrimony. At the professors' levees, the festivals of the literary societies, and at all other places where the students came together, a refining influence was produced from the mingling of the sexes. Our family could not remember in connection with these associations and functions one unbecoming word or act of behavior; and the subjects discussed were generally our studies, the books we were reading, art, music, and the current events of the day. Quite a laugh was caused at my expense, when I came home quite late one evening from a festival, where I had been with one of my classmates, Mr. Williams, a young man who had recently joined the class, and was therefore something of a stranger. When asked by my sisters if I had had a good time, I replied: "Oh, yes! a splendid time; we talked about slavery, and most everything else." Many young ministers of our own denomination came our way, whose acquaintance and society the family much enjoyed. A visit from Rev. I. M. Atwood and his new wife, from Clifton Springs, is remembered, and, also, that our father said of him: "He is a very bright young man, and will make his mark in the world." This prophecy has been amply justified in the Dr. Atwood we have at the present day.

On entering college, the class of 1865 was re-enforced with new talent and scholarship from other preparatory schools, both among the boys and girls. Some names attaching to this talent were these: Collins, Stowell, Powell, Smallwood, Brownell, and Winters, the first three taking the highest honors of the class and I coming next; and how my eyes would sparkle, when I had made a good recitation, to meet the look of approba-

tion from at least two pairs of dark eyes on the other side of the room. Some of this new talent has become distinguished, notably, Dr. T. B. Stowell, who stands very high as an instructor, and author of scientific and educational works. A Shaksperian circle was formed and entered into with great zest, and which finally met at our home.

Besides the war cloud another cloud was settling down over our household, induced by the decline in health of the eldest daughter, so brilliant in musical studies. She had gone away from home to teach and to play the organ and sing in church, but had returned with a bad cough, and at once the family feared she might have that usually fatal disease, consumption, and so it proved. In less than two short years, on the 28th of December, 1862, her loved spirit took its heavenly flight, and her beautiful form was laid mournfully away in the burial-place near the college grounds. On the night of the flag presentation to the first company going out from the town to the war, her sweet voice in song was heard for the last time. She sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" before an immense audience, and her own dear mother made the presentation speech. She was taken with a bad hemorrhage that night, and never was able to sing thereafter. She was very beautiful and very patient in her sickness. Some time before she passed away she said to her mother: "I am all reconciled to go. I had in the night, when you were all asleep, a great struggle to give up you, dear father, and the rest, and this beautiful world, but I have gotten the victory, and I have been ready for the last three months. I do not think I shall go alone, for the dear Saviour and some of the dear friends I already have in heaven will

come to go with me." Then, smiling, she said: "I think I ought to be willing to go, for I believe I have enjoyed as much in my short life as many who live to be sixty years old. I have had so many good friends, and such good times!" It had been said of the pure joy of Ellen's face that it expressed "the happiest time is now." The night before she died a young friend, Frank Martin, a college student, coming in, she whispered "Good-by" to him, saying: "I do not think I shall be here in the morning." She begged all of the family to lie down and take their rest. Our mother said: "Dear soul, I fear your spirit will take its flight when we do not know it." "Oh," she replied, in a whisper, for she had not spoken aloud for weeks, "I shall know it, and I will tell you!" She insisted and all lay down, but the mother could not sleep; and often she arose and went into the little white room where the dear one lay, to wet the cloth upon her head or to moisten her sweet lips, and she would say each time: "Mother, go and lie down now." A little before five in the morning she called out, in her natural voice: "Mother, mother, come quickly!" She and father were immediately at her bedside. She said sweetly and calmly: "I think I am going now; please turn me on my side." The mother did so, and then a fond good-by, and all was over. But how comforting, that the darling child and sister had not spoken of the transition as "dying," but "going"—that there was no death to her! As she had bloomed during her twenty-one beautiful years here, so she was blooming into the life eternal. The comforts of the holy religion of Jesus were in the heart of this household, but the old completeness of the earth life was removed. The family circle was broken, the home life invaded, and

henceforth they must not look earthward, but heavenward, for their kindred hearts united. They loved to dwell upon the memory of this flower of the family! For ever like her name she had seemed a rose to them in the perfection of her beauty, in the purity and the symmetry of her character, and they believed that, as she had been the center of attractive life here, so she would be there in heaven, and that God's place would be brightened by her going into it, and they must be reconciled. The father thus wrote of her, for publication in the *Trumpet and Freeman*:

"When I reflect that God was the author of her life, so beautiful and full of hope, I feel that He came and spoke to us through her of the importance of resignation; of the incomparable value of Christian faith, which lighted up a smile upon her pale cheeks and enabled her to say, in the calm words of peace just before she breathed her last, 'I am going, mother.' We bless God that He permitted her to live with us so long; we bless Him for the brightness and joy she threw upon the household, and for the blessed hope of meeting her again where partings come not. Never did I see a person more completely reconciled or more willing to leave the world. She knew perfectly her condition all through the progress of her disease. She said, while in comparative strength, all she desired to say, giving away her effects and arranging for her funeral. Her work was done, and she was ready to go. Many have been the greetings of happy hearts since the close of '62, but there comes to the soul a diviner unction, a deeper joy, when we lift the veil that affliction has cast over us, and realize, while we are wishing each other a happy New Year, that

that dear one, whose earthly career closed with the waning of December, has already been welcomed by the angels to the Happy New Year of heaven. Brother Saxe officiated at the funeral, and greatly comforted us by his portrayal of the superiority of the future life to this. He was assisted by the president of the college. The Methodists kindly granted us the use of their large edifice, and the house was filled with sympathizing students, teachers, parishioners, and friends."

We select the following from Ellen Rose's autograph book:

"DEAR ELLEN: The gentle loveliness of your character and the quiet beauty of your life have awakened in my heart tender interest and esteem. You are beautiful, Rose, and you know 'Festus' says, 'The beautiful are never desolate, but someone always loves them. If man abandons, God himself takes them.' And so, fair Rose, you are and ever will be loved, not so much, I ween, for your winsome face as for the sweet graces that adorn your character—for these, I love you. Good-by, Rose! We shall meet again in that land where the good dwell, and the beautiful.—ALICE BROWN, Lima, May 31, 1862."

"FRIEND NELLIE: Since I first became acquainted with you, you have appeared to me the most blessed of mortals. Whatever happiness a lively, cheerful disposition, a cultivated mind, the beauty of expression, the gracefulness of manner, the winsome way that springs from a pure and unselfish heart, can bring to one, you seemingly must in an eminent degree possess. I have often thought how slight must be the transition

from earth to heaven of a spirit so free and pure. I need not tell you, for you must already know, that you possess many, very many, true and abiding friends. Be so kind as to believe me among the number.—GEORGE CORNELL, Bristol, November 10, 1862.”

The little pet dog Trippy seemed an interested observer of the going away of Ellen, and also a sympathetic friend. Here is the mother's account of him and the interest he took in her sickness and death:

“ Dear little Trippy, he was a handsome little fellow, part poodle, with long silken hair, beautifully blended in color, a fine, well-built head, and loving, beautiful black eyes, with almost human expression. He was a delight to all our family. Through the long sickness of our eldest daughter he was a constant friend and watcher. He would lie at her feet at night, and in the day, when she was bolstered up in the rocking-chair, he would sit or lie for hours at her side. When she coughed he would arouse himself, look anxiously into her sweet face, and put his paws into her lap, as much as to say, ‘ I do want to help you.’ On the glorious Sunday morning, when my dear one said, ‘ Mother, I am going,’ and breathed her last, while her sweet childish smile o’erspread her countenance, Trippy watched every appearance. He saw that we were sad and in tears. He looked forlorn and disconsolate. He followed us as we prepared to lay her out on the couch in the front room, and as soon as she was laid there he put his front paws on her shoulder and his mouth up to hers. The dear little creature embraced every opportunity to go into the room, and would look so wistfully



SISTER NELLIE.

at the prostrate form, and it seemed that tears were really in his eyes. The morning of the funeral he was confined until after the burial and we had returned from the grave. He was very glad to be released, and went to the room where the couch was, looked in for a few moments, then came back solemnly and seemed almost to say, 'Where have you laid her?' That night six inches of snow fell. In the morning my husband harnessed his horse, and we started before there was any track to go to the grave of our dear child. As we drew near the cemetery and were passing a house, a lady came to the door, and said: 'Your little dog has been to the grave long before you.' Sure enough, his tracks had made quite a path around the resting-place of our beloved child. How he knew where she was laid, under the snow, is more than we could divine."

After Ellen's death the next older daughter, Abbie, a lovely girl, though always frail in health and with the face, we thought, almost of an angel, and wearing still her light brown hair in long clinging ringlets, must needs come to the front, assisted by myself, in the entertainment of company and callers in the home; for before, we had looked to the eldest, even during her sickness, as the natural presiding spirit. The task was a difficult one, but we strove to be helpers to mother in these things, and to fill the gap in the family circle. Soon I began to develop a cough, and my nerves to give way. I was constrained by my parents at the end of my sophomore year to leave school, books, teachers, and my classmates—all of which and whom I loved as my very life. My sister's death and my long-continued, vigilant application to school life and study had depleted my small

stock of physical strength. The situation hurt exceedingly, but I tried to take it philosophically, and as I was not really an invalid I could still do much to make life pleasurable and useful. I purchased an autograph book, so popular at the time, and had most of my classmates write therein, which was a great comfort to me. I will give one of these entries, written by one of my girl mates, one of the twin sisters, as carrying an idea of school life and affection:

“DEAR FRIEND AND CLASSMATE: I have been thinking of the time when first we met; of the many joyous hours we have passed together while we have been walking, hand in hand, striving to reach the same goal. We have toiled together, and rejoiced together, over the reaped rewards of our labors. Can it be we are to continue in these pleasant paths no longer? Our hearts are sad at the thought of parting. We can hardly bear to have you leave us, but we must not murmur, since your health demands it. I've been thinking also of how the death angel has entered your home and broken one link from the family circle. How I love to think of those bright eyes, that always spake of love; of that beaming countenance, always lit up with happy smiles; of that young life, so soon departed. But when I wander to that grave, ever sacred to the memory of your dear sister, I shall not think of her as dead, but living. I shall think of her patient life, her happy spirit, her parting heavenly smile. A few months or years and we may be separated, far from each other; but shall we not often, in imagination, return to this dear old place, and think of these happy schooldays? I shall love to remember my friends here, but none with more pleasure than you,

my dear classmate, and will you not sometimes think of me, unworthy as I am? I hope you will kindly throw a veil over my faults, and remember your loving classmate.—ARDELIA BUSH, Genesee College, February 14, 1863."

What momentous days were now upon the national and the family life of the country, for events were thickening and changing in rapid and awful succession. "The war dogs were howling," and at home "Wide Awake Companies," mass meetings, and "glee clubs" were the order of the day. Many of the Lima students who were old and strong enough had gone to serve their country, and among them the friend of our family, Charles Hickmott. In a letter to mother, under date of November 17, 1861, from Camp Griffin, Va., headquarters of the 49th Regiment, New York State Volunteers, he wrote the following:

"Here I am in Virginia, far away from home and dear associations; the only recompense awarded me for their loss being the knowledge that I am still within the domain of my loved country, and striving to cast in my might toward purchasing it from traitor hands. I am surrounded by all the insignia of the camp, and have been here long enough to become conversant with the most of its formulæ; long enough to learn that the comfort and refinement which cluster about the home circle are strangers here; and that he who would find moral perfection must not seek for it in the tented field. Our camp is located about ten miles from Washington, and three from Chain Bridge. We are in the division of General Smith, which occupies nearly the extreme right

of the Army of the Potomac. How long we shall remain here I cannot say; probably but a short time, as the recent glorious victories achieved by our arms will doubtless be an incentive to further immediate action on the part of the land forces. We have a giant work to perform, and must needs make use of the greatest vigilance and bravery. This rebellion, which seemed at first but the puny effort of a discontented political rabble, has now assumed a magnitude which renders it formidable, and displays a corresponding courage. I believe, however, that we shall be eminently successful in the struggle, for it does not seem possible that a God of infinite justice will give victory to a cause so unholy as that in which our deluded brothers are engaged. We shall succeed, yet many a heart shall be pulseless ere such success be consummated, and many a lover of our star-bedecked banner shall breathe his last upon the battlefield. Heaven aid us in our arduous undertaking, and speedily terminate this terrible contest! I have been in one skirmish, which came near costing me my life. Rebel bullets flew thickly about, but a kind Providence protected me. A few weeks ago I visited the 27th New York Regiment, in which is the Lima company, and met with a warm welcome from many friends. The regiment is about three miles from Alexandria. I found Lieutenant Hall sick there,—not very, however,—and took supper with him. I think him a splendid specimen of manhood. About the first of this month I was promoted to a lieutenancy. I trust that I shall be able to discharge the increased duties devolving upon me in a manner beneficial to the cause. You can scarcely imagine what a sacrifice it was to me to resign my college course, in which I had progressed so far, and to com-

plete which I was straining every nerve. But I believe that I am doing my duty, and did right in leaving. With such a conviction I am content, and leave the result at the disposal of my Heavenly Father, knowing that He will guide me aright if I but trust implicitly in Him. Thus am I striving to do. How many sweet and hallowed memories cluster about my Lima associations! and among them those which take me in imagination to your fireside are very dear. There have I spent many a happy hour. You were to me like a parent, and never have I known a family more bound together by the strong bonds of filial and parental affection. At your hearthstone I have whiled away in pleasing converse the weariness of continued study, and learned new lessons in the art of being happy. Shall I ever be there again? Only the Infinite can tell. To my friends you will give my kind remembrances. Hoping to hear from some of you very soon, and craving an interest in your daily devotions, I remain, with sentiments of the highest esteem,

“Your friend,

“CHARLES H. HICKMOTT.”

This young man of exceptional ability became the captain of his company, and led them through eight great battles unharmed; but on the first morning of the Battle of the Wilderness he was shot in the side, and, when falling, said: “I am mortally wounded.” He lived six hours, and was very happy in his last moments. His wife, Helen Fairchilds, wrote the family that “when he fell asleep a bright smile parted his lips.”

Another call for volunteers being made, lo and behold! our brother Murray and seventeen other seminary

and college students, were bound to go, to save, as they said, a draft among the older men with more important home and family duties. Murray got down on his knees before his parents, in earnest pleadings for their consent. Oh, how could they let him go, their only son, but seventeen years old, and the father in a state of health not at all encouraging! It was a trying and a prayerful time with them, but the boy was so thoroughly possessed with the brave, unselfish, and patriotic spirit, he finally won their consent; and particularly, as he said, that the other seventeen boys would not go until he promised to go with them. A mass meeting was held and speeches made, during which father was called upon, and made a most thrilling speech. The volunteers were called for. His son and the seventeen others came forward and put their names to the papers required. That night Murray went into the little white bedroom where his sister had died, to sleep, saying nothing about it, though he had never slept there before. The next evening he came to his mother with a paper for her to look at. It was a pledge that the boys would not drink liquor, smoke, play cards, or gamble while away. He and six of the other boys had signed it, and they were going to try and get the rest to do so. Noble boy, and humble too; for he said to his mother: "You have been very particular with me, and sometimes I have thought you talked too much; but now I am going away I feel that you have not said one word too much about these things, and I thank you, for you don't know what temptations we boys have had set before us. If I ever have boys of my own I shall be even more particular with them than you have been, if possible." He wanted mother to copy several of the family hymns and songs

for him, especially the ones "I Will Never, Never Leave Thee" and "The Pilot on the Deep," with the understanding that he would sing them on Sunday nights, wherever he was, and we at home would do the same, thus bringing our spirits into unison; which was carried out, as far as possible, while the dear boy was away. The patriotic fever burned within my breast, and I fairly longed to go with my brother to the war, for scraping lint and rolling bandages seemed only a trifle to me in comparison with what I wanted to do for my country. We had always been together, and oh, that we might be together now!

When the government call was issued for hospital nurses,—“plain-looking and thirty years old,”—I thought with real satisfaction: “Now I am plain enough, anyway, and if I were only old enough, I’d surely go.” In the fall of 1863, when my brother left home for the war, his parting words to me were: “I shall never forget that you wanted me to go.” The father and mother bore up bravely, for they gave their son to the country, come life or come death. They did not feel that their boy was any better, or more loved, or more an object of God’s tender care, than other parents’ boys, and their supposition was that he might fall as well as others on the battlefield. They were filled with love of country themselves, and were wonderfully sustained.

Oh, the patriotism, the religion, and the service of the parents, wives, and sisters, as well as the brothers and the sons, and how bright their associations with our country’s struggles! Eventful times continued and followed; and the young people sang “America,” “Hail Columbia,” “The Battle Cry of Freedom,” “Glory,

Glory, Hallelujah," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," etc.; and their hearts were greatly stirred. The seminary, the college, and the village of Lima seemed like one great family, all blessed and drawn together by mutual feelings of sympathy and patriotism.

My father decided to go and see his dear boy, stationed with his comrades at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and, on arriving there, with the trunk of good things sent by the mothers of the boys, he there found him on guard duty in a pouring rain. He visited Washington, and saw forty-eight thousand colored soldiers under General Burnside pass through the streets for the war; and his heart burned within him to go with them and help achieve their liberty, and that which at last resulted in "No North, no South, no East, no West, nothing but the Union." On his return he stopped at Baltimore to have a more prolonged visit, if possible, with his son, but found he had gone to Norfolk, Va., to guard some prisoners. In New York City, where he remained over night, he took a bad cold, which resulted in pneumonia, and by the time he arrived at home he was a very sick man. Only mother and I were at home, for the older sister was away teaching music, and we saw that he was in a critical condition. A doctor was called at once, and the most careful and tender nursing given, but naught stayed the disease. In ten days, and on May 20, 1864, this most loved and blessed parent left us for the more immediate presence of his Heavenly Father, Saviour, and his beautiful firstborn, Ellen Rose. The night before he went the doctor remained with him all night. At two o'clock in the morning he seemed to brighten, and said: "Doctor, how long do you think I shall live?" The doctor replied: "It may be three

hours, but I do not think it will be two." "All right," he said; "and now I shall want a little writing done for my family." A lawyer was sent for, and father raised up to sign his name. He remarked: "I am weaker than I thought." He then prayed in reference to his daughter who had been sent for, saying: "May I live till she cometh, till she cometh," and breathed blessings upon her precious head. Soon he tried to sing the familiar hymn "I Will Never, Never Leave Thee," but, smiling, said: "I can only sing with the spirit and the understanding." His breathing became easy, and his eyes shone with heavenly luster. They were perfectly beautiful, and a look of calmness and resignation took possession of his countenance. He began talking about his son, who the night before, we had heard, had been ordered to the front. "I love him," said he, "as well as a father ever loved a son. Poor boy! if he lives through this terrible ordeal, and our country comes out all right, remember I shall rejoice with you, rejoice with you, rejoice with you"; for he repeated this three times. He spoke of his brethren in the ministry, the friends of the two societies to whom he administered, and the ministers and the people of other denominations, that he loved them all, and left them an affectionate farewell. Turning to mother and me, and casting upon us looks of tender and undying love, he said: "The Lord will provide; trust in Him as you have always done, and all will be well." But all this time there seemed to be a powerful and illumined influence drawing his thought and his gaze above, until it was fixed there with his face shining angelically. Mother touched his breast. He dropped his eyes and smiled. She said: "I thought you were gone." "I thought so too," he replied; "but

I have seen over the river. Dear Ellen is there, and a great company with her; more, far more, than there are upon this side. It is beautiful, beautiful here; but oh, it is glorious, glorious there!" pointing upward with his finger. His eyes seemed fixed again upon the shining place, and he was soon drawn away by the strong, pure influence of that world of light. I said: "If this be death, I shall never be afraid to die," and we two, sitting there, could not, at first, shed a tear, so glorified had we become with the transfiguration of our loved one's face.

The absent daughter came, and, though prostrated with grief, was comforted when she heard the story of the beautiful going out, and we all put on white instead of black for the funeral service. The Methodist minister offered his large church for the funeral, and, it being held on Sunday, all of the other churches were closed. An immense congregation was brought together, with the village people and the friends from the two societies. The ministers of the town sat upon the platform with the professors of the seminary and college. The choirs of the several churches joined in one for the singing, and the members of the Masonic lodge were present. The conviction and feeling prevailed that the one who had gone was a Christian, though he differed with many of the people in religious belief and opinion. The resident Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Nettleton, between whom and my father the most cordial friendship existed, offered an appropriate and feeling prayer. Dr. G. W. Montgomery, a Universalist minister from Rochester, gave a most comforting sermon from the text, "Have faith in God," which seemed well received by all. The dear father was laid to rest

beside his lovely daughter. Dr. Montgomery thus wrote of the deceased and the funeral service:

"A thousand people formed the congregation, while hundreds were unable to gain admittance to the church. The earnest respect and the tender sympathy evinced by all this proved the large power with which the religious character of the deceased and of his family had taken hold of the community. Words fail to express the excellency of this brother's life. Knowing him well and intimately, with a full heart I do say that in the highest sense of the term he was a Christian. As a husband, father, and neighbor he was faithful, loving, and obliging. His deeds honor him and speak his praise. Their Christian spirit rests in the sweet memories of family and community. As a friend he was noble and honest. His was the friendship of a religious soul. It was above the littleness of envy and jealousy. He loved to see his brethren prosper. Memory revives no act or word of his that I could wish otherwise. How many there are who, with the same memory, will feel that they have lost a true friend! As a minister of Christ he was successful, because he felt and lived the doctrine he believed and preached. His sincerity of faith, his purity of life, his kindness of heart, his winning manners, his implicit trust in the word of God, and his ability as a preacher made him welcome in the pulpit, in the conference room, in the home of sickness and death, and in the annual gatherings at associations and conventions. We all loved him as a brother whose talents and life everywhere honored the cause so dear to his heart, and he left in all the societies over which he has had charge lasting esteem and affectionate memories.

Though he has finished his course so well, the news of his departure will spread a pall of grief over the denomination. As a citizen of the Republic he was a genuine patriot. In every emotion of his soul, in every word he uttered, and in every act, he was unflinchingly loyal to his country, to its Constitution, to its union, and to liberty for each and all. To secure these he thought no sacrifice too great. He did all that he could to inspire others with patriotism, and gave his only son to the armies of his beloved land. In so doing he honored himself and the sacred cause of right and freedom. Such a character was nobly consummated in a triumphant death. It was serene and without shadows. When informed that he could only live a few hours, it produced no shock—the dying saint was ready, and his going was glorified by the living Spirit of the Eternal.”

Two college students, very fine young men, Mr. Reese and Mr. Foster, were boarding with us at the time of father's death, and they sat as mourners with the family at the service in the church. Mr. Reese thus expressed himself to me after all was over: “I shall always, in times of joy and sorrow, carry with me the indelible impression made upon my heart by the Christian fortitude of yourself and mother in that hour of sore trial. I shall always be glad that I was here to have my weak faith strengthened, and to witness that scene, when death was robbed of all its terrors and the grave of its victory.” The words of Mr. Foster were these: “I know you will not forget me, for the events of the term that has passed will often call to your mind those who were with you in the hours of affliction, who mourned with you when your heart was sad, and re-



FATHER.

joiced when you had received good news. I can only thank you for your noble influence, and for the Christian example of yourself and mother. I know that God will remember you, for your faith in Him is unswerving, and to the faithful are all His promises. You have my prayers that your remaining life may be happy, for truly you have had your full cup of sorrow, and that in death you may meet with those dear ones who have gone on before you, never again to be separated."

The friends, the neighbors, the townspeople, the professors and their families, the students and the fraternities to which father had belonged, were exceedingly kind, expressing many sympathetic words and performing generous deeds for us. The parishioners of the two societies were also very attentive; but oh, to take up life again, without that loved one, the head of the family, seemed a duty almost insurmountable! He had died so radiantly and in such confidence that the Lord would provide, this was a help; but with the son and brother away, and his life in jeopardy, how could the heart bear up!

Three weeks passed, and shortly after the second battle of Cold Harbor, which took place June 3, 1864, the terrible news came that Murray Bailey was missing, and that he was probably either killed or taken prisoner, for four days had gone and he had not been heard from. Three weeks of suspense, dark and heavy, were endured, brightened here and there with the angel of hope and "the bright scene of that glorified hour of transition," when on a Monday morning a letter came, addressed in a strange hand in lead pencil, stamped Washington, D. C. With beating hearts it was opened, and the contents read, which were these:

"DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, AND SISTERS:

"I am here at Finlay Hospital, wounded in the right arm, but I hope to get a furlough and come home as soon as I am able. I hope you are all well. It is a long time since I heard from you. Good-by!

"With undying love, your son and brother,

"J. MURRAY BAILEY.

"P. S.—Excuse the looks of this, as it is written on the back of my tin cup with my left hand."

Oh, what a cause of changed and happy feeling was that—almost too great to bear! The tears fell from mother's eyes, and I didn't know what to do with myself, or how to contain my emotions. I ran across the street to tell Mrs. Pindar, our nearest neighbor, the good news. Not stopping to rap, I rushed into the house, ran to the top of the stairs that led down to the basement, where I could hear Mrs. Pindar at work, and there I stood and shouted "Glory!" three times, each "Glory!" rising higher and more eloquent. In fact, I could not have said anything else, the glory in my soul pressed so for utterance. After delivering myself thus, and thinking all the time I had told Mrs. Pindar about the letter, I ran back as fast as I could go to my mother. Soon the neighbor came over to know the occasion of the "Glory!" Then we three, for the other sister had resumed her musical duties, mingled our tears of gratitude and praise. It seemed that mother and I never had experienced such joy before. The whole town turned out, as they had done when the bad news came from the front, not to mourn with us now, but to rejoice with us over the good news that the son was found and was alive.



MOTHER.

In the meantime a scene was being enacted at the temporary Finlay Hospital, Washington, D. C., worthy of mention. Two men, good and true, had been sent from the town to look up any of the Lima boys that might have found their way into the hospitals there, and this about the time that the letter was received which caused such unbounded thankfulness. These men had just found my brother and Willie Day, a comrade wounded in the mouth so he could hardly talk intelligibly; and after the first joyous greeting Murray inquired if his folks at home were all right, and when told that his father had died, and he realized that he should never in this life see that dear father's face again, the tears ran freely down. His wounded comrade, overhearing the conversation, at once crawled from his cot and came to the one bereaved. Kneeling down, in his weak state, he prayed for him out of his poor broken mouth one of the sweetest, most affecting prayers that ever went up to Heaven. This same boy my brother had comforted and helped spiritually before their first engagement in the war. He was much affected by Willie's prayer, and his poor bleeding heart was comforted. Such news from home, added to all the sad experiences of war, and especially the disastrous battle of Cold Harbor, was very much for a young man to bear, weakened as he was by privation, loss of blood, pain, and suffering. After weeks of patient endurance, the boy came home; but oh, how changed, with the war history and experience written upon his face! the solemn and depleting horror of it stamped upon every feature, and his whole form and spirit expressive of the same; for no matter how glorious the result and the achievements of war, its reality is ever sad and harrowing. The night

he was expected at the Avon station, seven miles away, "Joe Chambers," a merchant of the place, whom Murray had served as bookkeeper for a short time, one of the best and largest-hearted men in the world, and as quaint and original as "David Harum," drove over after him in his easy carriage. Returning, he took him to his store, refreshing him with lemonade, that he might appear more natural to his loved ones; and when he presented him at the door of the home, he would not go in, but stood outside, and there wept aloud for very fellow-feeling. God bless "Joe Chambers" for his kindness to our brother and many others in the world!

My brother Murray improved, and some of the old cheeriness came back to his countenance; but he never seemed the same light-hearted boy he was before. Soon he was transferred to St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, twenty miles away. Then, after months had passed, we moved to the same city to better our condition and that he might finish his studies in the Rochester University. Mother also desired that we should live where we could attend church services of our own denomination.

From the time I was obliged to leave my dear old alma mater, I had cherished the thought that I would some day be able to finish my college course, if not in Lima, at some other school. But my health did not become firm, and I was also needed at home, for Mr. James Sargent and Colonel H. S. Greenleaf, of the firm of "Sargent & Greenleaf," lockmakers and manufacturers of the city, had come with their wives and a few of their employees to live with us. The rare merit of Mrs. Sargent as a conversationalist and writer, the talent and executive ability of Mrs. Greenleaf, shown by her in the

Woman's Suffrage movement, the wonderful genius of Mr. Sargent, his generosity and bold championship of what he thought the right, and the political understanding and power of Senator Greenleaf, made them very desirable companions; so it can be imagined what went on in our home during the long evenings and at other times. The reading of books, the social gatherings, the music and the bright games, furnished a period in the lives of the participants never to be forgotten, and binding all together in the indissoluble bonds of friendship and love. Mrs. Greenleaf and Mrs. Sargent were also beautiful singers, and their voices blended admirably. How much I enjoyed all this, as well as mother, brother, and sister. Also what relief of mind and compensation we found in the added advantages of the city, its libraries, lectures, art, music, society, and the prosperous church of our own faith, with its grand and scholarly minister, Dr. Asa Saxe, whose Christian instruction and kindly persuasion led my brother, sister, and myself to come into fellowship with the Church upon the same Communion Sunday. With the help of a ministerial friend, Rev. James Lattimer, who, with his wife, for a few months sat at our table, I laid out a course of reading for myself; and with my brother, now in the university, I continued my classical studies. I was also making some progress in music, and did not neglect the pencil, in the much-loved drawing of pictures of flowers, landscapes, and faces, cherishing a bright hope of painting in oils some day.

At this time I received a letter from my dear old teacher of the classics in the beloved seminary, Professor Lockwood Hoyt, then of Schenectady, N. Y., a part of

which I give, as it refers to my reading, and is worthy for its literary opinion.

" MY DEAR FRIEND AND QUONDAM PUPIL :

" Your well-written letter was received by me a few days since, and I assure you it was very acceptable, and that I was very glad to hear from you. I thank you for the very kind words and regard which you express in reference to me and my fidelity and kindness to you while you were under my instruction. The faithful teacher always feels a deep interest in the prosperity and improvement of his pupils, and I can truly say that I never felt a more lively interest in any of my pupils than in you, as your deportment was so uniformly correct and ladylike, and your progress so rapid, and the interest you manifested in your studies so great. I am surrounded by thousands of books, but I have not much time to read; and although I have not much time for study, I still love the old classic authors, and I am pleased to learn from your letter that you also have not lost your interest in them. You say you have been reading Plato's ' Republic,' and are pleased with the author. His peculiar poetic style has always been regarded by scholars as very attractive. Cicero says of him that, if Jupiter himself should write in Greek, he would adopt the style of Plato. If you have not read his ' Phædo,' or an account of the life and death of his venerable preceptor, Socrates, I would advise you to do so. It is a small volume, and can be obtained with English notes. You would never tire, also, in reading old Homer, both the Iliad and the Odyssey. I have read them often, and always with renewed interest. The tragedies, also, are attractive and instructive, especially of those great mas-

ters—Æschylus, lofty and sublime in style, with words wonderfully compounded and expressive, and often untranslatable; Sophocles, sententious, philosophical, speaking lofty and comprehensive thoughts, as if inspired by an oracle, and Euripides, diffusive in style, but winning and attractive to his readers, though a great hater of the female sex. Virgil says, not very complimentary to the females of his time, 'Femina est semper mutabilis,' but Euripides uses worse terms. Some say he was not very happy in his domestic relations. The 'Tusculan Disputations' of Cicero, and the small treatise 'De Amicitia' and 'De Senectute' are well worthy of perusal, for their excellent sentiments. But, my dear friend, you must have regard to your health, while pursuing your studies, for, as your favorite Horace says: 'Mens sana in corpore sano' is most ardently to be desired. Many literary persons forget that they have a body, and become feeble and nervous, and often short-lived. Pope, the most perfect versifier in the English language, was a mere child in physical strength, and the lamented Henry Kirke White, weak and feeble in body, died while a mere youth. In short, literary men and women are not very fat or lazy. Look at the portrait of the gifted poetess, Mrs. Hemans, and our own favorite, Mrs. Sigourney. But I must close. Remember me to your family, and write again if you have time. I should be glad to keep up something of a literary correspondence with you. I am engaged only about eight hours a day, and have all my evenings to myself.

"Yours truly,

"March 16, 1866."

"L. HOYT."

CHAPTER VI.

OUT OF TRIBULATION—GLORY AND ACTION.

"Now He has such words to whisper
As must be in quiet heard,
For His sweet voice is so gentle,
Noise might make me lose a word.
Sickness means so close to Jesus,
In a little room apart,
With a shut door, that His whisper
Through the ear glides to the heart."

A LIFE of invalidism appears coming before me, and the old scholarly and intellectual books are kissed and laid away with tears of regret and anguish of spirit. The idolized pursuits and studies are given up, and the mind, according to orders, must lie fallow for an indefinite period; but God was good, and by His grace new seeds were planted in the soil of thought, and old ones obtained a new flowering.

How those years sped on! for new joys were entering in, to the awakening and enriching of the spiritual nature. Confined for the most part to my bed, my sainted father's pocket Bible resting underneath my pillow, beside it a soft little diary book, in which there were many quotations from my favorite classics and other literature, and with plenty of blank leaves on which to transcribe my thoughts, I pondered the Word of Life, reading a few passages each day, or dwelt upon my favorite authors, in unusual manner, and wrote my own thoughts

and reflections, as they came to me, and the spirit moved.

Lying alone in my little room, watching through my one window the bright clouds sail by, or the stars come out, or the moon appear, I thought many thoughts, and had a new and personal sense of God's love and His comforting presence. One evening I was caught up to God, as I thus wrote in my little book:

"It was Sunday evening and the hushed stillness of the house fell like a weight upon me, pressing my sufferings, already great, into a sense still keener. I was sick, the waters were upon me and I was breaking with the waves, and nature cried: 'O God! can I endure till morning?' But I knew I must, for I could not die, and I was miserable. Then, with piteous rebuke upon my heart, for calling thus weakly on my God, my refuge and my never-failing strength, I raised myself, and, with uplifted hands, prayed: 'Father, dear Father, oh, rest my soul in Thee! take me, hide me in Thyself.' And then I was caught up, with Paul of old, I know not how, whether in the body or out. I only know I was caught up, was raised on high, with God. I did not breathe, I did not think; but, more than these, I was with the high-throned harmony at one. 'Twas but a moment, but it seemed an age, and oh, such rest, such strength I gained! With weight removed and unity restored I was at peace again, and I returned to my pillow glorifying God. I felt His power, as I had never done before, and my faith in Him grew solid. True it is 'God keeps His choicest cordials for the times of our deepest faintings.'"

My resources were becoming great, because they were true and everlasting. The Scripture "I have loved

thee, with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee" took possession of my mind, and the blessed Christ seemed very near. I was made perfectly happy, and realized that, though all else might be taken away, with Christ one has all things. I loved to read of the man who sold all that he had and bought the one pearl of great price. Whole seemed my life under spiritual visitation, and great the compensation. I placed my hand on my father's Bible, and vowed to God, should He raise me to health and usefulness again, I would stand up for His Gospel wherever I might be. A favorite day-dream and night-dream was of seeing Christ in the midst of a great company, and myself leading souls to Him, when gradually all would come to believe and to be enveloped with the bright ethereal influence that flowed forth from His glorious presence. My mother's faith and life were of great assistance, and more than ever I was blessed by her beautiful hymns of faith. My sister, also, greatly softened and illumined my way by her sunny influence and loving ministration, never once causing a jar to my sensitive condition. This sister's character was always harmonious and beautiful, and now a manly heart had claimed her as his own, adding to the cheer and graciousness of her spirit. In speaking of her in my diary I say: "Love makes airy feet. A joyous song attends to duties here. I hear no rustle of skirts, no sound of shoes up the stairway, as sister comes, but only an uprising of joy, a song of love, insisting on supremacy of tone. My sister's life, like the adolescent rose, is a continual unfolding of symmetry and beauty. Between her soul and mine there is a whole bundle of electric wires, and we communicate in a subtle manner." Again from



SISTER ABBIE.

the diary: "Sister is mild, fairylike, exquisite; mother, strong, noble, heroic; and brother, my own divine one." This brother, who seemed a part of my very life, and so dear to me, had now entered the ministry, and was proving himself able, true, and consecrated as a preacher of the Gospel. At a later date, in the fall of 1871, I write: "My own dear sister has gone away, with all her music, her sweet voice, her sunshine, and her love; for the man of her choice, Lieutenant J. A. Olmsted, just graduated from West Point, has taken her. The key has been turned in her trunk, and the house left desolate. For two weeks the sun has not shone into my heart; and only this has come forth from it, under the head of

"SEPARATED.

"Because I could not keep it in
My little song has all come forth
Into the friendly air of heaven.
The little song that is so dear,
And ever sings itself within
The inmost of my truest love,
Or where my sister's soul meets mine.
But should the electric life gone free
Impress my darling noble one,
I pray dear Heaven to kindly be,
And give it more of patient cheer,
For oh, my song's a tender thing—
The words, they bring the falling tears,
And anyone would say the tune
Was that of some poor little bird
Calling for its much-loved mate."

Weeks passing, the clouds lifted, and I learned to live my life without my sister, and more and more I derived comfort from my thoughts, my heavenly communings, and the occasional use of my diary. In it I inscribe:

"With Him, with whom the darkness and the light are both the same, I am growing into the sunshine again, and I am to float up to heaven and spend this day with God, because I am too weary to visit with mortals. Communion with God and good angels never tires, for the understanding is so perfect.

"What a great, quiet, beautiful way God has with us!

"With Ulysses, in the Odyssey, I can say: 'Bear up, my heart, ere this thou hast borne far worse.'

"Blessed law of compensation: the blind hear deeper sounds, the deaf see richer colors, and the weakened ones quicken themselves with great thoughts. Holy conditions stir the line of holy memories, and evil conditions sinful ones, and glory be to God that this is so, for with every new good there comes a greater strength and reward, and with every new evil a keener and greater punishment; and thus, too, when we are at one with God, our sins are forgiven us, and in time, through Christ which strengtheneth us, all troublesome memories will be washed white in His precious love, and we shall be forever with our God."

Again I write:

"Oh, the roots of our being, that they might be washed by divine grace as we shower our plants with water, until we are sure that the lowest rootlets have been reached and the plant life will become fair and beautiful!

"Nothing short of Heaven's decree would cause me to mar-i-e, notwithstanding sister has written of the bliss of married life, and wishes I had a husband just as good as hers, and says it is such a comfort to have someone to take care of her; or the fact that many women, when they change their name, fall into the hands of their hus-

bands for support, and as into a haven of rest from all the storms of life. Marriage is all right, but I do not feel it is for me, and especially if I should not become well and strong; for I do not believe the weakened ones should marry and inflict their diseases upon other generations. May God help me to be true in these things!

“‘Blessed is the man that invented sleep.’ Little snoozes I call oases on the desert of life. I am so unaccustomed to sleep that, when I see anyone in that delectable state, I feel tempted to shake them a little to see whether they are dead or not.

“How often I’ve tried to make the laws of my being conform to theories, and failed.

“Sick people, like some books, are good only for reference.

“I had a little dream last night, and it was this: A tall, pale-faced lady came into my room, stood by my bedside, and from out her garments of mourning, said: ‘Can you give me a definition of sorrow?’ I immediately replied: ‘Sorrow is a forlorn shanty, through which drop pearls of living water!’ She seemed perfectly satisfied, and withdrew. I dreamed again that God was dead, and all the world got together to choose a king and father of us all, and that dear Mr. Sargent and wife, who have been so very kind to me in my sickness, and to my brother in his, and so kind and generous to many others, were the ones selected. I was pleased afterward that my mind led me to include Mrs. Sargent, believing that it is the male and female element combined that make the unity of power, strength, and love.

“If I could hear to-night a thousand voices singing the Doxology, all with one harmonious heartfelt praise,

I'm sure it would rest me more than any anodyne or specific possibly could.

" Sometimes I e'en a'most die, from the pity within me; but never a day so miserable but what I can pick some comfort out of it.

" I saw a load of beer go by to-day, and every black cask looked as though it held a devil inside. And if only each could be held there, instead of getting inside of men and boys, how good it would be!

" Many novels, like stifled rooms, need ventilating to make them pure.

" How much I enjoy lying out, in my little bed, on top of the porch, which my brother built for me, where no one can see me, and where I can be these warm summer nights, in the cool and comfort, looking up at the stars, and sometimes falling stars of remarkable size and brilliancy; and also watching the great world turn over, from west to east. No one knows, who has not passed a whole night out of doors, what takes place in the heavens in that length of time; and how it deepens and broadens the experience to behold the great genius of God, thus displayed and flowing forth; how compassed by a new sense of greatness and majesty one is, and how near all men and all worlds seem, with a greater intimacy between you and them. I have said if all people could sleep out of doors, there would be no Partialist believers in the world, and then, as I think I am breathing myself back to health, so I judge that all would be much stronger and healthier if they could have as much good oxygen, that vital need in forming and purifying the tissues of our bodies.

" I feel centrifugal to-day—like throwing away and off every incumbrance and going forth. My spirit has

been kept in so long, beating against its casement, that it seems well-nigh ready to burst forth into joy and dancing—though I have never been a dancer, except in the Bible sense and manner; and yesterday bits of my joy and new life soared out, in snatches of old songs and mother's hymns, telling me of better lungs; and, indeed, the general throbbing to be free indicates increasing strength. If ever the glad day cometh when I am, even in part, myself again, it seems to me I shall rush forth like a long-pent-up stream, overcoming every obstacle in the way of my wild joy. I shall sing, I shall pray, I shall preach, I shall dance, I shall brew, I shall bake, visit the sick and the poor, cheer the lonely and the broken-hearted. I shall tell the whole world, and everybody in it, how happy I am and how good God is!

"Such a day as this brings out the soul, evolves it from its past, and revolves it back to the glory and spell of its childhood days. 'We ascend from college to the universe,' said one; but a day like this, with its loving and far-incoming breeze, wafts us to the remotest corners of the earth, where we take all in, the beautiful and the good, the God image in all life, everywhere; and the flowers and the trees and all plants have souls to us, and the domestic and other animals become our brothers and our sisters."

Health was gradually coming back, and the son and brother being called to the church in Titusville, Pa., he sent for us to come and live with him, to our great delight. This church was my brother's second pastorate, he having been formerly at Troy, N. Y., where the people were exceedingly kind to him. With my brother, in the new field of labor the longed-for life began to be enjoyed. To the church, the Sunday school, the Bible

class, the benevolent and social societies I devoted myself as best I could with my returning strength. My services were sought in the arrangement of programmes for the entertainments of the church, and I discovered that I relished a little bit of acting in charades and other amusements, and that I loved to make people laugh as well as of old. I chanced one day to read some of my own little thoughts written on my sickbed in my diary book, and I said: "I believe I will send some of these away for publication, for I think that maybe they are as good as some other things that have gotten into print."

I acted upon this idea, and the result was that they came forth the very next week in the *Christian Leader*, edited at the time by Rev. I. M. Atwood. I read the paper first, and left it open at the page where my production appeared. My brother, coming in, took it up and saw the column marked "Brief Thoughts," with my name attached. "Why," said he, "here is something from Emma," and when he had done reading it aloud, he turned to me and said: "You will never think another thought; you have told all you know." I was delighted that the good editor had been so kind. I wrote this about it afterward: "The feeling one has the first time she sees something of her own in print is indescribable. It is an emotion the base of which can hardly be found." Instead of not being able to think more, as my brother had said, my thoughts increased, until they seemed as thick upon my mind as early blossoms on a tree, if not as beautiful, and nearly every week a bunch of them went forth, either to the east or west; and none of them found the waste basket. My thoughts were mostly of a religious nature, gained by experience

and observation. As I began to go to neighboring places, and later to the West, I heard that people here and there were comforted by my writings. So I felt amply repaid. My interest in the spread of the religion of Jesus was very great, and I felt we must either give up reading the Bible or else feel anxious about souls.

The Titusville society was very flourishing under my brother's care, and composed of men and women noted for their high characters, and who, when assembled, presented as gratifying an appearance as one could wish. A State convention was held here. The president of the Woman's Centenary Association, Mrs. Caroline A. Soule, a very able woman and consecrated minister, was present. I had greatly desired to meet this sister, and thus rejoiced over her: "How comforting it is to meet in flesh and blood one's ideals; to know, though your own arm is weak, others are rendering to God and man the tender services you have so yearned to give!" This meeting was a memorable one, for here a woman, Mrs. General James Pierce of Sharpsville, Pa., gave ten thousand dollars for a woman's professorship in one of the schools of the denomination, Buchtel College, at Akron, Ohio. At this meeting I joined the W. C. A., of which my mother had been a member since its organization in Buffalo in 1869, and for which she offered its first prayer.

Nothing gave us more pleasure than to attend the yearly meetings of the denomination, the association, the State and General conventions. My interest in the General Convention was so great that my people sometimes called me the "General Convention." A friend gave me a silver dollar and told me to spend it for what would do me the most good. I immediately sent it to

the General Convention. At the meeting of this body in Rochester, 1876, I met Dr. J. S. Cantwell, the editor of the *Star in the West*, published in Cincinnati, for whose paper I had been writing short thoughts and paragraphs. I was delighted to see him, grown to be great in every way, since our acquaintance in my childhood days. He said to me: "Why not write something longer than you have, for the *Star*?" This took my breath away, for I did not believe I could ever produce anything different from what I had; but I thought it over, and shortly thereafter sent him a long account of the convention, which he headed in his paper: "A Little Woman's View of the Rochester Convention." The article closed by my saying: "I do like our conventions, and hope I may go to many more—yea, every one, as long as I live; for it is so much better to go than to stay at home and read about it after it is all over. It is so good to get the great living spirit of all that is said and done, and then it is delightful, and joyful, to meet the brothers and sisters in the Lord, those who know Christ, who have met Him face to face!" This account seemed to take so well that I was not slow to write up other meetings and events.

A telegram, dated November 30, 1873, and from Camp Douglas, Salt Lake City, came to the home, which is worthy of mention for the effect that it produced. It told of the birth of a "perfect baby boy" into the married sister's home. It was the first grandchild, the first nephew—and what an event! To know that another spirit had been added to our own, to love, completely rejoiced our hearts. The immortality of it seemed to impress our minds most of all, and God and His creative power were very near. Another

vista of enjoyment was opened up for us, and a new joy came into the heart vacancies. Later on, when the little fellow, fifteen months old, first came to see us, clothed in native beauty and grace, as well as lovely material garments, the joy of it all was beyond words to tell. In his white dress and blue ribbons he twined round our affections, and when the mother and child left, after a visit of three months, for their distant home, it seemed as if the world had really stopped turning on its axis. What a comfort the child was to us, whether present or absent, and now, grown to manhood, with a beautiful wife and children of his own, he has borne out all our fond hopes for him. He was left in the care of his aunt during the time that his parents were at the Centennial in Philadelphia, and she kept thinking:

" Oh, the glories of the sunshine !
Oh, the beauties of the wild !
But the greatest of God's wonders
Is a loving little child."

When the parents returned, the father placed the money in my hand with which to go to that great exhibition, where I saw and learned so much.

My brother J. Murray now had a call to the church in Peoria, Ill., which he accepted. This left mother and me alone again, but still with church privileges, though not so satisfactory as we could wish, and I begin to feel if I could only preach the full Gospel of Christ, how glad I would be! Mother, always full of faith and good works, started prayer meetings, and pledged her daughter to assist her. Though at first I felt that I could not do so, as I had never taken such a part, when I fell on my knees with the other women and voiced the prayer within, a new and thrilling experience of God's personal

presence in His Holy Spirit came to me; and a new sense of God's everlasting love for every one of His children took fast hold upon me, and the freedom of life and of word that arises from such revelation and manifestation became a growing thing of life, much to my surprise and joy. The world seemed different now, and I knew I had been born again. The "divine immanence" became a living reality. There was a blind woman in the city whom I had befriended. She attended these prayer meetings. The part she took therein was an inspired and inspiring one. On no other face was there so much of the transfiguration of the Spirit, and this made a deep impression on my mind. Among the beautiful incidents occurring in these meetings, the following was most happy. A very sweet, refined lady arose, and said: "I want to make a confession, for a revelation has come to me, and I know at last that I have been cherishing a wrong spirit toward a woman for the past thirty years. When I was newly married this woman did me a great injury, and I have never forgiven her, because she has never expressed any repentance or asked pardon of me; but now, from the teachings and the influence of this meeting, I see that I have done very wrong to cherish the feeling I have toward her, and I want to ask God to forgive me." At the next meeting she said she felt that God had forgiven her, and that great relief had been experienced. She was made to see that God always stands in an attitude of love and forgiveness toward His children, because He is unchangeable in His love for them, but that we cannot be forgiven until we repent and become at one with God. In my diary I find this jotting:

"The pleasantest surprise we can receive is a surprise

visit from God. To be suddenly made conscious, while at some work of love, that the great Father is with you, looking at what you have thought or done, and giving His approval, is something more precious than words can describe. But I imagine someone saying we ought to have God with us all the time. And so we ought, that is, have His spirit ever with us and working in us, but that will only increase our need of going to Him, at times, in prayer and supplication."

As time moved on, we were without a minister in the Titusville church, and, in connection with the Ladies' Aid Society, we planned a series of meetings, sending for the General Secretary, Dr. Royal Henry Pullman, and other ministers. Glorious was the result! All the forces were so energized that the trustees decided to call a minister at once. Mother and I entertained the general secretary and his wife at our home, and when he came to us from the business meeting following the revival occasion, and told the household of the trustees' decision, with spontaneous joy we all arose, took hold of hands, and, moving about, almost dancing, sang together,

" 'Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise.' "

What a memorable time this was, and how kind all the friends of the parish were! sending to the parsonage cakes, jellies, pickles, biscuit, dough all ready to bake, etc.; but this was characteristic of these friends, for often they would come on a Saturday night, bringing baskets of things to the parsonage, saying: "You administer to us in spiritual things, and we ought to look out for you in the temporal, and thus save you all the work possible."

A good minister, Rev. C. E. Tucker, was called, and one Sunday morning he gave an unusual sermon on the power and influence of the Holy Spirit. I was much impressed by this sermon, and a mantle from on high seemed to fall upon me. After the service, on discovering that my dear friend who had experienced such relief in the ladies' prayer meeting was not present, I said to myself: "After dinner I will go round and see her." But, on taking a few steps homeward, a strong influence seized me to turn about and go in the direction of the friend's house. I soliloquized thus: "I believe that Mr. P. is having one of his terrible spells, occasioned by his drink habit, and is turning his home into a lion's den this morning, and that my friend is in a terrible state of suffering and in need of help." Mr. P. was a man of great ability, but very self-willed, and when under the influence of drink the very demons seemed to take possession of him. Arriving at the door, the dear friend threw her arms around my neck, and said: "The angels of God have sent you, for my husband is in a fit of intoxication, and is out in the kitchen demanding that I shall get his dinner; but he will not allow me to do it, as he is throwing the hot covers of the stove on to the floor just as fast as I can pick them up. He is as wild as he can be. Just hear him pacing up and down the floor, like a frantic lion in his cage. Now do go and see if you cannot quiet him. You know he has always liked you, and you have an influence over him for good." I hesitated a moment, for I had never seen this man when he was intoxicated. I wanted to help my friend so much, and, thinking of the good sermon and how the Spirit seemed to lead me there, I tried to put away the thought of my size, and, with a prayer in my

heart, I opened the kitchen door and went in. The man, seeing it was I instead of his wife, tried to control himself. I drew near to him, and said: "Sit down, Mr. P., do, in this chair, and let me talk to you," and then, placing my hand on his head, I breathed forth an audible prayer to God on his behalf and that of his dear wife, one of the sweetest women in the world. He quieted and softened down, and soon became like a lamb, and then I called his wife, and said to him: "You will let her get the dinner, won't you?" Then finally I drew him into the sitting room, where in an easy-chair he fell asleep. My dear friend always said thereafter: "The very angels of God sent you to me at that time." From this time on I felt more and more that I was to become filled with the Holy Spirit's power.

A very beautiful experience came to me one afternoon which, though entirely new, I have never questioned any more than the Bible people questioned the visible appearance of angels or other remarkable phenomena. I had lain down to rest, and with my eyes closed, and not in sight of the window, I distinctly saw two young ladies of our acquaintance, Miss Cina Gray and Miss Nettie Farwell, coming down the street; now they were by the church and enveloped by a soft light, their magnetic "aura." As their minds were centered upon the friends whom they were presently to meet, their enveloping light preceded them and arrived at the door a few moments before they did. I summoned mother, and said: "Cina Gray and Nettie Farwell are coming to see us, and they are almost here." The bell rang, mother went to the door, and there stood these girls, devoted members of our church. I pondered on this experience, though I said little

about it to anyone, and drew profitable lessons therefrom. I could now understand how the soul can and does act independently of the body; also how impressions are made and received by distant persons, and how easy it is to account for them. The magnetic "aura" of each person is charged with his thought, his spirit and purpose, and goes wherever the will sends it, or the attraction draws it, just as God's Holy Spirit flows out to all parts of the universe, communicating with His children, charging them with His will, purpose, and comforting messages of love and of warning. I realized, as never before, how in Christ "dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," how God draws nigh unto them who draw nigh to Him; how He, through His Holy Spirit, is everywhere present, and that a little of His Spirit, or what we may receive of it, is like the whole; so we may all have Him for ourselves, and as Miss Mulock says, "Just where each one of us is, there God has nothing else to do but to love and care for us." The "aura" of the person is charged with just what he is at any time; but God being unchangeable, His Holy Spirit, His Infinite Aura, is charged and freighted with what He is all the time—divine and unchangeable love!

During the winter of 1877 there were unusual signs of a revival spirit in the denomination, and it was coming near. I was sent for as one who might successfully report for the press some of these meetings held under this new wave of religious life. I complied, and to my great astonishment my efforts were much appreciated. After the consecrated evangelists, Dr. A. A. Thayer and Mr. G. W. Arbuckle of Erie, Pa., had come to our home church and labored with great success, and I had spread

before the public the good news and the *modus operandi* of these meetings, I had this cheering word sent me by one of the evangelists:

"I see in your pen the sword of the Joan of Arc who will yet inspire our lagging hosts with a zeal for victory. I see in the words of yourself and your blessed mother those jets of flame which ignite materials whose forces make a city tremble and start our slumbering soldiers to their feet. You are under the right direction, the power of the Holy Spirit. As that moves us, let us all act, trusting to God, the Father, for the harvest. Your newspaper articles are the common matter of observation wherever we go. People came from thirty or forty miles to our meeting last week, because your pen had moved them. In my own town they are carried and read from house to house. Business men keep them in their pockets, and read them in store and shop. May the great Father bless you more and more, for what you are doing.

"Your fellow laborer,

"A. A. THAYER."

Of the efforts of these evangelists at Titusville, I thus wrote for the *Star in the West*, under date of February 20, 1877:

"The united efforts of these two men carry great power. They are like Paul and Apollos. Brother Thayer stirs up the fallow ground and puts in the true, strong, bold, righteous seed. Every word he says is backed by the Spirit; and in his great zeal and earnestness he brings down the fire from heaven. Brother Arbuckle follows with his sweet singing, which is like

the very dew from heaven, baptizing all, God giving the increase of new desires for the sweet spiritual life. Yes, he sings Jesus right to your soul, and the memory of it lingers with you to hallow your purest dreams. I have heard but one and the same high opinion of his singing, and some who have listened to Sankey think Mr. Arbuckle has more power to bless than he. I hope he will feel encouraged to continue this inspiring mission, and go to our next General Convention to bless us all together there. The time is coming, yea, the time has come, when old things are done away, and all things become new, when the Son of Man cometh in all His glory to judge the earth and to form in man the hope of glory. Bible times are coming, when hearts are to be baptized, and heads and hearts must live and act in concert. It is being verified that Universalism would sweep the world, if pervaded with greater faith, more vital prayer, and the living Saviour and the Holy Ghost. As Graham McAdam has well said: 'We don't expect to grow like a vegetable, but to go on like a conquering army,' and the Lord help us to rise all over our land in the living spirit of our faith, to come to Christ and try to lead all we can to come also. Then shall we be blessed according to our beautiful faith."

These evangelists were in Corry the week before coming to Titusville, and over six hundred persons were present at their meetings; they were also in a town near Erie, at which thirty names were given, professing Christ and new desires to lead His life; some of them being old men and hardened cases. During the labors of these two men, in about three months, three hundred members were baptized into our glorious fellowship. Truly, a noble and a successful record, and one

justifying such efforts to be continued and oft repeated among us.

Here are some of my thoughts, published in the *Star*, inspired by inward experience and the joys of these revival meetings:

“Why is it we hear so much complaint that the churches are cold and unsocial, that they have such a struggle for material existence? It is because so little of God through Christ dwells among them, so little of the real divine life and power is there. ‘Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you,’ and the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. God in the heart binds us with intenseness and diffusiveness to the whole human race, and lifts us up into the holiest union possible with those who have already found Him. There is nothing on earth so dear as this union with God, and soul union with our fellows, and it is inexpressibly saddening to think there is not more of it in the churches. Perhaps the fire has been kindled at the top instead of underneath and in the heart, that it so soon goes out when started. We may and must remedy this by all coming into the one baptism—the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Every church that gets on to its knees and prays for the Holy Spirit will have a life that is strong-pulsed and mighty.’ Every church that neglects the prayer meeting does so upon its peril. The minister may be spiritual, but his people won’t grow and blossom in Christian graces until they put forth the spiritual tendrils and branches for themselves. We do not expect persons to grow in other things from keeping silent; no, they must have life and growth, so we provide clubs and social circles and all helps to improve-

ment; but we wonder at the same time that our churches and homes are so unspiritual.

"Every church must have its prayer and conference meeting, its revival meetings to keep it alive and give it its full complement of spiritual existence. 'Be filled with the spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.' If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. We have spent too much time in analyzing and condemning other doctrines. Let us seek to imitate their faith in God and the Holy Spirit, and let our judgment, our condemnation, if needed, be more from the life of our spiritual living."

CHAPTER VII.

NEARING AND ENTERING THE MINISTRY—THE FIRST SERMON.

My brother, who had married a lovely young woman, Belinda S. Snyder, whom he met while traveling in Europe, accepted a call to our church in Cincinnati, Ohio. During the month of April, 1877, he sent for mother and me to come and live with them and assist them in gospel labors. Though sorry to leave the Titusville church and friends, we joyfully accepted the invitation, and soon, in the great bustling, whirring city, we find a quiet place in which to exercise our powers and employ our intense interest in things divine and spiritual; a place which really seemed ready for us, so great was the need of and the demand for devoted religious work. Our lives were now welded together with a bond of Christian love and experience, which neither time nor eternity could sever. Brother and wife were highly gratified to have us for co-laborers. The new wife was of lovely face and noble soul; and after first meeting her, I penned this down in my little book: "A beautiful new face seems not strange, but often familiar, to us, because it is the beautiful expression of truths and graces we have long revered in our hearts.

" Beautiful eyes are eyes which see
The possible things—
In thee—in me.

" Beautiful eyes turn first above,
Then look at us
With light of love.

"Oh, beauty, that speaks in the soulful eye !
'Tis born of God
And cannot die."

Dear sister Belinda's picture is placed in this book because it is a helpful one. My brother-in-law said of its original: "She is a woman any man could love." Quite a gospel band we four made, and life took on an accelerated movement, and the years invested here, though few, seemed weighty with incident, love, and labor. I loved to be with my brother in his study; and the great libraries, privileges, and associations of a great city furnished a rich opportunity for the development of my mind and heart. The first day I was there I felt perfectly at home, for I knew there was so much in the city to enjoy; and then I was surrounded by so many more of our human kind that it was inspiring. I was so glad to become more acquainted with Dr. Cantwell, the editor of the *Star in the West*. The first time I met him, after our arrival, was at a social in the church parlors, and after the interview sister Belinda said to me: "I thought the doctor looked like Simeon of old, when he was talking with you—did you think of it?" I told her I did not think just that, but he was a grand-looking man, of divine gentleness and grace, and seemed exceedingly pleasant. Soon I was engaged to write for two of his publications instead of one, and when I carried my articles to him, he would look them over, and say: "Your writings help me as much as anyone; I think you ought to preach." I would tell him that was above all things what I wanted to do most, but feared the frailness of my health would not permit of it; and that if I should undertake it my voice would not carry beyond the first seat; and that I could never assume



BROTHER.

the care and the work of a parish. He told me that I had a fine reputation in the West as a writer of religious sentiments, and that when I attended my first State Convention of Universalists there I would find it so. When, in company with my brother and his wife, I did attend the State Convention at Belpre, Ohio, I found to my great surprise that, though among strangers, I was quite well known, and very many heartfelt testimonials did I receive in public and in private, as to the value and inspiration of my printed thoughts. One young man arose in one of the sessions and said that his desire to preach the Gospel, for he had made a beginning in that direction, was awakened largely by my pen. The ministers flocked about me, and said: "We see that we shall have to lay holy hands of ordination upon you at no distant date." They welcomed me to the State, and were generous in their expressions as to the value of mother's and my spiritual labors; that they were needed there, and they said they felt sure much good would be done by our coming among them. The meetings at this convention were very fervent, real love feasts—and we took an active part in them, especially those of conference and prayer. I was much encouraged in my long-cherished desire to preach the gospel by the presence and help of a young woman preacher, Rev. Prudy Le Clerc, who afterward married Rev. Mr. C. L. Haskell. She was a person of fine ability, devout manner, and one not backward in speaking effectively her word of full Christian experience and loyal hope. She was chosen to make the call when "the doors of the church were thrown open," and ten persons came forward to express their faith in Christ and the principles of His holy religion. I was requested to write an account of this meet-

ing for the *Star in the West*, which I did in the following manner:

“ THE BEAUTIFUL MEETING.

“ Could I attend the Ohio State Convention and keep still ever afterward? I think not, unless I was actually obliged to, for my mind and heart have been so full of it since, that I have just kept wishing all the time that I might through the *Star in the West* breathe forth some of the fullness of my joy and gratitude.

“ Such sessions as we had at Belpre are the millennial bits of life, and how they sweeten and brighten our journey long afterward and forever, too, for our heaven is a growing one, ever the beautiful now, added to the beautiful past. I can truly say that never did I enjoy a meeting more. It was the best meeting of my life, because it had the most of heaven in it, most of the Pentecostal spirit, oneness of faith, thought, and love. Such conferences and prayer meetings as we had; and then, as one brother said, the religious meetings were carried right through the business ones, with a spirit of earnest consecration, inquiry, and conviction. I was so glad to be a delegate, and sit right among those true and devout workers.

“ I think it was a good thing to hold the convention four days instead of three, for the interest grew from first to last. More and more of the Spirit was poured upon us, until all seemed ‘as lively stones built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.’

“ It was a meeting which God and Christ and holy angels could enjoy, and did enjoy, for I know they were there. Heaven came down to us, and we were lifted up



BROTHER'S WIFE.

on high. God was in our souls, the spirit of the Master in our hearts, with peace, love, unity, humility, and the joy of the great rejoicing of God, filling us with all their fullness. Heaven, too, came in at the open windows, with the lovely view of sky, water, and land, the cool, fragrant breeze, the beauty, the shade, the soul life of the trees, the joy of the birds, and the undertone of calm, country quiet pervading all, the sweet, restful quiet, so indicative of the peace of God. Never did our Heavenly Father give us a more beautiful spot for a Universalist church than this. I wished at the time that the whole world could be there with us. We seldom get anything in print so living, so natural, vivid, and searching as words that come in such meetings, where the great Spirit prevails, is coming, and has come to so many.

“ Brother Thomas Cravens stood behind me, in one of the morning conference meetings, and I knew the Spirit had caught him, from his words and the force of them, and he said afterwards he knew not what he said, the Spirit interceded for him. Brother W. C. Brooks stood in the third heaven and looked right into the eternities, when he spoke; and Brother Andrew Wilson, what can I say of his apostolic spirit, so consecrated, so true, so set for the defense of the gospel? Father Sage, blessed with his white hair, and with his eyes shining with the immortality of truth, turned upon us, and said that he could see the coming to the Saviour in the eyes of the people, and when he left us, the last afternoon of the convention, and stood in the doorway and lifted his hand, and said, ‘ God be with you,’ I shall never forget the impression it made.

“ A brother, calling himself ‘ Fred,’ would close his

eyes before he began to speak, as if dazzled by the very brightness of his own feelings and lost to the outside world. Several times he said, with all truth and unction, 'Fred knows, for he has drunk from the fountain, has filled himself from tip to tip.'

"Everything was occurring all the time to make the meeting delightful. At the close of the Occasional Sermon we sang 'Coronation,' and an old Presbyterian lady present got so full of the Spirit that she rose and began to sing with all her might, but finally gave out; then, sitting down, she kept both feet moving to the tune, saying, as soon as it was over, to the lady next to her: 'I do believe the millennium has come!' I heard another orthodox lady say she believed she should go home converted to Universalism. How prejudice dissolves in the face of the Spirit!

"I couldn't help but notice how we advance in our ways and methods. Such a genuine revival sermon as Brother Wilson gave us, before the Communion Service, and such an exhortation as he and Sister LeClerc offered to persons to come forward for church-joining, made me think that the great day we have hoped for, for our great cause, is not far distant. Brother Smith Durley of Boston, Ind., the father of Rev. T. C. Durley, whispered to me, 'This is too good, too good!' when the ten came forward to unite with the church. I do believe that direct efforts, made with faith, will always tell, and that we have not had enough of these; our work has scattered, not aimed enough at concentration of spirit. Rev. H. L. Canfield gave us one of those soul-thought sermons that are so profitable; and after it came the quick, short meeting for Buchtel College. I was overcome with wonder and admiration at the way Dr.

Cantwell led the appeal for the college, the faith and the spirit that he put into it, and its final success. Brother Buchtel's remarks were very impressive indeed, and I know everyone's heart blessed him for his nobility, and also young Mr. Loudenback for his generous gift to the college. What joy it must be to thus give for a noble purpose! I always feel so glad for people who are so fortunate as to have this blessing, for it is better than receiving. What a good meeting we did have at Belpre, and how the glory of the Lord shines round about it, in memory, making it forever blessed! The view of heaven is brighter for it, the picture of the white land widens, the divine messages and impulses are more distinct and imperative, and the gifts from the throne more abundant. One earnest brother was there from West Virginia, Mr. Fortney, where they have no Universalist preaching, but he, too, had found God, the true God of the Gospel, and blessed the meeting, and was blessed by it. And so they came from here and there, bringing in like and the same testimony. Oh, may we as a people shine more and more unto the perfect day! May we all try and revive ourselves and our people at home."

A great impression was made upon our family in meeting at this convention Rev. W. C. Brooks, a man of unusually beautiful exterior, and also of inward spiritual life and attainment—one who always seemed to express himself in the words of the Spirit. A lasting acquaintance with him was formed, and one of great benefit. After this experience I seemed to take a more active part in the prayer meetings of my brother's church, and at all the religious conferences which I attended in and about the city. Mother and I visited the W. C. T. U. rooms, where we met some of the original

crusaders, grand women, who had been put in jail for singing and praying on the streets and in saloons, and we were inspired by them to an interest in the temperance cause which was never to die out. It was at one of the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Union that we heard that large-hearted woman, Mrs. Leavitt, say: "This morning I went to the city jail, and there, through the bars on the door of a cell, I saw the prostrate form of a drunken woman. I stood and looked at her, and with the tears rolling down my cheeks, I said: 'There lies Abbie Leavitt!'" With such women and such spirits, and those who follow them, the good in the world will not lose its power, but will continue to influence humanity until all, through Jesus Christ, have been rescued and redeemed.

The desire to preach the gospel grew within my heart and became the predominant thought of my mind, but the fear troubled me that I could not be heard, and that I might break down from overflowing feelings, as I portrayed the great love and goodness of God, the dear Saviour's tender care of us, and the great need of all to accept Him. A crisis occurred, however, which determined my course and overcame my fears. My brother exchanged one Sunday with a minister I had never heard before, and although I knew that the sermon he gave was no better than many my brother had preached, yet it was a new voice, and that, with the discourse, met the ripened condition I was in for the work of the Lord, and caused the fruit of my desire to fall, as it were, into my very lap. I hardly knew that my feet touched the walk on the way home. I only knew that the Holy Spirit within said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and that I

was going to obey that voice. On Monday morning, bright and early, I went to Dr. Cantwell's office to tell him my concussion. He commended me for it, greatly encouraged me, and said: "If you will go home and write a couple of sermons you may take up one of my country appointments and occupy my pulpit; for you might not like to preach your first sermon in your brother's city church. My wife and I will go along to hear you, and to be friendly critics and supporters." I flew home, as if on wings, to tell the family of my joyful conclusion and determination, where I found mother in the doorway looking for me. She said: "I'm glad you've come, for you have a letter from Rev. I. D. Grandy of Aurora, Ind. He wants you to come and preach for him one week from next Sunday, and requires your answer at once." This was a record-breaker, but I took the letter and read the following: "You may be surprised to hear from me, a stranger to you, and from another State; but you are not a stranger to me, for I have read your writings in the *Star*, and I want you to come and speak for me in two weeks. I do not know whether you are a minister or not, but I do know if you are not one you ought to be. I feel sure you can supply my pulpit acceptably, and I am very anxious that you should come. Please let me know at once."

Oh, what emotions stirred within my heart as I read this letter! and I felt that this was surely a call from the Lord in answer to my decision to preach the Gospel of Christ, so dear unto my life. Slipping up to my brother's study on the third floor, I wrote the reply in the affirmative, telling the minister how I had never spoken from the pulpit, but for years had wanted to, and

now I felt this to be a call from the Lord, making me very happy indeed. Mailing the letter, I went back to my brother's study, where I took one of his sermons, to see how much paper I would need, and laid mine out, twenty-four pages, just like his. I wrote my text, the one I had always said I would take for my first sermon: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all other things shall be added unto you" (Luke xii. 31). I then stopped to consider what it all meant, that I was really about to engage in that which had been the one desire of my life for so many years. My heart became so disturbed that it seemed to turn over in my body. The tears flowed, and I could get no further than the text. Running downstairs in the greatest excitement to find mother, my refuge in all hours of trial, I said to her: "I can never preach in this world. It is too much, too good to be true; I cannot stand it, and I'll have to write Mr. Grandy I cannot come!" Mother lays her hand very quietly upon my shoulder, and replies: "If it is going to affect you in this way, and perhaps kill you, to preach the gospel, you never need do it. I'd write the brother that you cannot come at present anyway." I countermanded the letter, and told him it was going to excite me so much to carry out my cherished desire that I feared I could never do it; anyway, I could not come at the time mentioned, and that he must get someone else. In a day or two, for it was only twenty-five miles to his place, I received a reply from him, saying: "I felt just as you say you do when I sat down to write my first sermon, and I am more than ever convinced that you ought to preach, and I will give you more time. In four weeks I shall want to be away again, for I am doing some special missionary work, and then I would like to

have you come." By the time this message reached me the great perturbation of my spirit was gone, leaving only the one strong desire and determination in my soul to preach the Gospel of Christ. In a few days I began my sermon, and completed it in about one week. In the midst of its preparation I had a peculiar sense of my own sainted father's presence and approval, and I spoke aloud and said: "This desire to preach the gospel can be inherited by girls as well as boys, and I feel sure it has been born within me, from both sides of the house." I prayed that I might be a worthy child, and I thanked my parents for their noble example and for the education they had given me. A few days after the sermon was completed, an excellent-hearted minister, Rev. D. C. Tomlinson, a warm friend of the family, came to spend a few days with us, and, hearing of this first sermon and what was proposed to be done with it, he said to the household: "I think we all ought to get together and have Emma read her sermon to us, and this will give her more confidence when she comes to really deliver it." It was so arranged, all assembling in the parlor for a regular service. After the singing, Scripture reading, and prayer, I step forward with my sermon in hand, trembling indeed, but gathering courage as I go along, for I am surrounded with the best of help, dear hearts, all praying for my success. I go grandly ahead, until about in the middle of my theme, when my feelings rise so high that I lose control of myself and break completely down and weep, as though my heart would break. My blessed brother says: "Cheer up, and we will sing old 'Coronation' for your benefit." This grand and inspiring hymn had the desired effect. The discourse was finished without further break. Some

kindly criticism was passed upon it, but on the whole it was pronounced good for the first attempt, and well delivered, and they thought it might have a beneficial effect upon those who heard it. It was a good thing I had this breakdown of my feelings at home, for when I finally delivered it I went through with self-control and courage to the end.

How strange I felt as I started forth upon the cars on Saturday afternoon, with my small handbag, containing my needed effects, and this my first sermon. Kind friends, Mr. Nathan Steadman and wife, met me at the railroad station and conducted me to their pleasant home. I thought they appeared to look up to me as though I was a real minister with a long experience. At the breakfast table I disabused their minds of this idea, for I wanted their sympathy. I said to the family: "I suppose you know that I have never preached, and that this will be my first attempt?" They looked surprised and somewhat disappointed, as they replied: "We thought perhaps you had been preaching for some years." The first surprise over, these new-found friends seemed to take all the greater interest in the meeting to come off at night. Mr. Steadman said he would sit in the pew by the door, to see if my voice could be heard all through the house, and his good wife to encourage me said she had always wanted to preach, and had made up her mind if she ever did, her first text would be, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," etc. "Why," said I, "that is my very text," and the coincidence pleased me as well as the desire expressed.

As the evening shades were gathering and the little company moved from the home toward the house of God, there was one of the number who felt as never

before, something like this: "Father, the hour is come."

I spoke that night as if my very life and the life of the gospel depended upon my efforts. My faith was great that conversions and awakenings must take place and at once. I surely held God's hand all the way, for I dare not let go! During the service my attention had been called to a tall, large man, with dark, penetrating eyes and a refined face, sitting at my left and upon the first seat, who seemed greatly interested in the sermon, for his gaze was riveted upon me. The meeting over, I was glad to see him coming toward me, and as he grasped my hand, and said, "Every word of your sermon to-night seemed as if written for me," my heart was, indeed, full. He inquired where I was stopping, and, when informed, said he knew the family and would walk home with us. On the way he told us how he had been an infidel for the past twenty years and had also dragged his beautiful wife down to his non-belief; that the sermon had made him realize what he had been losing all these years, and that now he must retrace his way back to Christianity again! He seemed fairly hungering for help, and we all endeavored to lay before him the beautiful delights and ample rewards of the Gospel of Christ. The talk in the Steadman home flowed on that night until twelve o'clock, and my efforts were especially directed toward explaining the Holy Spirit's power of conferring great enlightening and comforting help. The man, who was a visitor in the place, a phrenological lecturer, left the house evidently consoled, and placed upon the right track, and with the names of good, religious books jotted down in his note book, to be read as a further means of assistance.

We were a happy household that night, and before retiring Mr. Steadman told me he could hear me distinctly where he sat by the door, and that he thought if I lived to be one hundred years old I would never preach a better sermon, only I might improve in my delivery as I went along. All this was assuring and pleasing in the extreme, and when in my room I sat down by the open window and looked out, oh, how the stars appeared to me, as I reflected: "The imbedded desire of my life is being granted unto me." They were as "golden ladders of infinity" for my grateful heart to ascend on high. As much attaches to the first sermon, I will place it here, hoping the reader will not pass it by.

MY FIRST SERMON, WITH TEXT.

"But rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."—*Luke* xii. 31.

When we think of portraying the kingdom of heaven, it seems that we can better feel what it is than we can describe it in words; and yet the blessed Bible has much to say of it and from this source we will gather a few thoughts or assertions. Christ says, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo here or lo there, for behold the kingdom of God is within you." He says, also, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and that a little child should be greatest in the kingdom. Paul hath declared "The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power," and "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." The kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven, or the term kingdom alone, are phrases express-

ing the same idea, and all denote the institution of the gospel, set up in the world by the Father, through His divine Son, Jesus Christ, for the redemption of the entire human family, and its fundamental principle is love—active love—both toward God and man. It is an internal possession which the world can neither give nor take away! It is the atonement of the soul, with heavenly realities—the obedience to God, through love—the following Him as dear children. It is “a well of water within the heart, springing up into everlasting life,” and is fed by the sources of faith: love, prayer, duty, strong thought, and reason.

Now, how are we to seek this kingdom and what will be the result of our seeking? Christ says we must be humble and poor in spirit to enjoy the things of the kingdom; and how true it is that only in this way can we find the lowly Jesus, can we be lifted up to God. We must bow our hearts in perfect subjection to the will of God as shown by Jesus Christ; and though we must each feel that we have a great spirit within us, being a child of God, we must only glory in our Lord and Saviour! “He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.” I believe that pride, self-love, self-glory in knowledge and power, and inordinate love of material gain, keep many people from the kingdom. Self-righteousness, instead of the righteousness of God, is established in their hearts. Oh, we pray for these hearts! that they may soften, and humbly and lovingly yield themselves unto God—to Christ’s reign of love, peace, and joy!

Christ says: “How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.” To obtain the kingdom, to grow up into it, we want a love which will

surmount the love of riches and all earthly things, and by which we fly to heaven for rest and peace! But Christ also says, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God"! To be born again is to have the soul touched and quickened by the Holy Spirit of God; it is to see with the spiritual eye the glorious truths of the Gospel of Christ; and to be born of water and the Spirit is to confess the name of Christ, to come into the fellowship of His Church, meeting its many sacred and joyous obligations; and to have the Word of Life made Flesh, directly and abundantly confirmed unto you.

He who seeks the kingdom of God in this way will surely obtain it; and the Scriptures represent the way of life as no difficult one to them who most truly desire to walk in it. We have only to call, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." But "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The kingdom cometh silently and unseen; while we are looking unto Jesus, while we are musing and calling upon Him, lo! He is with us. "It is as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how."

Take any Gospel subject for your crown, and daily, if you are led by the Spirit, you will add jewels unto it. While you meditate and commune, the dross of your life will be consumed and the pure gold be left for your joy and your comfort. Turn your back upon all that is selfish and sinful, and your face toward heaven; deny yourself, take up the cross, do justly, love mercy, and

walk humbly with your God, and the kingdom will surely come to you.

When one has entered into the joys of the gospel it hardly seems a kingdom, so free is its life and so beautiful! Here humility reigns, the pure desire and the perfect childlike trust. Here you are ever blessed with the peaceful consciousness that God is nigh, that His tender, loving presence is ever over you, about you, and in you, for the "second man," or that which is spiritual, is the Lord from heaven; and how blessed to feel this, for it draws you into such close fellowship with God and Christ, and makes you feel that God is your Father and man your brother.

In the eternal all things are yours, even to childhood and youth, though without their sorrows, and all the really good things of your life return to you. Your heart thrills at all pure joys as in days of yore, and you cry, "Can it be that these most loved and regretted emotions of youth are mine once more, and can be mine forever?" And you wonder and rejoice and praise God from whom all blessings flow. And oh, the new joys, who can count them? Even the Book of Life is unsealed to you, and you are permitted to read in its delightful pages. The real and the ideal blend in one, and the highest dream of your life is answered.

When really in the kingdom, and the kingdom is within you, regrets come not, because all things there are yours. Its holy conditions stir the line of holy memories, and its oneness with God washes sin away. Its vision reaches far into the future and sees light in place of darkness, assuring the time when all souls shall be made white in the Redeemer's love, and bearing the heart up to persistent labor and a lofty energy for these

better things, the finally perfect in the economy of God.

Here, too, death is swallowed up in victory, the victory of faith and love, and we enter in to the joys of the eternal life, the satisfied life, that wishes to go on forever, and knows that it is immortal with God's own Spirit, and with Paul is convinced of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what joy and courage this knowledge gives us to rise above the ills of this earthly life, and to what a youth of feeling! It is said, "How can the children of God grow old?" I once remarked to a dear Christian woman over eighty years of age that such as she never seemed old to me, when she looked up sweetly, and said: "Yes, we get hold of such deep things that they last us through."

When I was a child I remember how perfect and immutable life seemed to me, though after attending funerals, and when the noble and idolized characters of the books I read died, I would cry myself to sleep for many nights afterward; and I tried to put away the thought of death, it appearing wrong to me that it should ever have entered this beautiful world, and impossible that it would ever come to any of my own family. But it did come at last, and before I was prepared for it, and my thoughts of life were disrupted, a sadness pervading all things, though a willing one; for I felt I must submit; but, praise be to God, with greater spiritual understanding. Lo, the old childlike "perfection" returned to me, for I awoke into that glorious morning, where there is no death and life is immortal.

When the bodies of our friends pass from our sight and we are left lonely in this great world, where love

and friendship are so necessary to the heart's truest joys, then, with Christ we have the victory over death, the sting is removed, and we are reconciled to God's will. We still have our beautiful work to do, and with a more exalted patience and sublimer faith we labor on, not alone, but more united to those precious, dear ones gone before. In the kingdom we are never alone, for Christ is there, holy angels, and our God. At all times, in all places, and in all labors, our Father is with us, through Christ, and it is ever blessed. Our happiness rests in God for its foundation, and we can never lose our confidence and our trust. Whatever may happen to us, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.

If we lose our personal property, still our Heavenly Father will be sufficient for us; or should we seem in great danger, we are safe, for naught can injure or destroy the spirit. We know that God orders all things for the best, and that nothing good in His great purposes can ever be lost, that the final restoration of all things is as sure as that we have souls in our bodies, and that God is.

The rule of Christ in our hearts will give us a love beyond all other—the love that looks first to the Cross and then earnestly for a brother; and we must through Christ love His gospel better than father or mother, brother or sister; love truth and principle better than all things else, and our neighbor as ourselves. We must have that uppermost love which ever stands in an attitude of forgiveness, which follows the Golden Rule, and leaves the “ninety and nine” for the one outside the kingdom. Oh, how sweet it is to forgive and to be forgiven!

The spirit of the kingdom leadeth into all truth, and

giveth great rejoicing, that of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit, which proceedeth from the Father, and floweth gently and powerfully down to us. And I want to speak right here of the great, wonderful way God has with us; how He never restrains His divine energy, but steadily and patiently puts it forth for us, setting everyone an example in all labors. May our lives be so centered and steadfast that only good will flow from them! May our aim be for a full, free life of the Spirit; quenching Him not, grieving Him not away; but yielding ourselves to Him with full and earnest submission!

“A man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.” No, it does not; and to be rich toward God is better than all other riches; and the most comforting treasures are those laid up where there is no corruption, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. “What profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” Lose it to all that is of the eternal, the satisfactory, and the true? There is but one thing needful, and with this all others are added, and so the Scriptures declare, “Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment.” Teaching us, not that we are to neglect any physical or moral duty, but that we are to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, for this is of the first importance, as we are a spirit and only have a body, according to McDonald, and the soul should be king over all, and then we are immortal.

But with this, all the other things shall be added, for in the teachings of God lies the foundation for all that truly succeeds in the material, intellectual, and spiritual

world. In these things, as in others, we must start with God, in order to arrive at the right conclusions, do the right things, and receive right and ample enjoyments. How does individual, family, and business life prosper without honesty, temperance, virtue, industry, patience, and love toward God and man? Not well! and sooner or later must come to naught. The enduring things are those of truth, purity, peace, love, and conscience!

Homes may abound in wealth, and yet lack true prosperity; and persons are often driven to insanity and suicide upon loss of property and of friends. And the great world, how does it appear with only a countenance for material interest, possession, and pleasure? It certainly bears the marks of inanity, of discouragement, and even the "other things" are not truly added unto it. Riches do not always bring with them the feeling of riches. An old lady who had all her life been surrounded by a superabundance said she had always felt poor. She was very skeptical in regard to God and immortality, and so did not really enjoy those things which she possessed so abundantly.

To enjoy even the good and beautiful things of this world, its wonders and its comforts, we must first build ourselves a house with God, and by knowledge fill the chambers "with all precious and pleasant riches." "With Wisdom and Uprightness we may make our way worthily, and Beauty will follow in the footsteps of the two, even if she be not especially invited." A refined and beautiful woman remarked, "How much I would like to fill my home with beautiful paintings had I the means, and yet," said she, "I would much rather possess the taste and the appreciation I have for them than the ability to own them without the taste."

Truly, there is a having nothing, yet possessing all things. The little of the many may become abundant, with the right views and feelings; and then there are books and scholars and refined people to be learned from, and ever the hidden resources within, to delve in and from which to bring forth treasure. "Literature is not merely a collection of gems, but a great system of interpretation," and we can all come in for the interpretation, for even a little child can lead in this. The farmer can "hitch his wagon to a star," and accept the sky, the birds, and the scenery thrown in, when he buys his farm; and women-folks can do the same by the broom and the dishpan, and live above routine and drudgery, and rejoice that all duty may become sublime! Then let us have faith in God, and seek His kingdom through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

And first of all Christ wants us, our hearts, souls, and bodies. We must give ourselves to Christ, or we cannot enjoy the kingdom and have all other things added unto us. "My Heavenly Father, our Heavenly Father, I pray that we may all give our hearts to Christ, to become conscious, abiding centers of life in Him; at one with God, uplifted in light, living love, breathing love, receiving and bestowing eternal treasures forever more; giving, as Paul gave, with no uncertain sound, but with the full assurance of the mystery; with notes full and clear and radiance pure and burning, and knowing as Christ did whence we come and whither we go."

"And the Spirit and the bride say come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." It is easy for the thirsty to drink and would that all might become conscious of their thirst; their need of the waters of life.

Let us sound the word forth: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."

On last Independence Day in Cincinnati, a thousand eyes might have been seen turned heavenward, steadfastly and intently gazing at small balloons, mere bits of paper and silk, rising high in the air, and I thought, would that men might thus look for "the Son of Man in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him," coming to supply their wants and to administer the faithful judgments of the Lord. We want so much blessing, and to obtain it we must have experimental religion, heart enlistment, and heart co-operation. The heart is required, and with this absolutely enlisted, there must be individual and collective religious work done. Oh, that all might see that it is ever honorable to be doing something, but entirely dishonorable to be doing nothing!

Lives and churches rooted in the spirit of Jesus must grow and strive forever, for spiritual life is enduring, progressive and immortal. And the spirit of the Gospel is catching; it goes from one heart to another; it will stir the driest bones; it giveth life, and that is what we need. It gives life unto life, for it is the bearer of truth, conviction, righteousness, and love. We get it by drawing nigh to Christ and to the Father in loving communion and worship; and by endeavoring to do the will of God in all things.

God grant that the work of faith, consecration, and love may be begun anew in all our hearts, that we may give united and concentrated effort to the cause; that we may all together seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, believing that all other things shall be

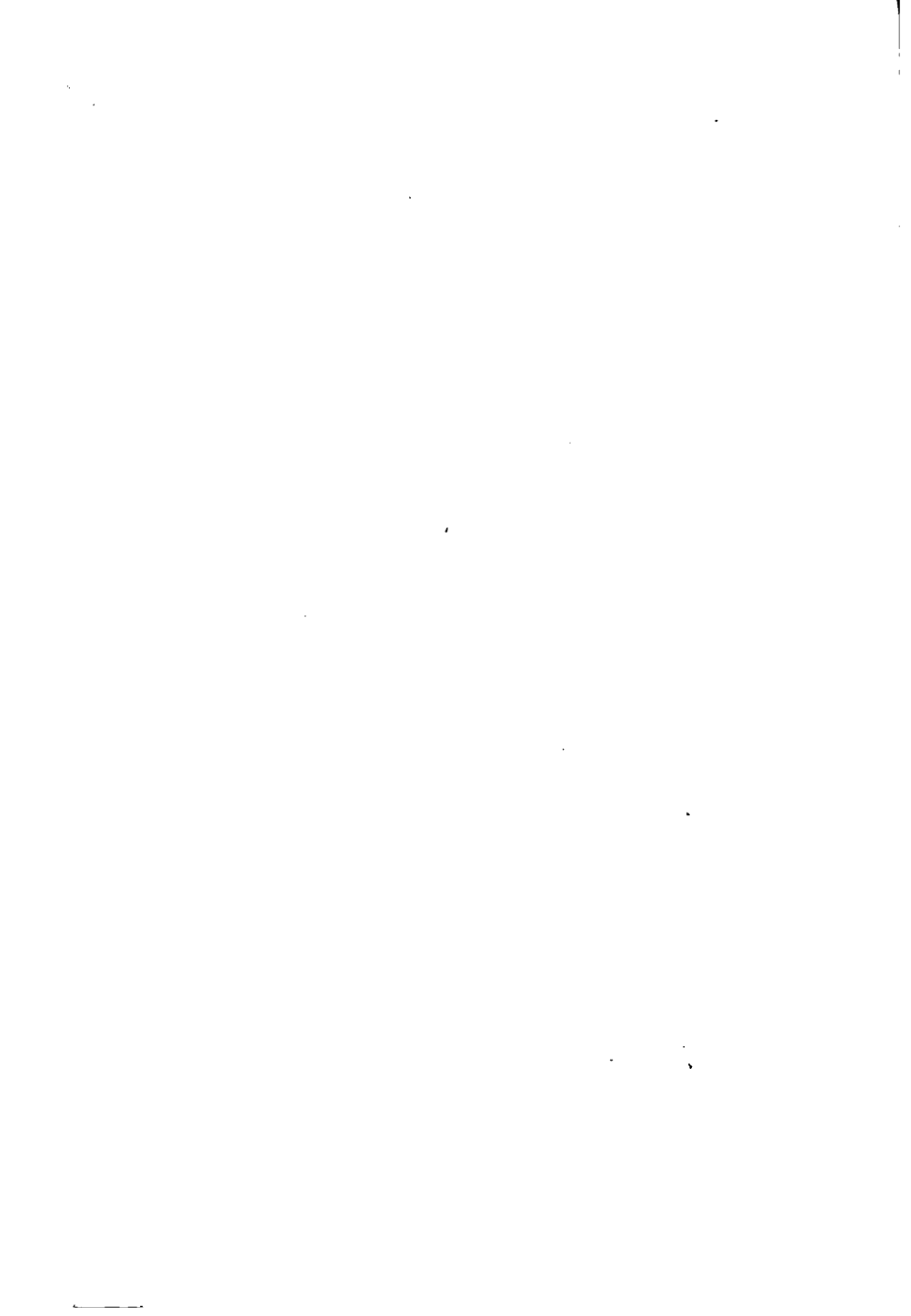
added unto us. In the language of Martensen: "The divine blessedness becomes in the full sense perfect, only when God's glory is reflected back to Him, not merely from a kingdom of ideas, but from a kingdom of actual spirits, a kingdom of souls, all united together under Christ and all witnesses not merely of the eternal power and Godhead of God, but also of His saving love. It then for the first time becomes perfect in so far as it is the will of God, not merely to rest in His eternal majesty; but to rest and be blessed in the completed work of grace and love; in the glorious liberty of the children of God, a good which will not be reached until, in the words of the Apostle Paul, 'God shall be all in all.' Then first in the new economy, in the new heavens and the new earth, will the glory of God be perfectly revealed, the glory which is reflected from His perfect communication to the creature."

What a work we have to do as Christians in helping God, through Christ, to reach this glorious consummation, and how bright are our prospects! Then let us be earnest, active, prayerful, and single-minded, and our organizations powerful in their righteousness, zeal, self-sacrifice, benevolence, and love, and the blessed religion of Jesus will prosper more and more, even unto the perfect day. Amen! Amen!

Returning from Aurora, and meeting my friend the editor, he said: "Well, how did you get along? Did you break down?" "No," I replied, "I didn't break down, but a tall man in the congregation was converted." "Don't tell me," said he, "about anyone's being converted in your first meeting. If you didn't break down, that is enough!"



REV. J. S. CANTWELL, D. D.



CHAPTER VIII.

ADVANCING IN THE WORK—FIRST SETTLEMENT AND ORDINATION.

DOES God tire of carrying that little bundle of existence we call our life? We hope not, for He is infinite and never weary. We tire of helping Him carry it; but should not, even when looking backward; for then, as in the present, we note the wholeness, the sweetness of the plan, with all its providences and blessings. My services were now more sought by pastors, here and there, and for revival and missionary work, and all looking toward a license to preach, which was granted on July 1, 1879.

An amusing incident occurred at an association where I was upon the programme to preach, through the kindness of Rev. W. S. Bacon. It was Sunday morning, and the house was packed to the doors, to hear my gifted friend Rev. Prudy Le Clerc, when I was informed that Miss Le Clerc could not be present, and that I must take her place, as the large concourse of people would be badly disappointed not to hear a woman. Consternation seized me, and I said: "I cannot do it! I have only one other sermon with me, and that is at the house where we are being entertained, and there is not time to get it." "Oh, yes, there is!" said a manly voice; "and if you can get out, I will take my horse and we will go for it immediately." I had to be lifted out of the crowd to the door, and then such a "John Gilpin ride" or sail

through the air as we had of it! It takes my breath away even now to think of it, but we got the sermon and flew back, and I wedged into the church and on to the platform just as the choir was singing the second time. Oh, how I did preach, with all the strength I could command; and the man who carried me to get the sermon was particularly interested, and told me afterward that he never had heard so much truth packed into a sermon before. But I felt it was not so good a sermon as it ought to be, and afterward rewrote it to make it more logical. It was well received, partly, I think, because the general heart was fixed upon hearing a woman.

At the State convention held at Bellville, Ohio, the second we attended there, Rev. Lotta D. Crosley, Rev. Prudy Le Clerc Haskell, and I were all invited to preach on the Sunday morning of the meeting, each at a different place; so we had the unusual occurrence of three services at the same time conducted by women. These meetings were well attended, and apparently satisfactory to the people. At our meeting Hon. H. R. Buchtel was present. I felt highly honored, and he expressed himself as enjoying the occasion, and "feeling that he was very near heaven." We three women were very thankful for the respect and courtesy thus shown us. Mrs. Haskell's voice was never heard again at such a gathering. Before another opportunity the "other life" had claimed her youthful but ripened spirit, and we were left as mourners at the great loss we had sustained.

The closing remarks of my sermon at this convention were as follows:

"How the soul exults when one reads of the light of God's love appearing here and there the country round! Books like Dr. Henry's 'Endless Future of the Human

Race,' George S. Merriam's 'Living Faith,' and Canon Farrar's 'Eternal Hope' send the soul rejoicing to God, and inspire us with a new and irresistible desire to gather the world unto this blessed hope, this blessed knowledge, which solves all contradictions of head and heart, and brings in the great and everlasting harmony to stricken souls. But as God is patient, so must we be, and labor on, being full of gladness that our God is being better understood; that many all over the world, and that, too, among the best thinkers, are surely and steadily coming up into the light of our great and glorious belief; that they are renouncing an endless hell, that blackest and wickedest old dogma that human unreasonableness, cruelty, and depravity ever invented; that dogma that came out of thick, impenetrable, and total darkness, and which must return to it to be seen no more, to be remembered no more, forever. O Hell! thou canst not stand and face the light of even one ray of God's living and eternal love! Thou didst come out of blackest heathenism, and hast no Father of Light to own thee. The Bible does not teach thee, but only hell or judgment continued 'aionianly,' or until effectual in bringing reformation! That these things are so, let us rejoice, and as we believe that the sun of God's love will continue to shine until all darkness is illumined away, let us be alive and consecrated to the thought of our own shining. May we 'live much in His holy and blessed fellowship, and drink deeply of that vital inspiration which His love has opened for us,' and thus may we draw to us, by the light and love of our lives, the light and love of our Church, those who stand between the old doctrines and the new, between the old and infidelity. Love, pure and true, is like the sun—it draws all spirits

unto itself. Christ is love, and as He was lifted up He will draw all unto Him in love, and will give all up to the Father, that God may be all in all. As we have received Christ Jesus, so let us walk in Him. Let us not grow cold from want of external influences, but have the fresh Pentecostal spirit ever within. Let us have that great high individualism in Christ that carries its own power to unite with other hearts in highest, truest life and power. It is said that we, as a people, have too much individualism. This may be, so far as our own ideas are concerned, but we have not enough of the right kind. We want more of that individualism of faith and love which unites us and makes us strong and living, ready for action in the great underlying imperative work of the church—the saving of souls, the redemption of human lives, through Christ Jesus, our Lord and our Redeemer.”

Before giving the sermon, I read these closing words to my brother, and asked him if he thought that what I said about an endless hell would hurt anyone, for I did not wish to injure anyone's feelings unnecessarily. He laughed, and replied: “Sister Emma, you need not feel afraid that any blast you could ever blow would hurt anyone.” I was comforted, but still did not quite believe his words.

My brother having to resign his pastorate in Cincinnati on account of failing health, I was engaged to supply his pulpit for ten consecutive Sundays, or until they wished to hear candidates. After my first sermon a woman from the choir approached me, and said: “You have converted me to-day.” I said: “I thought you had been a believer many years.” “So I have,” she replied, “but you have made me feel differently from what

I ever did before." I found the Spirit had come to the sister in a larger measure and more directly, and felt much encouraged, as I had with the conversion of the man to Christianity.

To have the son and brother fail in health was a great grief and disappointment to mother and me; but more than ever the pressure was upon us to do the work of the Lord. Frequently we left our home duties to attend to Macedonian calls, and we were also appointed upon the Missionary Board of the Miami Association, and had specific duties assigned us. We were to go into dormant societies and hold missionary and revival meetings each of at least two weeks' duration. We were to call to our aid any or all of the ministers of the association, whose duty it would be to aid us. We rejoiced in our appointment, for this was the work we liked best of all.

Sharonville was the first place visited, and here, though we found lovely-spirited people, the Millers and others, yet the church had been closed to regular services for about four years. By the time the two weeks of the meeting had ended, the weeds about the church building had been cut down, "the weeds and ivy vines" around some lives removed, and a new church organization formed with ten members. Soon a circuit was revived between this society and another, and a most excellent minister provided for it. Here we met a dear old gentleman and wife living near the church. The latter told us this story about themselves. She said: "We had a little cat which we loved much and petted a great deal. One day it fell into the cistern. We had no ladder, and could find no way of saving the poor creature, and so, with the tears rolling down our cheeks,

we had just to stand by and see it drown. Then father and I sat down and talked about Universalism—how, if God had put it into our hearts to love animals as much as we did, oh, how much greater must be His love for His children! and could He see any of them tortured, for ever and ever; and we said: ‘No! a thousand times—no!’ ”

Other places were made the object of our labors, and, aided by the ministers of the association, we accomplished similar results, notably at Bunker Hill, where we had a remarkable meeting—especially in the service of Rev. W. C. Brooks; but of this I speak in my second sermon in this book. Rev. J. P. MacLean, Ph. D., was the president of the Missionary Board of the Association, and as far as his many duties would allow he gave the work the lift and help it needed. Thus time went forward with us, happily and enticingly, until mother’s physical condition became alarming, and a change of climate and a more rural atmosphere and scene were recommended. An unexpected call came at this time for us to go East to mother’s native town, Swanzey Centre, N. H., providentially for us, as we had not known where to turn; for I still believed I had not the strength or ability to become pastor of a church. We were to care for an aged widowed aunt of mine, Mrs. Lucy Whitcomb, and longed for the privilege, amid scenery mountainous and beautiful. But oh, to leave the large city, teeming with advantages and filled with friends, was very trying! We also knew we would miss the occasional visits at Dr. Cantwell’s beautiful home, on the Ohio River, where his talented family and saintly mother, Mrs. I. D. Williamson, entertained us so royally and lovingly. After a reception, hearty and affectionate,

in the church parlors, and the presentation of a fine Bible and beautiful flowers, we broke the relations and journeyed to Saratoga, on our way to dear old Swanzey town.

In this salubrious and ideal place mother improved, and we were both quite fitted for our new duties in my aunt's home. I went East feeling a little as Thomas Potter did, when he came to the "wiles of America," and I decided I would let no one know I had ever preached, but would rest in quiet while our interests held us there. But "some little bird" bore the news, and soon a "committee" visited me, asking if I would not preach occasionally for the few of our faith if a place could be provided. Hesitation was apparent in my manner and speech; but being overpersuaded I agreed to speak to them regularly once every two weeks, if they would agree not to throw upon me any responsibility of the pastor, and not to attempt to raise a salary for me. Of course if I did well they could remunerate me if they saw fit.

Adown the one road of the place, near the "Town House," and not far from where we lived, stood an old building, seldom used for the past twenty years. It had once been "Mt. Cæsar Academy," of Dr. S. H. McColleston fame; but now it was called the "Old Academy Building." It was of large frame, two stories high, with cupola and bell. The second story was used as a hall, with benches and platform, and with regular supporting pillars across, from the wide entrance door. "The committee" got their eye upon this building, and soon found it could be transformed, by soap, water, and paint, into an agreeable place, so they secured it. I think the motto on the south side of the wall, made of what were once "ever-green letters," and reading "Perseverantia Omnia Vincit," had something to do with this. It had probably

been there twenty years, and still had persistency; and what a link to the enlivened past it seemed!

An Episcopalian maiden lady of education and also of means, having come here from Boston to seek a more retired life, was greatly interested in the undertaking, and spared no pains to have all in the best of order. She even took it upon herself to open up the hall for the meetings and to ring the bell. In the winter she built the fires, and it became a familiar Sunday morning sight to see her tall form, clad in long fur cloak and neatly fitting rubber boots, looming up across the common on this errand of love and faithfulness. Our meetings were successful; real love feasts, every time, and, as we held them at three o'clock in the afternoon, the choir and many others from the Congregational Church (the one church at the Centre) were able to be with us and to lend their aid. Never were happier little meetings. The Episcopalian lady was converted to our faith, and afterwards preached it. Many sad hearts were made more joyful, and notably that of an orthodox woman who had not been seen to smile for over a year, on account of the loss of an only daughter. Often a silver dollar would be dropped into my hand after service, by an outside party, with this little speech: "We can afford to pay something to hear the love of God preached as you preach it." A library association, which had for years been contemplated here, now began to assume shape, and that winter took on such proportions that a few years later it became a large permanent library located in the "Old Academy Building," which had been repaired and fitted up for that purpose. For this last great achievement much was due to my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George Carpenter of "Valley View," Swanzey Centre.

We enjoyed very much the social gatherings held for the purpose of raising the funds for the first books which were procured, and the bells of the pleasant sleigh-rides to and from them jingle merrily now in my memory. We had a programme, every time, of singing and speaking, which brought out and kept active the talents and abilities of our members.

But oh, the Christmas of that winter of 1879, who could describe it? Not I, for I could not do it justice. It was really a great occasion, and seemed a climax in our religious labors. We planned for a meeting in our hall, and made elaborate preparations for it. You would not have known the place, it was so beautiful—utterly transformed or clothed, as with garments from on high.

Many mottoes were to be seen in large clear print, and bordered with evergreen or trailing vines (the club moss), and resplendent with their glorious sentiments. Back of the platform and high upon the wall, draped in white, over a picture of the Infant Jesus, you read: "For we have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him." On the right side were the mottoes: "And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people," "All my springs are in Thee," and "In the cross of Christ I glory." On the other side: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men," "Christ the Saviour of the world," and "Simply to thy cross I cling." Over the entrance were the words: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." On the wall overhead could be seen the significant letters I. H. S. in green.

The large platform, with its steps and table, top and sides, was all covered with white canton flannel, looking

like pure white velvet. On the front side of the table, marked off with the club moss, were placed panel-shaped cardboards I had prepared of pressed ferns, pansies, and bright leaves, giving the effect of real paintings upon velvet. The ferns were of different shades—some of them pure white and ethereal in appearance. Over the Bible hung a white dove with wings extended.

The congregation was large, representing nearly every faith. The orchestra, from the east part of the town, occupied the raised seats and furnished a fine accompaniment, with the organ, for the glorious old Christmas hymns which were sung. After all was over, great was the handshaking and the expression of love and good will, many saying it was the best Christmas of their lives. A few years after, on December 25, 1884, my "maiden lady" friend thus wrote of the occasion:

"I feel quite sure, as long as I am permitted to tarry in the flesh my thoughts at this particular season of the year will be of you and our united work for the Christmas of 1879. It was on the day of those impressive services that I felt what I have ever since termed the true joy of believing. I drank in the waters of salvation as never before, and in these gospel waters I have been sinking lower and lower, until they now completely overflow my soul, and I constantly am led to exclaim: 'Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!' and 'Who hath concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all.'" In speaking of what she had been reading, she says: "In all this course of reading there has been one thing that has greatly impressed me, and that is the perfect dovetailing, so to speak, the wonderful blending of Scripture with Scripture, thus

making a grand whole, and all so plain and simple that he who runs may read."

This kind lady bore all the expense of the Christmas celebration, and also furnished me with a duplicate copy of all the mottoes used. She hath gone now to her heavenly reward, and blessed be God for her inquiring mind, her generosity and spirit of helpfulness.

In the evening of the Christmas of 1879 there was a large Christmas tree for everybody in the Town Hall, and we were delighted to see the tallest man in the town taking the presents down. This man was so tall that at the Beecher trial in New York he was called upon by the court officers to sit down, when he was already down.

Thus a beautiful winter went by, with now and then a lecturer from abroad in our beautified hall, and among them Dr. S. H. McCollester, of beautiful mind and artistic face. How fitting that he should return to see his hall, once so full of life, now animated again, and with old Mts. Cæsar and Monadnock still pointing to better things!

Now word comes that the great semi-centennial of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, N. Y., is to be held on June 8, 9, and 10, 1880, and surely I must go. But could I go? this was the question! "Yes," said my friend not generally far away, "you must go, and you must let me get your ticket to and from." So I accepted, and what a splendid occasion it was! On my way there and back I called upon dear old friends, the Sargents and others, and on old parishioners of my father's.

Never did I enjoy an event more than this. Over three thousand of the alumni and friends of the institution were present, and our exercises were held in a great pavilion pitched upon the campus. At one time four hundred of

the old students poured into the place from the railroad stations near. From all parts of the United States the old, the middle-aged, and the young came to behold again the scenes of the past; to tread familiar halls, and renew old associations; and, above all, to bear loving and heartfelt testimony to the virtues and the faithfulness of their cherishing mother. There were distinguished representatives from all departments of life and learning—men and women who had made their mark in the world, and yet how humble they all were, causing great harmony and unity of spirit. The old professors forgave all the wrongs of the past,—the sins of the students,—“stealing their grapes,” putting the hens and roosters in the organ case for the Sunday’s worship in the college chapel, sawing off the legs of the professors’ chairs upon the platform, and then replacing them, to be apparently whole, thus causing a great fall of dignity. Truth so reigned and ruled that one of my classmates, a brilliant lawyer, confessed that he was the very boy who put the chickens in the organ that fatal Sunday afternoon. On the platform all through the exercises sat one of great interest and reverence to the entire assembly—Professor Lockwood Hoyt, with his benignant face and his white locks—a picture henceforth to be enshrined in our memory. I had said before I went that if that dear old man was there “I should surely kiss him,” and this I did, on Thursday afternoon, just after my address, given on the programme. He received it kindly, and I am glad now I had the courage, for, blessed heart of the kindest teacher, I never saw him again. His faithful studies are now transferred to the great seminary above, and his meekness and fidelity must win for him there a large reward. Fellow-students mine, shall we sit at his feet

again and learn other and brighter lessons in our eternal home?

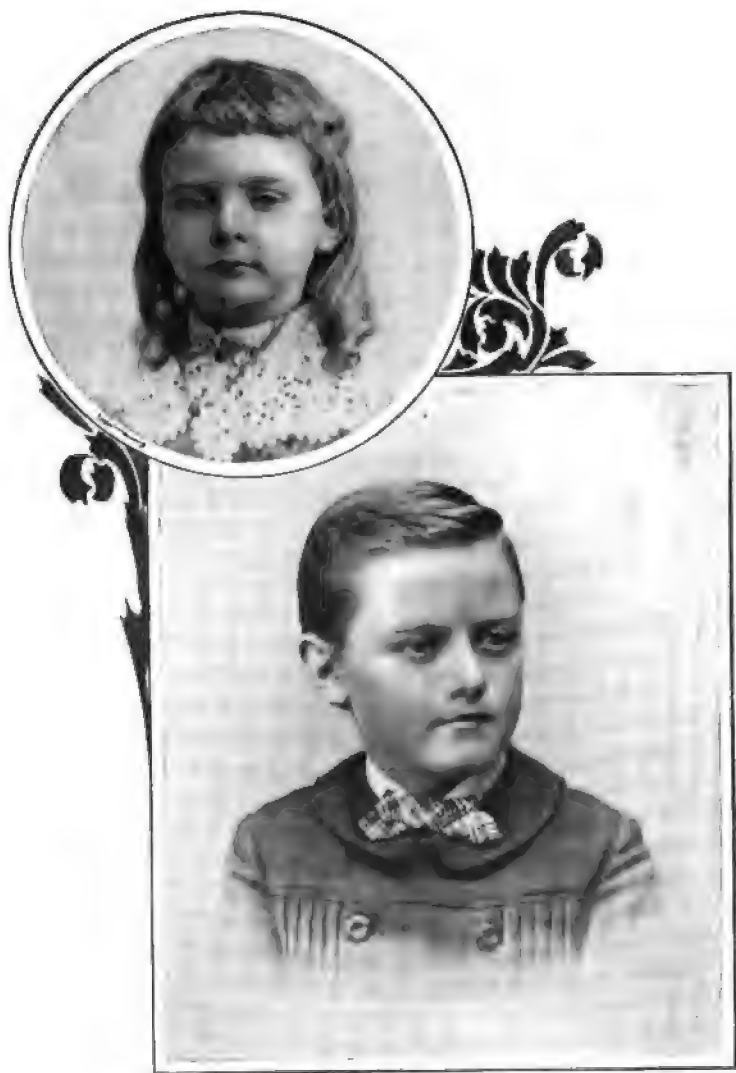
How the old times were rehearsed in public and in private, until they almost became the new, and the speakers each seemed inspired. Gladly would I mention the grand array of scholarship and learning at all times upon the platform, but will only say that Mrs. Ellen J. Foster and Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, among the women, interested, inspired, and helped us very much. Frances E. Willard was expected, but could not come, and oh, "*mirabile dictu!*" they asked me to speak in her place. So weak was I at first, that a feather might have toppled me over; but I gathered courage as the time approached, and when it came, just love spoke, and not myself. Professor Bridgman, then the worthy president of the seminary, who had shown me greatest kindness and attention, together with the resident Methodist Episcopal minister, called upon me and invited me to preach the following Sunday in the large Methodist Episcopal Church of the place where my father's and sister's funerals had been held. The church was packed, and I spoke upon "*The Power of the Holy Spirit,*" a theme I thought we could all enjoy together.

During the jubilee one of my old teachers, a former president of the seminary, asked me if our denomination believed in the New Birth, and when I replied "Most certainly we believe in it," he said: "Well, then you will go your way rejoicing." Before leaving I preached in my father's old church at North Bloomfield, or rather took part in their Children's Sunday there, Rev. Mr. Hand being the pastor, and of course this was a "red-letter" day to me, meeting the precious old friends of other days and addressing them from the pulpit.

A few Sundays after returning home, a company of seventeen persons came from West Swanzey, three miles away, to our meeting at the Centre; and, the service over, a large, dignified woman, by the name of Kendall, approached me and said: "I have enjoyed your sermon to-day, and believe you would do us good as a pastor. Will you not come and speak to us soon, with this in view; as we have no one at present to preach to us in our church building?" I was quite pleased, as I was getting more confidence and longing to engage more deeply and fully in the work, so I told her I would come as soon as the arrangement could be made. I went; preached morning and afternoon of the Sunday, and a full house greeted me each time. All seemed to be brought into oneness of spirit, and they extended me a call to become their pastor, beginning my services the next September.

One young man present, who had never taken an interest in meetings, was heard to say: "I'd rather hear that lady preach than go to a theater, and I'll help support her if she will come." An odd remark, but when told of it I was much encouraged, for it simply meant to me that he was interested and that his heart had been touched, and this was the kind I wanted to reach.

Saratoga, charming at first, charming at last, and ever, as the realization of a beautiful dream, was again made the place of our vacation through the kindness of my sister and her noble husband, whom we met there, and where together we imbibed health and healing. Returning, we went to West Swanzey, my sister and her son, six years of age, accompanying us; and now to preach every Sunday upon a regular salary (though small), and to have the care of a parish, indeed brings a change and new and added responsibilities; but I had the experienced and rip-



NIECE AND NEPHEW.

ened services of my mother ever available; and there were people here good and true, ready to further all plans for the prosperity of Zion, notably Hon. A. S. Kendall, a spiritual father and veritable Abraham or Moses to the flock.

We found an excellent boarding place with the Thompson family, the parents and sisters of Denman Thompson, the renowned actor, and in whose play of "Uncle Josh Whitcomb" the character of "Uncle Josh" was drawn from my mother's brother, Uncle Otis Whitcomb. Mr. Thompson's beautiful summer residence adjoined our own, and we noted that his visits to his loved ones were "red-letter days." The father and mother, both monuments of goodness and common sense, hailed with delight his coming, bringing not only genial warmth of soul to them, but substantial blessings as well. I can see it now, the great roll of bills which Denman always slipped into the dear old father's hands, saying: "I thought you might need this"; and I say, God bless so good a son, and protect him from every evil.

Regular Sunday-evening prayer and conference meetings were established,—for the sermon was given in the morning,—and these became a real spiritual fountain to the church, a source of light, strength, and supply for the general body. How good it seemed to be a little pastor to a little flock, to have a charge to keep, and with others to go outside for other sheep and lambs to gather them tenderly in! My little nephew surprised me one Sunday by saying: "Dear auntie, I like to hear you preach the best of anyone, except God and Jesus." Dear little fellow, he was naturally spiritual-minded, and he had asked me once, when younger, to please read to him in the "Dod Bless Book," meaning the Bible.

I begged off one Sunday morning, and went back to Swanzey Centre to preach a kind of farewell in the old academy hall. In spite of my efforts to make the occasion joyful, by mentioning soul-union and communion, which we could still enjoy, and the fact that we were only three miles apart, yet it was a sad one, for the stern reality would keep intruding itself that we were not to hold our meetings together any more. How sorrowful are such times, for we realize we are to miss the bright sparkle of friendly eyes, the warm welcome of friendly hearts, and the silent oratory of the tender lives about us. My kind fellow-worker was so affected she had to leave the meeting, and dear Mary Parsons, who had brought to me eighteen silver dollars, all polished by her own hand, on that glorious Christmas day, sobbed freely. It brings the tears to my eyes at this far-away time to think of the precious spirits who labored with us there, and I say, God bless them, living and departed. The chain that binds, how sweet, how strong, and urging us only to the good, the pure, the true! Some of these were dear relatives, and greatly beloved; and sad it was to leave them. Through the fall and winter, at the west part, we held our socials every week and provided a musical and literary programme each time; and I began to think it was born in me to make parish calls and visits, I liked it so well.

That winter we arranged for a series of meetings, and Rev. R. T. Polk came over from Marlboro and helped us in most apostolic and brotherly fashion, to the real success of our efforts. But a shadow now and then arose over my sky, for I feared that someone would die, and I should have a funeral to attend. It came at last, but in a favorable manner, for it was that of a man from the West with no very near ones to mourn his loss; and yet it seemed a

great trial. At the time I did not break down, and I never felt again as I did then about such services, though there was quite a dread entertained for some time.

The church building needed shingling, painting, a new carpet within, and new platform and steps without. A great work for a small church, but with the belief that whatever needs to be done can be done, we went to work and accomplished it all, and without incurring any indebtedness. We got some help from abroad, especially from Mr. George Stratton, distinguished in the musical world, a native of the town and a relative of ours, and who has since established a free library here. He sent us his check for fifty dollars. When this work was finished we had almost a rededication, and a Sunday of great rejoicing.

Ordination came now in view, and the trustees apply for it. The State F. O. D. Committee appointed July 19, 1881, as the day for the examination, the ordination to be the following day, should the candidate pass successfully. Of course there was "a stir in camp," for the candidate must be ready and the church also, for a two-days' meeting is to be held in connection with these services. That grand and Scriptural book, "Thayer's Theology of Universalism," and "Paige's Commentary," J. W. Hanson's "Bible Proofs," "Bible Threatenings Explained," "The Bible Bell," and "Aion Aionios" and the historical parts of the Bible (for I feared I was deficient upon these last) were all brought into fresh requisition, and somewhat tremblingly so; and many prayers put up that all would be well upon the momentous occasion. I devoutly wished that I had been a graduate at one of our theological schools, thinking that then I should have been better prepared.

But in the midst of it all calls come for the funerals of two children, to be held on consecutive days, and both in the town of Richmond, where Father Hosea Ballou, that saint and early apostle of our church, and an epoch-maker in its doctrinal history and in religious thought generally, was born, and where he preached his first sermon. All aglow were our hearts to visit this sacredly historical place, among the beautiful hills of New Hampshire, though sadness would come at the thought of the sorrowful duties which there lay before us.

With Brother Kendall's safe horse we start forth, mother and I, on the beautiful morning of July 13, for our ride of nine miles. On the wooded hills we lose our way, but find it again, in time to reach the place of the first funeral, that of a little girl six years old, which we held in a schoolhouse, near where Father Ballou was born. A dear, patient little face lay in the coffin, and after the address, given with tenderest emotions, and as the family took their last look, the mother, with an almost seraphic expression, gently lifts the hands of her darling, imprinting a kiss upon each one, and then on the forehead, while the father stands by, silently weeping. A sad and tender scene to carry away and from which to gather strength for our second duty, where very different was the manifestation and far greater the trial, and seemingly incongruous, as occurring almost on the spot where the saintly Ballou—self-mastered and powerful—first saw the light.

After the burial of the first little child we went at once to the home of the grandparents of the next little one to be buried, an infant boy, fifteen months old. We there found that his parents lived in Vermont, but that they were expected any moment with the body of the infant. We

sat in the cool of the parlor looking out upon Richmond, and viewing in memory the tall form of Father Ballou, almost expecting his fine spiritual outlines to appear before us. While thus mentally occupied, carriages arrived at the gateway, and soon two men appear, bringing toward the house the form of a woman, either lifeless or having fainted.

All is interest and excitement now, and we learn that the mother of the little child has been passing from one fainting spell to another since the time of the death, and that she is very rebellious in mind. In the evening the husband visited us, and told of his wife's condition—of her great unreconciliation, and of her request not to have the minister brought to her, and that no one should speak to her of her trouble. "Oh," said he, "I wish she could feel as I do, at peace with and reconciled to God, for this is what she needs to bring her mind right and to restore her body!"

In the morning he came to us with the word that his wife wished to be aided in to the services in the parlor at eleven o'clock, and that he felt it would not be best for me in my remarks to speak at all of the death or even mention the little one's name, for if I did his wife would surely faint away. I did not promise him anything, but only sat and thought, and then I went to the room assigned us, seated myself by the window, looked out under the beautiful trees of the yard, and called on God and nature to tell me what to do. I got no answer. Then I closed my eyes in devout prayer to my Heavenly Father and to my precious Saviour. A vision rose before me of little Harry in the arms of the blessed Jesus—little Harry, beautiful in death, but still more beautiful in the spirit life, and much more tenderly cared for. This I was sure was

my text and my sermon. I was strong, and earthly influences and considerations affected me not.

The hour arrives! The mother is supported on both sides into the room, and the service quietly begins. The Scripture and the prayer are selected, and directed to lift the thoughts of all, and especially that of the broken-hearted mother, heavenward, or to scenes of heavenly joy and glory; and then, true to my vision, I exalt the care and love of the Saviour for the little ones, endeavoring to show how much wiser that care, and how much tenderer that love, than that of earthly parents can be; until finally I have little Harry right in His arms before her—all well now, all safe and happy! To the joy and gratitude of all present not a murmur escaped her lips, and no fainting came to her spirit. To me my vision was justified, though there were grave apprehensions still as to the thoroughness of the mother's feelings. The procession forms for the burial-place near by, and the mother insists on walking with the rest. She is strongly supported, and we begin to move. Her grief breaks out, and sobs and wails are heard, many of the mourners weeping and bewailing with her. At the grave she screams forth: "Oh, God, how wicked you were to take away my little Harry!"

By this time my eyes are dry and my spirit resolutely set to have her wicked and rebellious state of heart changed; and, kneeling by the open grave, I poured forth a prayer to God for her, and her alone. I prayed as never before in my ministry, making me feel that never had I before offered a real, a true prayer; and God heard the prayer, and those who knew the woman said a look passed over her face which had never before been seen there, and her rebellious heart was changed. Henceforth no

more wails, no more unreconciliation of spirit, but peace, joy and gladness—for God had spoken to her soul.” She said afterward that for the first time in her life, then and there, God spoke personally to her, and she knew she had obligations to Him. As we were coming away she remarked to her husband: “How peaceful the graves look in this place!” Her strength returned, and she walked without human help. On reaching the house she was persuaded to lie down and rest, but she wanted us all about her, and soon she raised herself, and, bowing her head and clasping her hands, she uttered a most beautiful, heartfelt, and humble prayer, thanking God for having spoken to her, and asking Him to forgive her for her rebellious heart, and praying for her family, her husband and her children, that henceforth their lives might be as unto the Lord. She prayed for all who stood about her, and the whole world, and with her fervency came a vision to herself also, and she broke forth into joyous exclamation: “O God, I see little Harry safe in the arms of Jesus, and I know you will care for him, far better than I could! I am reconciled. Accept him, do for him, love him, and may we bide our time until we meet him above.”

Before we left she asked us to write her mother, who was a Methodist, and for years had been concerned about her, and to tell her of her “conversion,” of the great joy she had found. As we were seated in our carriage for the homeward journey, the entire household came out to say good-by, and to ask God’s blessing upon us. They all looked so happy, that as we rode away we said to each other, “We found this a place of mourning—we leave it one of rejoicing,” and all the way home our hearts were filled with thanksgiving to God for the great power of

His word and His spirit, through Jesus Christ, to touch the heart and to save it from distrust and unreconciliation. Somehow we felt, also, that we had enjoyed an interview with Father Ballou's sainted spirit, and that his serenity, calmness, and power had greatly assisted us.

Only four days now to the examination for ordination to the ministry, and busy days they prove, the candidate feeling a little, all the time, as though she was going to be hanged; but when she was really in it, and before the kind-hearted committee, of which Rev. R. T. Polk was the presiding spirit, she did not seem afraid, but felt that it was really delightful.

The first question asked was one which she has always blessed God for, as it relieved the strain of her mind, put her in pleasant relations with her questioners, and gave her a little start for the regular "poser" ones she was sure would follow. This was: "Will you please give us something of your experience, how you were led into the ministry?" For three hours after this I sat "under fire," but did not think, when all was over, that I had been very much excited, still I must have been, for that night, wishing to light a lamp on the mantle shelf, I struck a match and deliberately opened the clock door and applied the match to the pendulum, something surely I was not in the habit of doing.

The verdict was soon made known, an acquittal from being "hanged" or being debarred the blessed and coveted privileges of the Christian ministry; or, in other words, they said I had passed; and this was to the utmost joy of my being. The ordination followed, and was not unlike others, I suppose, so I will not particularize, only note that the ministers present to assist were Dr. S. H. McCollester, Revs. G. W. Bailey, F. W. Bailey, E.

W. Whitney, and R. T. Polk. Rev. H. S. Fiske and wife and a friend drove twenty-eight miles, from Henniker, to enjoy the occasion. They brought cheer and life, and we all were delighted to see them. In the large congregation there were over forty of my kin present, relatives, on my mother's side, from the place and the region round about. Aside, from the very impressive and uplifting services, a very beautiful and touching experience or revelation became my own. It was during "the prayer of consecration," offered by Dr. S. H. McCollester, and breathed forth from the kingdom within the soul to the living God of the soul, and one never to be forgotten. My left hand was upon the pulpit, and as the prayer went on uniting heaven to earth the benignant smile of my dear sainted father came out across the heavens, and beamed brightly and tenderly over me. Just then the suppliant said: "May her father's mantle fall upon her." Oh, how sweet and beautiful was this to my spirit! and I fully believe that when I meet that dear parent above he will tell me it was true that he was there to comfort, bless, and inspire his child.

How much comfort I did need! for the new sense of responsibility weighed heavily upon me. "Ordained to the ministry!" I took it so to heart that it seemed my life might be shortened by it, and thus the usefulness I had so longed for be cut off. I prayed to God for relief, and He sent it in a peculiar manner. On our way home from our vacation that year, spent as usual in Saratoga, we attended the State Convention of Universalists, held at Barre, Vt., and there, in witnessing the impressive ordination services of Rev. Mr. Barnes, the oppressive weight of my own departed as if on wings, and never thereafter did I feel the same. At the time I could have shouted for

joy, though of course I felt an all-needful sense of humility and the sacred obligations still resting upon me. I glorified God for the change, and was more ready to say than ever before: Here am I; what wilt thou have me to do?

CHAPTER IX.

FAITH REALIZED, OR THE SUBSTANCE OF THINGS HOPED FOR.

AMONG the low and beautiful hills of Pennsylvania lies a pleasant school town, or borough, as it is called. Here is situated a famous State normal institution, rising prominently to view, and standing like a great sentinel, protecting its own, commending itself with all its achievements and victories for local upbuilding, and challenging the reverence and the homage of all.

During the fall and winter of 1881, if on a Sunday morning or evening you chanced to pass along the principal street of this borough, you would have heard issuing from a room over a drugstore strains of familiar hymns, so fervently sung that you would feel sure a good meeting was going on within. Oh, that little "upper room," like the one in which the Master ordered the Passover made ready, held a spiritual feast for those who assembled there, in gratitude to God for the opportunity of hearing their own beautiful faith extolled. Some had been praying for thirty years that such opportunity might be, and now it had come, like a new dawn from out the heavens. We had dedicated this room as "Faith Chapel," and the organization here rejoiced in twelve charter members, all consecrated to the work.

As these members were characters worthy of mention, I will speak of them. First I will mention a grand-

looking, broad-shouldered man, Brother A. J. Cole, with large brain, cultivated face, and with exceedingly fine intellectual and spiritual gifts. At times when this brother spoke in the Sunday-evening prayer meetings the very spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of God the Father seemed to rest upon him; and his singing was so strong and hearty that it made the very welkin ring. Zeal and interest so combined to work in his heart that seemingly he could not do enough for the cause. He furnished us with the "upper room," without any charge, also the coal and the lights; and built the fires and attended generally to the work. At Christmas time he did not need much change to make him the veritable Santa Claus that he was to the children and all. When a church building was secured he turned his pocketbook inside out for its needs. Calls from the conventions for home and missionary work did not dishearten him, for he recognized the cause to be one and the same everywhere. He was an intelligent and successful leader of the Bible class and afterwards of the Sunday school. His life overflowed with good-will, benevolence, and cheerful hope, which, together with his fine talents and ability, made him a central moving spirit in the work.

And what shall I say of another central figure, that of an elderly man, Brother Philip Ripley, a son of a minister, upon whose heart the cause weighed so mightily that he made a full surrender of himself, and gave most liberally of his possessions? He stood ready to do what the Lord would have him, to come to church and prayer meeting every time, to bend the knee, to give the word of truth made known to him, and to willingly take up the labor on hand, whatever

that might be, and prosecute it unto the end! The faithful part he took ever advanced him, so that his wife, who was a Baptist, could say that she ought to speak well of the Universalist meetings, for they had done so much for him. This blessed man said, though he had been a believer in our doctrines for many years, he had never felt the force of them and the New Birth to which they lead, until he had gotten on his knees in the prayer meetings connected with this organization. Then he was regenerated, and felt that he must do his whole duty by the Faith. For fourteen years he served the cause with utmost devotion. He was looked up to and loved by all, and when he was called home the whole town came to honor his memory, and the church realized it had lost its best earthly friend.

Summoned back to attend his funeral, I thought I had never seen one so beautiful in death. For some years before his death he had been blind, a great affliction, but borne with remarkable patience. In his blindness of vision the flock would sometimes go to him for prayer meetings, and these would be great occasions. Each one who talked would stand before the venerable brother, for he was quite deaf as well as blind, and certainly it was an inspired place, and all enjoyed what flowed from his lips in response—so heavenly, and at times so shrewd and mirthful. To me, in my ministry of many years in this place, his home was a real "Mecca." I went to him for counsel and sympathy, and never came empty away. Blessed seasons my mother and I enjoyed with him and his wife in heart-to-heart Scripture talks. When he left us, I felt I had lost my best earthly friend, outside my own family. My "Mecca" seemed gone, I could journey to it no more, and my heart was filled with loneliness and

grief. There must have been a stir in heaven when this royal soul went there, and truly it is the blessed mission of the Church to fit people for heaven as well as earth, though of course it is true if we are prepared to live well we are prepared to die well.

Another comes before me, Mr. D. M. Shaw, also a father in Israel and a true apostle. He had the singing heart and face as if *en rapport* with the very smiles of heaven. He was more slenderly built than those we have mentioned, but was full of force and life, and a truly living epistle of the Word of God, with the whole Bible in his heart and at his tongue's command. His memory and understanding of the Bible were marvelous, and woe to anyone approaching him with contrary doctrines to those he held. He could overcome his opponent with the entire Scriptures, and meet all argument in the "Thomas and Rogers" way. During his life he wore out three whole Bibles by actual use, and one of his last acts was singing in the prayer meeting of the church the old "Abrahamic Covenant." In hearty accord with the meetings of the new movement, he would often shout, during the progress of the sermon, his fervent "Amen," and after service he would come to my side, and, placing his hand on the little green desk, would exclaim: "The New Jerusalem has come down!" He was a prosperous farmer and an excellent man, and his home, with its grown-up family of believers in the same faith, was also a "Mecca" to many of life's pilgrims. When he parted with this earthly life, on April 30, 1884, at the age of seventy-six, and, sad to state, by a runaway accident, the very church buildings which his fine liberality had helped to purchase looked lonely without him.

A mother in Israel there is, wife of the last-named



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apostle, together with her daughter, Sister Martha Brod-rick, the widowed mother of two young boys. The mother, a small woman of dark keen eye, is as true to the cause as the needle to the pole. An understanding Bible Christian herself, in her home, the church, and elsewhere she was a quiet power, and drew all to her by her kindness of heart. I can see her now, perfected after the manner of her kind, by constant strokes of experience and good will. Thin and small, but lovely and complete, with discernment written in every lineament of her face, and with affections abundant enough to take all in. The daughter, also a small woman, was white-souled, transparent through and through, and, like her father, full of holy zeal. A caretaker and incessant worker in her early home, to which she had returned, often she would pause to hear the voice of the Lord, which said to her: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Obeying, she would write sermons on Gospel texts, and bring them down from the farm to read in the prayer meetings, or take them out to read in the pulpit when she went with us to revival or missionary meetings. I adopted her, at once, as my spiritual sister, and time has only strengthened the relationship, and I feel that eternity will but seal the bond more closely. In fact, I love her, and love is eternal.

And there was dear old Father Bailey, long since gone home, a real character for intelligence, generosity, purity of life, and devotion to the Church. His high, well-built head and strong face ever graced the meetings, for he was always present. A neighbor said, of his faithfulness, if she did not see Father B. going to church on Sunday she concluded it must be some other day. This true,

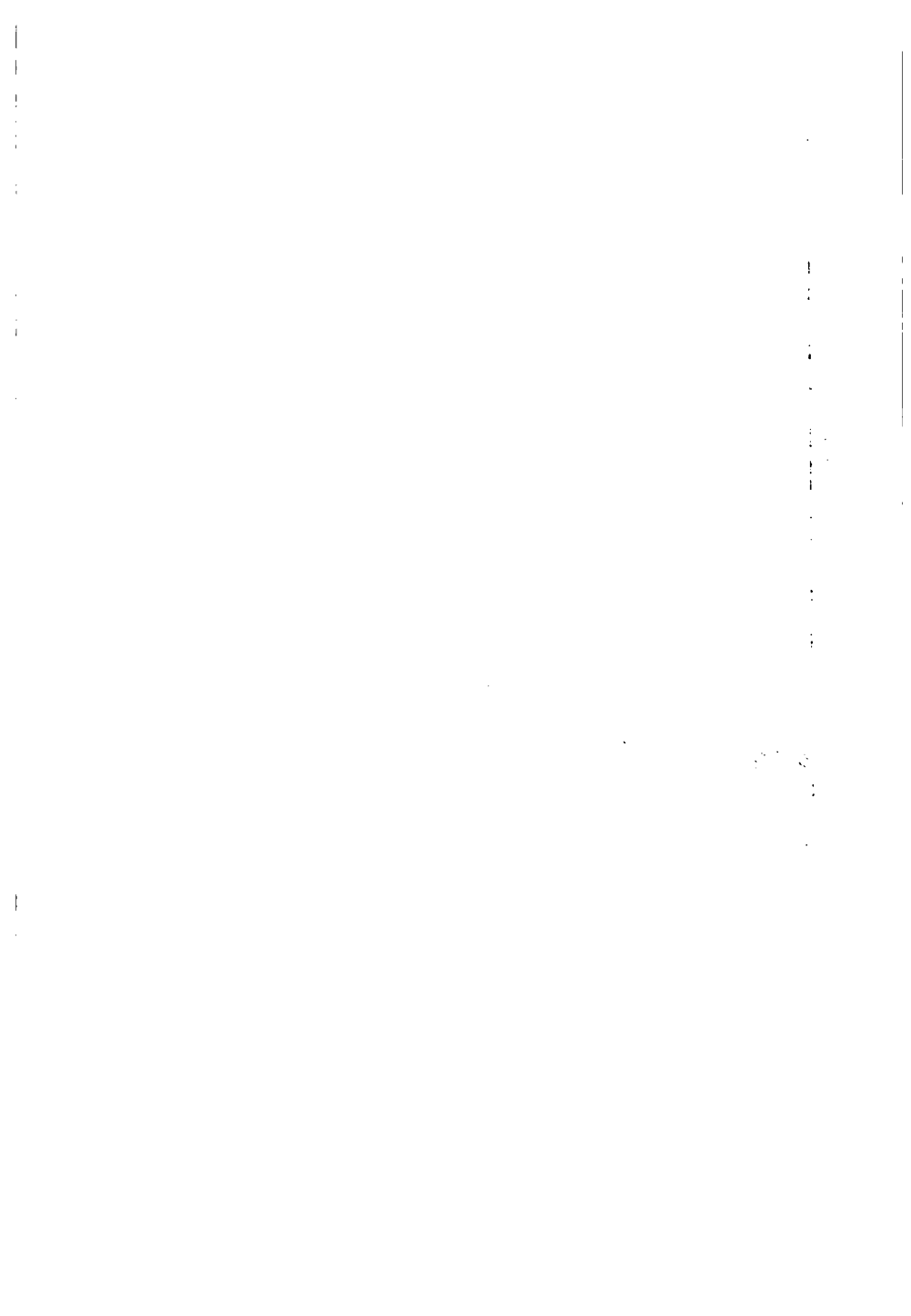
good old man remarked that if he had money he would build a church all himself, and that there was nothing he so much desired as to see all his family in the Church, with their families also; and that the whole world might be brought there to be purified and redeemed. When in the Sunday school he delighted to hear the children sing "Jesus Loves Me," and often he would brush a tear away as their sweet music touched his heart. In November, 1883, he left us, the first to go, and the little flock said, "We now have a member in heaven."

And now a straight, tall form arises, that of an elderly man, Brother J. S. Palmer, who has preached the Gospel and given a year's service gratis to this flock. His head is set erect upon his shoulders, indicating in his case a faith in universal salvation which nothing could cause to waver. His mind was progressive, and the theme that came oftenest to his lips was: "Love to God and love to man." In his latest days he still holds his faith as the dearest of all treasures, and says, "How could I part with it?" His wife was a brilliant-eyed, high-browed woman of noble and independent carriage. She, too, loved the cause, and could sacrifice for it. The daughter, a maiden lady, Sister Helen, was so full of good works that we called her "Dorcas," and she was ever true to the interests of the Church. She marked out her course of life by the one high standard in Christ, and was a valued member of our church. She never seemed to gauge her own efforts by those of others, but pressed on to do the very best within her ability. How I loved this woman for her real worth and devotion, and wished that her number might be multiplied throughout the length and breadth of the land!

Dear "Aunt Becky Rumsey" was another of our mem-



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bers, a person well along in years, and mellowed by the force of time and the Spirit. She was strong in the faith, and with a soul so large, sweet, and world-embracing that to see her face and hear her talk was most inspiring. Her words and deeds of kindness were piled mountain high. Her very look, her very walk, was as an act of love for human kind. Such a soul cannot be described, but the neighbors said that if Aunt Becky Rumsey did not go to heaven when she died, no one of them would stand any chance at all of getting there. Left a widow on a farm with young children, she not only managed the farm with ability and success, but also took good care of her boy and girl, and seemingly all other girls and boys about; provided a good education for her own, and yet had time to keep her mind under cultivation, religiously and intellectually. She said: "I did not want the times and the young to get ahead of me, and so I'd take a little time every day to read and rest myself, no matter how pressed with farm and house work." To me she was superb in wisdom and goodness. She lived the principles of her broad faith, and like a sun of humanity she radiated far and near. She passed on high at the age of seventy-one, and like the blessing of divine grace has been her memory.

Next, a face comes before me so gentle and refined: that of a middle-aged lady, Sister Welthy Brundage, whose gifts of mind had been used to sing God's truth and love in prose and in verse. Now her heart is all aglow to have the central thought of her life embodied in a little chapel room, with meetings regularly held, and a minister to care for the flock. The latch string of her home is out for the cause so dear unto her, and she stands ready to do the Master's bidding.

Another character remains, a very mother in Israel,

"Grandma Phillips," as she was called. Old and infirm, but irresistibly at the front in many things, especially in the prayer meetings of our little church. A minister visiting us said he would rather hear that dear old grandma pray than any D. D. he had ever listened to. There was a religious flavor about her words, and an elusive something in her manner, which in a prayer and conference meeting "brought down the house." After she had taken part all would more readily fall to their knees, and come to themselves, with the unsealing of the lips, the barriers being removed between them and the Lord. If this sister was present the meeting was destined to be a good one, for she always brought the Spirit. I have always regretted that I did not at some time catch one of her remarkable prayers, on paper, for I have never heard their like from anyone else. She always addressed her remarks to the Saviour, just as though she saw Him present. It was sweet to see her rise, take on that enrapt look, and say: "My blessed Saviour, how I long to be with you! I need you, oh, so much! I long to go home and be entirely with you, but oh! my precious Saviour, make me very patient to wait until my time shall come." And then she would kneel and pour forth such a fervent, whole-souled prayer, for her own entire cleansing and redemption, and for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the entire brotherhood, that all would be greatly affected. After we had secured a church and parsonage, often we would invite this aged sister to remain with us from the morning meeting to the evening, that she might be present to bless all with her fervent ministrations.

This woman had been a very outspoken believer in the doctrines of her Church, and once she walked down the aisle of a meeting where contrary doctrines were being

preached and refuted them as dishonoring to God and man. On overhearing two persons on a street corner talking about the personal devil, she approached one of them and inquired, "Who made the devil?" and when he replied, "I suppose God did," she quietly said, "Then he must be a good devil," and passed on. Not all subdued was this old lady's heart, but she had such a realizing sense of her need of the Saviour's love and presence, that it had its effect upon others as well as herself. Often the church would go to her room or temporary home, and there about her and the family we would hold our week-day night meeting. In my journal, under date of December 14, 1886, I find:

"We went down last Thursday night to hold service with Grandma Phillips, and a real holy season of prayer and conference we had. She said she should shout glory in the night, and did, her daughter afterwards told me. We all kneeled in prayer, and had the most blessed talk with God, and grandma was so near to Him, asking Him to help her, to keep her faithful to the close of life and then take her home to Himself. It was touching to listen to her. Our feelings were so stirred that the tears rolled down our cheeks. One of her daughters, a member of our church, prayed that hearts might be opened toward her mother, to make her more comfortable, and then the mother answered her by telling God that He was so good that she could not help praising Him day and night. Then we talked and sang of God's love, and when we were all ready to go Sister Howe drew near to grandma and said: 'You don't know how thankful to God we are for what our pastor and her mother are doing for us in our homes and families, as well as in the church,' and grandma simply said: 'We all love them, for Christ.' When this

old lady went home, and I was called to speak the comforting word, I noticed a look upon her face that told me she had found her Saviour at last."

Such were the charter members of this little organization, and others as winsome and good were grouped about them, and come to me now for loving word and recognition, but we must let events in their natural sequence bring them out. With this people in the little "Faith Chapel" room on the Lord's day, standing not upon any platform, but right in their midst, behind or at the side of the little "green desk" dearer to me than any other, I thought I was the happiest I had ever been.

All seemed so wide-awake, so thoroughly alive and ready for whatever message of doctrine or spiritual life might be brought to them. The singing was of the hearty spirit, and had the true devotional ring, and the accompanist upon the organ, a sweet-souled girl from the Methodist Episcopal church, soon after joined our fellowship. Our evening meetings drew people in from the frequented street, as well as students from the State Normal School.

When I assumed the real and permanent work of the ministry, on July 20, 1881, I felt that somewhere in the Master's vineyard there was either ready or preparing for me a little field just to my liking, where my mother and I could do a real spiritual work; and such this place, just described, seemed to me. There was no church organization existing where I had been—only a society, and this according to an idea which obtained with some of the early believers. This I did not like, and on our return from Saratoga that summer, at the Barre Convention, we met the State missionary of Pennsylvania, Rev. S. C. Hayford, and he urged me to go and take up the work,

which he had been furthering, at Mansfield, and where the next month he, with Dr. Taylor of Towanda, Pa., formed a church with a dozen members. In my heart I pondered the advisability of the change, and finally told him I did not think I could go, as I felt I must keep on where I was. After our return I had several letters from him, all begging me to come, and when finally he wrote he had "a revelation from the Lord" that I was the one to do the work in that mission field, we decided to go and see what the field offered and what the obligation might be.

We had a Sunday "after-meeting" at West Swanzey, and I carefully laid our plans before the people, concluding with the remark, "A larger and a stronger minister might serve you better," whereupon Brother Kendall almost overturned my plans by saying: "We have had men here who could holler a good deal louder than Sister Bailey, but she has fed us with the bread of heaven, and we want to keep her." It was, however, decided that they would allow us to go and look the new place over, and if we did not like it the old one would warmly receive us back. But we did like it, and so remained.

As our settled work began in November, the holidays were very near, and I determined to have, if possible, the Christmas of 1879 repeated here. Such plans were faithfully carried out, even to the duplicate mottoes upon the walls. Loving hands worked early and late, until "Faith Chapel" was a gem of loveliness. The religious services on the Sunday morning filled the place and gave great encouragement. In the evening we had a very delightful Christmas concert. It was our plan to have in our small church the same things as in a large one, though, of course, on a smaller scale, and we found it worked well.

Everyone rejoiced at the influence of the new life, and redoubled their efforts for the work on hand.

Soon there was a funeral; and, having no church building, the Baptist church was secured, it having been built for a union one. This was my first introduction to the town's-people generally. A full house greeted me, and naturally I felt somewhat embarrassed; but our broad-shouldered trustee, Brother Cole, greeted me after the service and said: "Do not fear anything of this kind again, for the very Lord spoke through you to-day." The next day one of the relatives of the deceased, Mr. Frank Shaw, an honored Methodist brother, called on me and requested my sermon for publication in the paper of the borough.

We started socials with a view to owning an organ, by the time we might be so fortunate as to secure a church home, which the trustees thought could be accomplished at the end of another year's work. Our first social seemed quite an experiment, on account of the smallness of our numbers, but one brother said he would go to Englishtown, a nearby settlement, and ask some of the denizens to come. We smiled at this, but the course chosen by the brother succeeded, and we had the large room in the hotel, where we held it, well filled, and got a nest-egg of money, besides having an enjoyable time. From that time on it was not necessary to go out into the highways and byways to get people for our gatherings.

In January we sent for Rev. B. Brunning, then of Bradford, Pa., and held a week of meetings. This brother worked faithfully for us, our numbers growing until our chapel would not hold them; and before the week was over five new members were added by baptism to the Church, and one infant dedicated to the Lord. Among the new

members was a son of Father Shaw, Mr. Freeman Shaw, who became one of the most generous and faithful of our members. There was also a worthy and substantial couple, the wife large and genial and never to be swerved from her belief in the great doctrines of our Church. To this day she remains firm as a rock; and may God bless her! Once a friend always a friend, would well express her nature. To show the spirit of her husband, we will quote a letter he wrote some time thereafter:

“MY DEAR PASTOR:

“I do not know how I can ever repay you for the interest you have taken, the kindness you have shown, and the great goodness you have always manifested toward myself and family. I must herein acknowledge that many times I have been greatly comforted by your good sermons; by the pure, Godly sentiments flowing from your lips, in the pulpit and without. I have many times wished to tell you how much good your sermons have done me—how they have almost filled my soul to overflowing, causing tears of gratitude to well up to the surface; but my poor brain could not seemingly manufacture words to portray my feelings. I wish to ask your forgiveness for any indifference or unkindness or seeming neglect I may have shown toward you or the Church. I close with a prayer that you may have health and strength, and be spared many years to come, that others may have the benefit of receiving and feeling some of that peculiar goodness and holiness that pervades your whole being.

“With many thanks, I remain your humble follower in Christ,

“C. L. STRAIT.”

This series of meetings strengthened the sinews of the church, and added unto its spirit, and the work went more

healthfully and joyfully forward. The pastoral life became a comfort and an inspiration, and other souls were fitting for church membership. At the Easter time five more were received into fellowship, and among them, Miss Vina Wetmore, tall, fair, and symmetrical—a Madonna in appearance, needing no ornamentation to bring forth her beauty. In a tableau of the people she surely would have been selected for the angel, and time has proved her loyalty and generosity to the cause. Through long and happy years she has been our devoted friend, and in times of trial and affliction the one to be ever close by with ministering aid and consolation. May the Lord bless and keep her throughout the earth life, and finally give her an abundant entrance into the great family and church above.

At Easter we observed the Lord's Supper. I had never before presided at the table, and it seemed a great and unusual opportunity. In the twilight the night previous I had attended to the needful preparations, and it was a holy time, so still and sacred, and so full of hopeful emotions. In the morning, as I stood beside the spread little table, after having received the five new members and as I took the plates, the pitcher, and the goblets, heavenly electric thrills passed all through my body and into my hands, and I felt that I had touched Christ's real spiritual body, or at least the hem of his garment. Great healing of soul and bodily overcoming took place, and out of these the sacrament was administered. A subduing and a refreshing came upon us all, and Brother Ripley said afterward that it was the happiest time of his life, for he felt sure that Jesus Christ was in the church, and I came to the conclusion that it was best "that the people should hardly know they had a minister, but all should know they had a Saviour."

Our fine Easter concert in the evening overflowed the chapel, and the trustees that very night pressed about me, and said we must not wait for another year to come before we make a move for a church building; we must do it now, and right away. The next week a faithful and stalwart committee was appointed to secure funds, and to either find a building or a lot upon which to build.

Very soon a church, with parsonage rooms attached, formerly the Methodist Episcopal church of the place, was found, and among the faithful the money subscribed for the first payment and succeeding ones, until all indebtedness should be removed. This was made more possible, as the General Convention had agreed to give the church one hundred dollars on the salary, provided the four hundred promised yearly for that purpose should be raised. The parsonage rooms were soon put in order, and we moved into them, settling down to the most contented and secure feeling, knowing that we should not have to be dislodged, so long as the relation of pastor and people continued. The rooms were pleasant, catching the sun, and rambling, extending here and there, from the front of the church back to the end of the wing at the rear, and when our own dear ones came to see us, or numbers of the flock, they were packed full of rich enjoyment. There was a little room upstairs in the parsonage next to the audience room of the church which they called "the Prophet's Chamber." From this, into the church, a little door was cut, that the minister might pass that way on to the singers' platform, and then to the pulpit. How dear and sweet this place always seemed, so near the church, and with its inviting little doorway leading thereto! It was papered sky-blue, and the window looked out upon the lovely vale and hills beyond. For many years fol-

lowing this room was the lodging-place of missionaries, ministers, and other friends, as they came upon their missions or to see the family.

With great comfort and hope we began life here; and soon work was commenced on the audience room above, and Sunday-school or prayer-meeting room and kitchen below. The vestibule began also to ascend into the tower and spire with a cross and anchor at the top. As this last progressed, a "conjunction," as one in would-be-authority expressed it, was served upon us for putting it so near the street; but with the help of a good lawyer, F. W. Clark, the injunction was vacated, though it caused some excitement. It proved, however, a "con"- rather than an "in"-junction, for it served only to bring us together in greater unity of interest. The work was hurried along, because the Association was to meet there the last of August, when the church was to be dedicated anew. All the forces were put to a blessed strain, and mother and I were not backward at lending a hand in taking hold, with others, at any labor, even to the scrubbing of floors and the carrying out of chips and dirt. A new organ was bought and placed in position. Most of the furnishings were put in, and on June 25, 1882, the first service was held in the audience room. All seemed new and strange, and so much more ample and extensive than in the little chapel room, that the believers hardly felt at home. But the congregation is larger, also the collection, and thankfulness and encouragement vitalize every heart.

After service a Sunday school, with four classes and teachers, was formed, for we had only a Bible class before, which resulted in quite a gain in families and children; some coming from the other churches, but rightly with us because of the religious sentiments they entertained.

One mother said: "I shall be satisfied now, for here I shall listen not only to my own views, but also find a spiritual home, for I see you believe in the spirit and its work as well as the word and the doctrine." On July 2 a delightful children's Sunday service was held, and eight little ones dedicated to the Lord, and four adults taken into the church, three of these living at the time at Holiday, fifteen miles away, where I had preached and expected to go regularly once a month for half a year at least. The church this day was all aglow with beauty and the Spirit, and packed with a congregation expressing delight in its appearance. The editor present contrasted in his paper his old Calvinistic youth with such a blessed time as this for the children, and rejoiced in the better day and opportunity. A Presbyterian said the meeting was to her more like Paradise than anything she had ever witnessed. New families were urged by their children to find permanent relations with us; and thus do little ones often lead, as well as follow, their elders.

A reception and strawberry festival now engaged our attention, and the whole church and parsonage were thrown open to the public, which freely responded, filling all places and speaking admiringly of the great work of repair, alteration, and improvement that had been accomplished. It was plainly to be seen that the ice of bigotry was breaking up, which ever exists where the atmosphere of such a church is lacking.

George C. Thomas of Germantown, Pa., treasurer of our State Convention and member of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention, one of the truest and most benevolent of men, whose eye was ever casting a fatherly and helpful look toward struggling churches, sent us a

large Bible, with elegant bookmark therein, for our pulpit, and also fifty dollars in money, with which we purchased two fine chandeliers. Mr. Thomas, at our State Convention at Athens that year, kept giving money, until we were all electrified. First he gave for himself and wife, and then for his friends, his children and grandchildren, and having no children it made it exceedingly funny. All seemed to catch the inspiration, and we raised over one thousand dollars for mission work in the State. He is a wonderful man, and truly ordained of God for the noble Christian work in which he is engaged. He is called the best friend of the Pennsylvania convention. The clerk rode over to get my assistance upon the program for the Association, and I suggested, as especially necessary, plenty of devotional meetings, at least one before every other service, and so it was arranged, and out of these devotional seasons new life spread all about. One lady told me the year following that through their instrumentality she was brought to the "foot of the Cross."

On Thursday, August 31, 1882, the second afternoon of the meeting, our church was dedicated most fittingly, and before a concourse of people, Dr. William Taylor, then of Troy, N. Y., preaching the sermon. The four hymns on the program were original with those taking part, Dr. Taylor furnishing the chief one. Rev. J. S. Palmer was one of the authors, and even I was drafted into this service. As my closing verse speaks of the New Birth, I will quote it here:

"All hail! oh, Conqueror Divine,
As gold and silver from the mine
Shall every soul that dwells on earth
Be tried by Thee for heavenly birth;



GEORGE C. THOMAS.

Till all, redeemed, shall meet above
Around the throne and feast of love,
Never again to sin or fall—
At one with Thee, God all in all."

Before the dedication a call was made for money, as about three hundred dollars still remained unpaid on the cost of repairs, building, and the furnishings. In a very short time, owing to increased liberality on the part of the home friends and the kindly generosity of others, all hearts were beating to the blessed tune "Out of Debt." After it was all over and congratulations were abundant, Mrs. Jane Cobb, a quiet-spoken sister from another town, approached my mother, and, putting two silver dollars in her hand, said: "I think that you and your daughter are doing a good work here."

During October I was unanimously retained for another year, with the understanding that I was to remain at home every Sunday, for the upbuilding of our church. The cause seemed now upon a substantial foundation and needed redoubled and constant labor and attention!

CHAPTER X.

THE HAPPIEST TIME IS NOW!

POWERS terrestrial and celestial combined to make this time of my life replete with joy and happiness, and to weave a covering of brightest, softest texture which in after years I contemplated with grateful emotions.

In addition to our other blessings, my sister-in-law, with her little daughter Vivian, three years old, spent several months with us at this time. The cherub child filled the house, and we might say church also, with music and sunshine, and the mother, a singer with a fine, cultivated voice and also possessed of rare natural abilities in the histrionic art, entertained us and our parishioners on many festive occasions.

Together we passed many hours in elocutionary study, under an excellent teacher, Miss Mary Shepard, and we also had many entertainments in the church, both for pleasure and profit. When Christmas time drew nigh we made painstaking and elaborate preparations for its celebration both in the church and Sunday school. We secured a proficient singer and leader, Mr. F. W. Clark, who drilled the children and others in the music, so that our celebration passed off triumphantly. It is surprising how much one person's presence and help may serve to make such occasions successful. My sister-in-law's voice inspired and encouraged all hearts. She was most beautiful, and her singing was from the soul. The rapture of the "Avent" and the worshipful services caught the

image of God within her, bringing it forth and voicing it before the people. It was a thrilling Christian delight to hear her, not only in song, but in recitation. We had other interesting helpers from our Sunday school and the great school on the hill. There were little ones with saint-like expression and sweet voices, darling little orators and actors, singers and performers, who did perfectly their varying parts before us. I especially remember Ray, Florence, Fanny, Velma, Dora, and Minnie. These and others will ever hold a place in the hearts of their friends and elders.

The voice of Ray—I hear it now, ringing out, so clear and pure, and prompted by such earnestness as brings the conviction that the owner of it will choose only the manly course in life, and such has been his career—true to his manliness and religious belief. He is now a professor in Nebraska, of fine worth and reputation. Florence, a little lady of rare gifts and qualities, a jewel to be valued, entertained us all by her absolute manner of speech. Fanny, with heavy curls and conscientious ways, held us by her singing, and won our constant respect by her great willingness of spirit and faithfulness to all the interests of our Zion. Little Velma, how sweet and fair, with her round face, blue eyes, dimpled cheeks, and long, light, flowing curls, and her voice as soft as velvet! What a pretty speaker she was, with the beautiful sentiments flowing naturally, with wonderful articulation and stress!

Dora, needing only wings on her round little shoulders to complete the picture of a fairy little sprite, flitting in and out among the people, never troubling, but always pleasing, and ever faithful and ready to do that which was assigned her. Her singing was free from art, and yet of very art itself, and akin to the music of the running

brook, or other songs of nature. Her voice was so full and rich, so innocent and sweet, that when she sang the Saviour appeared mentally to view, with His hands upon the little ones whom He so dearly loved. Ah, little saint! We shall have more to say of her, as we pass along.

Little Minnie, born later into the fold, with all her sunshine, her dimples, her laughing eyes, and her joyous self, bringing a never-to-be-forgotten radiance; responding for a few years willingly and gleefully to earth's enjoyments, and then, with one little hand pointing up, and a smile born of heaven upon her face, to be carried to the child's paradise above. Precious little image! Those who used to hear her sing and speak upon the stage can now call to mind that personality molded out of clay divine, the free curls a halo about her head, the angels working in her dimples and her smiles, and bearing within a beauty and a loveliness to win the abiding interest and affection of all who knew her. During her last sickness she asked her mother if it wasn't 'most time for her and her brothers to go down to the church and speak their pieces. When very small, and in church, she spoke out loud to her friends and said: "Isn't it most time to sing 'Dod Is Love'?" During the winter a week of meetings was arranged for, and Dr. Holden R. Nye, a minister of great excellence and repute, then of Towanda, was secured to aid us. He came amply equipped for a grand exegesis and defense of the great doctrinal truths of the Bible; for he was said to be the best preacher of doctrine in all our denomination. He was, indeed, a preacher of great ability, and carried all before him. He was a flame of spiritual life and power, bringing to the meeting great resources for the heart as well as the head. His favorite hymn was "Happy Day," and when this was sung, and

other glowing selections, his own melodious voice could be heard above all the others. One thing about his visit in the parsonage impressed us; he would not speak the word "hell" before the little child who was with us. When he had occasion to use that word he simply said h——, putting his finger upon his lips. Beautiful and gifted spirit, may he rest well in the "home of the soul"! But we do not believe he has been transported there for rest, but for double activity and enjoyment, as he will find the realization of the blessed truths he so eloquently advocated while in the beautiful world below.

At a regular business meeting on January 2, 1883, the clerk of the church read the following: "Brethren, we beg leave to report that whereas a year ago our little society was without a church home, without one dollar in the treasury, and with only twelve members in the organization, to-day we can say we have a church building with a parsonage, have twenty-eight members, were legally incorporated in May, 1882, have raised the sum of \$2,216.-66, and have \$60 in the treasury." The sum raised and expended, itemized, included purchase money, repairs, furniture, salary, apportionments by General and State conventions, etc., but the whole seemed as a miracle to us all, as it had been thought, when the little society had been canvassed for funds, in the fall of 1881, that only two hundred dollars could be raised yearly. Surely the truth and the Spirit had gotten hold of hearts and pocketbooks, and the windows of heaven seemed opened upon us.

During May and early June there were other accessions to the church membership, and at the children's Sunday service eight children were dedicated, and others taken into fellowship. Among the latter was a young lady attending the State normal school, the daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. Asa Bullock, who were Universalists, living a few miles away. The president of the school said she had the strongest mind in her class. She drew many of the students to our place of worship. Her presence was greatly prized, and her appearance and speaking upon the platform were most excellent. We all felt a noble career was before her, and that we should hear from her in the future. This feeling has been justified, for now, the wife of Rev. John Kimball of Titusville, Pa., she is known throughout the length and breadth of our Zion as the wise and able conductor of the Devotional Meeting Column in the *Onward*, our Y. P. C. U. paper. In this paper, our young people's chief organ, we find the doctrinal, spiritual, literary, and ethical sides of our faith set forth by her with great ability.

Dear Minnie, we were wiser than we knew, when we received you into the fold; and such may be the gathering power of any church which builds wisely and well. We do not know how soon some life in the spiritual garden may bloom and ripen, bearing ripe fruit into the world, which shall prove a manna to many people. Dr. Sawyer said "the creed should be eaten." Well, yes; and exalted lives, or what they give us, should be eaten, and we grow the better thereby.

At our Children's Service this year, better even than any before, thirty persons from the school formed by our friends at and near Holidaytown were present with us, giving us great encouragement; and, connected with them, an incident occurred deserving mention. Seeing them enter the church, I went down the aisle to extend greeting, and also to speak to a certain mother about having her children dedicated. She said she did not think she could have them, at this time, for they were not clothed

in the manner she would like for the ceremony. I said: "Do not make up your mind about it now, but wait until the time comes, and then see how you feel." I had a prayer for this woman in my heart, as I told how the mothers of old carried their little ones to the Saviour, that He might lay His hands in blessing upon them. Then we sang, "Just as I am, without one plea, Oh! Lamb of God, I come, I come!" and when the parents were called upon to bring forward their children, this mother came with the rest, leading her offspring, and through Jesus' love thinking more of their little hearts and souls than of the clothes on their bodies. Among this visiting company was the father of a family of three, who drew near to me after service and said: "I have just made up my mind here to-day that I must move to this place, not only for the fine schools here, but for the precious privileges of the church."

During the spring and summer of 1883 our Ladies' Aid Society determined upon some additional repairs to the church building, and especially upon the repainting of its exterior, as it was now mostly a yellow color, and too sulphureous for our faith. We solicited some help from the W. C. A., our woman's missionary society, of which Mrs. Mary B. Mason was Vice President for our State, and this, with our own efforts, accomplished the work.

We had a runaway accident which prevented our attending the State convention at Sylvania; but oh, how kind that body was! passing sympathetic resolutions and sending us money; and Geo. C. Thomas and W. H. Hart of Philadelphia, and our own loved ones, sent us more of the needful, and everybody was so good and friendly, that great was the compensation. The broken bone in poor mother's arm knit together, and we were

very thankful; but quite "skeered" of all horses for more than two years thereafter. During the vacation of this year we attended our Association at the old historic place, Sheshequin, where I gave the "Occasional Sermon." After the discourse a man came to me and said: "That is the best sermon I have heard since I left the Methodist Church." I puzzled over this a little, hardly knowing whether the remark was complimentary to me, the Methodist Episcopal Church, or the Universalist; but concluded that the man simply liked the spiritual attitude of my sermon, and that this reminded him of the warm, fervent position of the great Methodist Episcopal Church towards the Spirit and the Spirit's power.

A new departure was taken at this meeting, when we districted the Association, assigning a portion to the charge of each minister for missionary and revival work. The part that fell to my lot was Tioga County, that in which I lived, and I laid the plan up in my heart to be surely worked out, God and angels helping me. There being no settled minister that year at Sheshequin, I remained over Sunday, preaching to them twice, and forming many abiding acquaintances. On leaving, I received a hearty invitation to spend a part of my next vacation with them. The sermon I gave at this Association was as follows:

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city."—*Isaiah* lii. 1.

This is a stirring exhortation, and signifies a whole-souled interest and a life enlisted in the cause of religion. It embraces much. Its meaning is rich and rare. To awake, to be awake, is to be alive, thoroughly and truly alive; it is to be in that receptive and active condition

prepared for any and every good word and work. It is to have "the spindle and the distaff ready, when God sends the flax."

To put on our strength is to put on the truth—it is to adopt the truth, as it is in God's holy law and spirit. It is to reach out for the truth with all the holy tendrils of our being, to gather it to ourselves, to become a part of it, to wear it inwardly and outwardly. The beautiful garments are the flowering of the life strength in the truth. They are the fine spiritual emanation and influence proceeding from the worth and attainment within. To illustrate: the little seed in the ground, from the proper electrical conditions about it, awakes, begins to develop its powers, and soon puts on its strength in the form of the plant or shrub; and then comes its flowering time, when its garments, adorned as by angelic fingers, remind us that all beauty has its origin in the heavenly, the prototypic world of spirit!

As with the seed, so with the soul. It must awake before it can expand and grow. It must hunger and thirst for the living bread, and the living water, before it can and will put on its strength and its beautiful garments of salvation. But the words of the text are an encouragement and exhortation to the people Israel, they who were already acquainted with the law of God and His chosen people, and they follow quickly one upon the other—"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city"; and these are followed by "Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." There is something truly glorious in rising up out of all lethargy, sleepiness, indifference, and discouragement, and buck-

ling on the armor anew, for the joys and conflicts of life, in putting on afresh the breastplate of righteousness in determination to be strong and brave in the strength, love, and spirit of God. Then it is we are men and women, children of God, looking the truth in the face, and desiring "to expunge every single wrong act from the unalterable record of our lives." Then it is we are prepared to go forward—to arise and to sit down, to labor and to rest, to do the works of Christ, with this principle ever in the heart: Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.

From the account we find Israel prospered as it was alive to the commands of God, as it followed the light bestowed upon it. So with the early disciples of Christ; their success depended upon their awakened and abiding life in the Gospel, and thus it has ever been with Christian believers since they have enjoyed the life more abundant, as they have been active and thoroughly devoted. If we would be worthy ourselves, and win others to the light, we must first be lighted by "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Said Jesus: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "The light of life" judgeth, condemneth, and winneth also, for its deeds are made manifest, "that they are wrought in God."

Those possessed with devils recognized, from afar, the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, which shone in Jesus' face, and they cried out: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus reflected the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, because He was at one with His Father; because He always did His Father's will. Wherever He went slumbering souls were aroused, and good followed. Said Emerson: "As

the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of His attributes as we bring to it." If men have the light of Christ, they carry about an influence which, if voiced, would say: "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever"; an influence to inspire reverence and life for God and man and human duty. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." If we know them, and do them not, our influence will be dull and limited. How much poor shining there is to-day among Christian professors and believers, and among those, too, possessing a faith gloriously illumined by God's illimitable and unchangeable love! and many of our churches, are they not—far from being glorious ones "not having spot or wrinkle"—awakened ones in their strength and with their beautiful garments; with eye single unto the Lord, and bodies full of light to become as cities set on hills, whose light cannot be hid, and obeying Christ's words: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven"?

People and churches grow dull, indifferent, and selfish too, and this severs the unseen communication with the heavenly forces; cuts off the conscious outpouring of the electrically potent spirit of God, which will cause even dry bones to become a living man.

Now, what are we to do, considering this phase of our religious life, or death, we might almost say? Why, we are to awake, awake and put on our strength and our beautiful garments, as our text enjoins; and we are to awake all together, for in union there is strength. We often find ourselves in the valley where we need the powerful Bible calls to newness of life, of faith and action; to

lift up our hearts before the Lord to the mounts of transfiguration, where we can look over to the hills of God and sweet refreshment find. We need the revival season, a concentration of the real spiritual forces of our being, for this affords an excellent time for all to be washed and quickened in the everlasting spirit of God.

Do we not read: "Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord"? When we are "with one accord in one place," then the Spirit comes in its fullness, and souls and hearts may be touched, enlivened, and confirmed. The young, whose homes may have been deficient in spiritual culture and instruction, can be helped, and receive fresh impulse toward the divine. The middle-aged and the old may be aroused, and increasingly assured, or for the first time led into the inner courts of the Lord; and the conscience of all purged from dead works to serve the living God.

A few years ago it was our privilege to attend one of those blessed pentecostal prayer meetings which we call foretastes of heaven, or which are as a fountain of reviving waters. There were over one hundred persons present, and all seemed to be with one accord in one place. The theme was love as the quickening power of God, and the very atmosphere pulsated with the presence of the Almighty. The spirit of the meeting was becoming more and more fervent, and two or three or more were rising to their feet at once, to testify to their own blessed experience of the truth, when a woman arose, and with face turned heavenward, and eyes shining with the light eternal, said, with all unction, "I have been lifted high to-night, dear friends, and I want you all to rejoice that a soul has been born"; then she sat quietly and serenely

down, but her words had produced a magic spell. Heavenly currents were on, and all exulted in the good news of great joy which shall be unto all people. This was in Brattleboro, Vt., when Brother and Sister M. H. Harris were there; and how we were gladdened that such meetings were being held!

When the love and spirit of God are thus manifest, as showers and refreshings of spring, then is a starting and a growing time for souls. Then it is that they are aroused to awakenedness, and to expand to new and wider celestial views; that they take on new strength, beauty, and adornment. Then it is the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, by the Holy Spirit given, and all ill, selfish, doubting, unreconciled, proud, and unforgiving feelings give way, to be cast entirely out. In their place arises the spiritual temple, inhabited by God.

Among our many blessed, awakening pentecostal experiences, I recall one at a missionary meeting we were holding in Ohio, at a place named Bunker Hill, near Cincinnati. The place was situated upon a hill, and our church stood on the pinnacle of it. We had advanced two days upon our series, and been gaining ground and spirit; and now it was Sunday, the Lord's day, and from the sightly hilltop, in the beautiful spring morning, amid the song of birds and many natural influences, we watched with delight the long line of carriages and teams winding their way up from all directions to the church.

There had been no regular services in this building for over four years; but this sight convinced us that they were not dead here, but had only been sleeping. Among the good ministers present, C. L. Haskell and others, was Rev. W. C. Brooks, formerly the State missionary of

Ohio. He was a very refined, cultivated, and consecrated minister, full of the Holy Ghost and faith. We invited him to preach. He was moved by the occasion, and gave himself to the influences and the needs of the hour, taking for his text, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me" (Luke iv. 18). He had no notes; but his manuscript was the living spirit of the living God, as manifested in the life and mission of Jesus Christ, the holy influences of the Holy Spirit, and the hearts of the eager multitude before him. From these he gathered his glowing, penetrating thoughts, his inspiration, which expressed itself in fire and heavenly beauty.

Never before had I witnessed such individual exhibition of the Spirit's presence and power. The Spirit was upon him, and he was a veritable apostle. He stood looking, as it were, directly into heaven, and into the inner consciousness of the people. He saw not through a glass darkly, but face to face. His strength was on, and his beautiful garments. His face shone. He was beautiful with the presence of his Saviour; and though his words were fraught with highest spiritual truth, yet his influence through the Spirit's power was more than all he said. The whole congregation seemed buried with Christ in his baptism, and in the evening ten persons came forward to confess the name of Christ and to be taken into the fellowship of His Church.

I felt that I could now understand how Paul's preaching was in demonstration of the spirit and the power, and "that there is a difference between preaching about the Spirit and preaching by or through the Spirit. This is the working of the Spirit of God, and they who give themselves to it may preach and prophesy." Is it not written, "I will pour out of My spirit upon all flesh; and your

sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on My servants and on My handmaidens I will pour out in those days of My spirit, and they shall prophesy"? Said Henry Ward Beecher: "I have heard from the lips of the most illiterate, based simply on experience, and on thoughts that flooded them from another world, strains concerning the majesty and beauty of God which surpassed anything that I have ever seen printed in books, or heard uttered by the lips of learned men. This is what Christ said to His disciples, when they were for His sake to be brought before rulers and kings: 'Take no thought in that hour what ye shall say, for in that same hour it shall be given you.' There is an inspiration that does not die, not the authoritative inspiration by which a record was made, but that which belongs to every individual life and is through God, though it is not authoritative upon anybody else. When that comes, a large part of the soul that has been asleep awakes, and it is not to be wondered at that men say: 'I am born again. I am risen from the dead, and all nature looks different to me from what it did.' In great joy, as well as in great sorrow, outward nature is transformed to men. The earth is draped in sackcloth to the sorrowful; the whole heaven glows with beauty to the joyful; and it is in the power of God to bring men into this high and blessed life."

The Bunker Hill meeting, grand in name and in the elements of spiritual life, appeared to induce this "birth from above," and to make manifest that the ordinarily dormant in the human soul is capable of being brought under the right influences into union with the high realities of the kingdom of Christ. The revival season or any

real spiritual meeting causes the spiritual world to seem very near, and us to know that we are in it now, because, as a writer says, "our souls are of like substance and are organisms to receive its spirit, and breathe its airs, and have latent in them those orders of perceptive powers, capable in due time of giving us open relations with it, and unobstructed sight of its transcendent glories." Turning unto the Lord with a willing heart, the veil shall be removed; we shall behold its wondrous truths, breathe its life-giving airs, take in its soul-cleansing, refreshing, and humbling love, peace, and joy, and have our belief sealed and confirmed to us.

The Spirit will have far-seeing and far-reaching power, and out of itself will it go to find the life hid with Christ in God. It will enjoy an elevation near unto the Saviour who hath ascended up on high, that He might fill all things. It will be at the universal center, and have the universal heart for its own; in fact, all things are given unto the soul, awakened and led by the Infinite Spirit of God, through Jesus Christ. Thus we would cry, with mighty power, in the language of our text: "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city."

Oh! ye friends, and oh! ye churches, awake yourselves, and plan for the awakening of others. Do not neglect the family altar, the prayer meeting of your Zion, the revival season, with its Bible measures of conversion and regeneration. Spiritual life is the greatest need of the individual and the Church. In it lies the greatest power and blessing. In the time of Christ and the Apostles there was not long waiting: multitudes followed, multitudes heard and were converted, believed and were received into fellowship. God is able to do more than all that we

can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Gospel measures are possessed of eternal and efficient service. They have the same power to-day that they have ever had. The Gospel itself can never become stale and unfitted for our use; for it is the one great power in the universe that is fresh every day, and shall forever exist to draw men away from sin and unbelief to righteousness and joy of life; that shall, so long as darkness and error remain, shed its reclaiming, its enlightening and healing light.

Oh! that all might awaken to see that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth—that it is the one thing needful; and how much better a good life is than a bad one, a devout one than an indifferent one. But, Father, we know the heart, and we have charity for all. The ways, the habits turned wrong are those of the misguided and the blinded ones—for germs pure and right are in all men; as all are made in Thy glorious image; and some day this good must be touched, and every soul awakened to throw off the bad and come to Christ. Then, intemperance, licentiousness, immorality of all kinds, lyings, thefts, murders, wars, will cease, and all sin and indifference shall be done away. O Father, help us each one to be an instrument in this great work—that we should both pray and do, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world. O Lord, help us to make straight paths for our feet, “lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but rather let it be healed.” In Christ all loving, all beautiful, just and powerful, we ask it. Amen.

The pulpit should not only be a source of instruction, but of inspiration in all these things. It should declare a living Gospel, a living Christ, a living God. An experi-

mental religion, a personal Saviour, a personal heavenly Father, with a near and infinite personal Holy Spirit, is what we all want to make us real, happy, and zealous believers.

“With the heart man believeth unto righteousness,” and “No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, except by the Holy Ghost.” “The letter killeth; but the spirit giveth life.” Of course we want the letter, the word, the law, the strength of the truth, put on; but in addition we want our beautiful garments of salvation—the saving by the Spirit—the grace of our Heavenly Father. “For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God,” and there is “no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.” We want to taste and see that the Lord is good, and be able to say we have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father. “The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are children of God; and if children of God, then heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.” Oh, my friends, we must be able to say, Jesus is my Saviour, and He “has come in the flesh to be the Saviour of the world.” Thus saying, and thus living, coming often to the fountain in repentance and love, and cleaving unto God with an undying purpose of right, our entire regeneration and sanctification shall at last be effected, and God shall be all in all within us. “Wherefore He saith, awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee life.” O Lord, revive Thy spirit among us, and help us to do home and missionary work, arranging oft for the revival season, with a care to the members and those gone astray. Taking for our motto, “Oh! His matchless, boundless love—

still there's more to follow," let us not stagnate as a people, but be known as the peculiar Bible one—zealous of good works. May we awaken in the Lord to put on our strength and our beautiful garments. Amen and amen!

CHAPTER XI.

THE HAPPIEST TIME IS NOW (*Continued*).

AFTER the Association at Sheshequin, where Drs. Taylor and Nye gave generously and fittingly of their talents and consecrated interest, and where Rev. Myra Kingsbury and I had our first meeting, the work at home increased in extent and enthusiasm. Under date of September 9, 1883, in my diary, is the following:

“Preached a missionary sermon to-day for the purpose of stirring our people up to do work at home and in the county. I told the friends that the Lord had said to me through His Spirit: ‘Form a Gospel Band to help you do the work prescribed by the Association; form it in your own society, and do not go abroad for workers. Call it the “Gospel Missionary Band of the First Universalist Church of Mansfield, Pa.” The plan was favorably received, and we shall soon go to work. Nearly all of our friends from the country were out to-day, and a large number of students from the State Normal. How I do like to throw forth the seeds of God’s everlasting love, among these bright, fresh minds, and to present to them the highest motives for right living and right doing. Oh, plastic youth! how dear thou art unto me, and as the days and years go by, may some life, if not many, be kept fairer for words that I have spoken through the grace of God. Our prayer for each precious youth is, May the Saviour of all stand near to interpose if even thou thinkest to go wrong.

"After service we decided to give meals in our vestry during the four days of the great Fair, held here in our beautiful park every year, when thousands of people come to town. What work and generosity this means, but we shall all be equal to it, methinks."

In my diary October 16 and 17 is: "Held meetings with a part of our 'Gospel Band' in the schoolhouse at Middlebury Centre. Large meetings. Gave out tracts, which were eagerly received. Found homes for two missionary boxes, and had an invitation to go to another place and speak two evenings. A lady there is coming out into the broadness of our faith."

On November 14 and 15 I find therein: "Held two-days' conference at Holidaytown. Besides our 'Gospel Band,' sent for two ministers in the Association, Revs. Brunning and Clark, and had most delightful services. The Spirit of the Lord of Glory was present. Our devotional meetings were fruitful; two persons joined the home church at Mansfield. Our most Biblical home brother, Father Shaw, was there. He said he knew the glory of the Lord was present, because it had gone to his back, the weak place in his constitution; but, trying to stand erect, he gave vent to a grand sermon—such spirit that he set all hearts aglow. When Brother Brunning preached his doctrinal sermon on the 'Ninety and Nine,' a good Baptist sister present said it was one of the best Baptist sermons she had ever heard. One of the sisters who joined our church told me that some years before she had gone forward in an orthodox revival to the front seat, but that while there the endless wrath of God was so presented that her heart froze within her, and she said: 'This is not the right way to feel to become a member of the Church of Christ, and I can go no further in this step

at the present time,' and she did not. She waited until she heard different doctrines and felt a different spirit. How blest the privilege to aid such spirits to the soul-comforting fountains of Christ's love!

"While there I found homes for seven missionary boxes, and also had one collection taken up for the State Convention. I was detained a day after the meeting to attend the funeral of a dear old Universalist lady, Mrs. S. Dutton. Though a stranger to me, she had been evidently so good and true that her spirit seemed to hover about the coffin and those in the room, and to enter my heart, giving me words to say from the Gospel of Christ.

"While at Holidaytown we found, as we had often done before, a home in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Horace Stevens and wife, members of our church at Mansfield. Their home is beautiful, and, in its large proportions, is a landmark along the lovely valley, and was a cradle of Universalism in the earlier days, Daniel Stevens, the father, and Ezra, the uncle, with their wives, having been conspicuous believers in this faith, and zealous in its advocacy. Harriet, the wife of Ezra, afterward Mrs. Van Horn, was the one first mentioned as a woman delegate to the North Branch Association. She is a fine woman, and most outspoken in her belief."

Under date of November 21 and 22, 1883, I find: "Preached at Stokesdale Junction, where a Universalist sermon had never been preached before. Large number present; all seemed anxious to know what we believed, thanked us warmly, and invited us to come again. A Presbyterian man, present each time, said he had lost all his prejudice. The tracts flew from the pulpit, as white doves, and may they prove as messengers of light and healing."

One evening a strange woman came to us, who somehow in the struggle and depression of her life had, as she termed it, "lost hold of her Father's hand." She had wandered from her own church to others, but could not find relief. The last Sunday before, she had come into our meeting; the clouds had begun to lift, "And now," said she, "I want to hear more of those same truths, and receive the comfort they bring." "First of all," said my mother, "let us pray the Father for wisdom, guidance, and His all-precious Spirit." We all kneeled; and sweet and helpful was the season. Each heart was blessed, and then we had an earnest conversation, many questions being asked by the incoming sister as to the meaning of certain texts in the Bible, and particularly the one in 1 Corinthians vi. which speaks of drunkards not inheriting the kingdom of God.

We explained to her that the term kingdom of heaven did not necessarily mean the far-off future heaven, but the kingdom of Christ here and now, in the heart. Christ said, "Behold the kingdom of God is within you," and Paul, after enumerating the unrighteous, said, "Such were some of you; but ye are washed, ye are sanctified." Of course drunkards and other such violators of God's law are not possessed of the firm, true character, nor actuated by the pure, unselfish, and loving spirit of the kingdom, so they do not inherit it; they are not of and within it; but such may repent, reform, and become righteous in heart, and then they will enter into the joys of the kingdom and be received by the Father. All shall thus repent, in time or eternity, for "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." Said Jesus: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," "The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost," "To save the world,"

"To be the Saviour of the world," "To save His people from their sins," "To finish transgression," "To make an end of sins," "To make reconciliation for iniquity and to bring in everlasting righteousness," "To reconcile all things to Himself." But now is the day of salvation, and now is the judgment, and would that all might arise now and turn from their sins, Zionward; begin to lessen the great loss and suffering of their lives, and also the vicarious suffering they bring upon others. We must each do all in our power to help Christ on in His great work of redeeming the world, and then sooner will come the time of its accomplishment, sooner will come that great end, when there shall be no more suffering and loss. Thus we talked to our sister, urging her still to work, to pray, believing that at last all would be well. God is good, unchangeably so—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and "though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His tender mercies." The evening wore on, and the new friend left, with the promise that she would come into our prayer meeting the following Sunday evening.

She came again to our Sunday-morning service, and called at the parsonage once more to say she had found her Heavenly Father's hand, and to extend full thanks to her benefactors. She also remarked: "You may think that I ought to feel it a duty to come here to church, for here I have found that which I could not elsewhere; but you know all of my associations and work are in my own church, and there I must remain." During the glorious Christmas celebration of 1883 the first funeral of a church member was held, that of Father Bailey at Hammond, fifteen miles away. Over the snow we rode, and with us our choir and a number of the flock, to attend the last sad

rites. We returned in time for the evening exercises in our church. A new door now seemed to be opened to the heavenly home, helping all to be more spiritually inclined. In January, 1884, we held a series of meetings, with the new State missionary, Rev. J. H. Ballou, and others present. The "Gospel Band" went with the missionary to nearby places, to help spread the faith. Thus new life was coming all the time from abroad as well as home. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

In my diary, under date of March 5, 1884, I find: "I have been giving a series of sermons on the 'Holy Spirit' of late, and have been much blessed by so doing. Last night, at our prayer meeting, a number expressed themselves as feeling much benefited by these sermons."

And under Sunday, March 16, 1884: "Our 'Gospel Band' went forth through the snow drifts in the afternoon to hold a service in the schoolhouse at Mardin, six miles away. We had to take the lower road, but there were two loads of us, and we had good company and some singing also, for our choir was along. After the sermon we had an open meeting, in which the free, repentant, and rejoicing spirit reigned, and some spoke who were not accustomed to do so. Brother C. related how, many years ago, when there was a great orthodox revival in the neighborhood, and almost every young person had been drawn in, and all eyes were upon him in earnest solicitation, he went out into the barn to ask God to help him decide what he should do. He kneeled beside the hay, closed his eyes, and his soul became absorbed in heartfelt prayer and petition. A scroll came out across the hay, all filled with light, where he read the words, still more illuminated: 'Christ the Saviour of the world,' 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,'

'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' With a calm mind he rose from his knees, for he knew he had his answer, which was that he was not to join that which he did not believe, but go his way, cherishing that which honored God and man, and made him feel that he was an humble follower of Him who loved the world and gave Himself for it."

After this meeting at Mardin, Sister Bullock wrote me the following:

"MY DEAR SISTER:

"My heart is so full this morning that I must tell you how happy I am on account of the meeting yesterday. I wish more had talked, but I suppose some were like me—could not say what was in their hearts. I was born and bred in the Universalist faith; never believed any other, nor had a doubt but what it was true; and as I grow older I see what a comfort it is to think how firmly I believe that God will, at last, through Jesus Christ, perfect every individual life He has made, and that the time will come when He shall be all in all. This has been a beautiful world to me, its sunshine far in advance of its shadows, and I feel that I cannot be thankful enough for it all. Oh, my sister, I rejoice with you in all the good things of the meeting yesterday, and bid you and the rest Godspeed in all you are trying to do.

"I think your sermon took splendidly, for I heard a murmur of approval run through the congregation. I don't think Mrs. R. ever heard a woman preach before. She paid strict attention, and I heard her say to Mrs. C. that she, for one, would like to do as near right as you preached.

"My sister, you are just the minister for this section—

no man could have done better. I feel that it is so, and I cannot help but say it. I wish you Godspeed, but you must have other help besides good wishes, and we must help you all we can.

"It did my soul good to hear my Universalist neighbor give his experience, for I remember the time of that great revival, and though they called him a 'backslider,' those who did so have lived to see him a man marked for honor and true life among his fellow-men.

"Now, in closing I will say, whenever you feel strong enough to preach to us here, we will do all we can to circulate a notice of the meeting and help in every way possible. My husband has got as big a heart as I have, but he is no shouter. I wish he was, but perhaps it is all right, and for the best. When I come down I will bring you some money to help out on the maple-sugar supper of the church. I wish you would write Sister Malinda. Hers is a noble life, truly devoted, and her faith in the good Father shines in her very eyes. Her solid form is the type of the solid soul within. She is a monument of goodness.

"Yours, with a sister's love,

"S. L. B."

"MARDIN, March 17, 1884."

This friend, so good and true, and mother of Mrs. Olive M. Kimball, with her sister-in-law mentioned in the letter, were afterward transferred in membership from the old church in Sylvania to ours in Mansfield. Another daughter, of fine musical ability, with her husband, also joined us. These last-named were the parents of "Little Minnie." They have all remained steadfast through the years. The father of the elder family was of oak-tree

stability; this quality was engrafted upon the children and the childrens' children, and yet the sweetness of the acorn was there, and the poetic temperament as well. Sister Malinda Bullock was broad in thought and purpose, and filled with the divine quality of charity. We called her our home missionary, and loved to have her sleep in the "Prophet's Chamber."

In her well-filled bag she carried little presents for her friends, and ever in her great heart loving messages. Not an inch of that large personality seemed devoted to wrong, but all to good, so that wherever she moved she was a "monument of loving-kindness and truth." So does my heart bear you tribute, dear friend, while you tabernacle in the flesh, and also say that, when you are called home, legion will be the name of those who will mourn your loss and bless you as their friend and teacher.

In my diary, April 1, 1884, I find: "Attended the funeral of Mr. B. at the hotel where he lived and died. He was a reputed infidel, and well known far and near. The people thought he had gone to hell, and 'wondered what I would do with him.' Four rooms of the place were crowded. Before I was through all seemed in tears. Some of the orthodox relatives said: 'That was an excellent sermon. You are trusting in the Lord, and we feel well about you.' Our own Brother Ripley said, as I rode with him to the grave: 'The Lord stood by you to-day.' How I had reached out for God, as I must confess the duty had seemed unusual. The sweet wife, a believer and a member of our church, wanted my services, and I felt a double responsibility.

"As soon as I received the word I shut myself up in my study room, sat down to reflect and ask help divine.

This Scripture came to me : ' Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was, and the spirit shall return to God, who gave it ' (Ecclesiastes xii. 7), and I adopted it at once as my text. I could see what a grand foundation I had here for the truths I wished to utter. It is just as true that the soul of every man at death returns to God, who gave it, as it is that the body returns to the earth, as it was.

" God is true, and He is love, unchangeable and infinite. He is all-wise, just, and merciful, and will know what to do with each one appearing before Him. The responsibility rests with Him, and not with us. See how He allows no particle of His material creation to be lost or become annihilated, but to continue serving either the old or a new purpose, and will He be less thoughtful of that like in quality to His own great and imperishable spirit? Oh, no! He will not, but will bring all needful cleansing that one day it may reflect His own bright image and serve the one true purpose of its being.

" Such thoughts I took for a starting-point, elaborating them and merging them into the glorious comforts and revelations of the Gospel of Christ and into the personal address at the close, a part of which was this : ' He whose loss you are called upon to mourn this day in this home, family circle, and among these friends and neighbors, was deeply affected, the afternoon before his decease, by the coming into his room of a little niece, who had been sent for to meet him once more in the flesh. As the little one ran to his bedside and threw her arms around his neck, he returned the embrace most fervently, and, with the tears rolling down his face, said to those about : ' This little girl loves me and I love her. It is good to have a true friend like this.' Surely we are reminded of the words,

‘He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him.’ Not consciously every time, but there the same.

“Does not rebuke fall upon us, that we hold ourselves so far away from others in this life, that they do not feel our influence enough to call forth the better nature within them? Our brother had a deep love for little children, and was happy to minister to their wants. He was very patient in his sickness, and read his Bible a good deal. He told me at the last that his trust was in the merciful God, that he could trust in no one or nothing else, and that he should willingly go when God called. He spoke of the duty of man to love God and to lead a good life. He said: ‘If I had lived as St. Paul did, I should never have been in this sick bed.’ Again he remarked: ‘I wish there wasn’t a drop of liquor manufactured in the United States.’ I felt this was a strong temperance lecture coming from a dying man’s lips. Mr. B. was a man of strong mind and quick intellect, and of a social nature, drawing around him many comrades. He thought much of his relatives and friends. Had he given his heart early to Christ he might have been a shining light for His truth. But let us trust he is now learning his mistake, and Christ and holy angels are helping him to unfold his spiritual powers, and that when we are called home we shall find him entirely redeemed, to welcome us to our ultimate redemption, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

I find in my diary under date of April 7, 1884, the following: “Preached to day on ‘The Cross of Christ.’ What a powerful theme, and how glorious that Christ saves, not by vicariousness, but by his perfect example and the mighty power of his love! The crown of thorns becomes an emblem of complete victory over self and the world, and a resignation in all things to the will of God;

and the all-controlling, superabounding love displayed wins the hardest heart, bears our infirmities, sicknesses, and sins, in a way to deliver us from them. The Resurrection associated with the Cross, and flowing from it, bringeth immortality to light, and this crowneth all, placing our hand in God's for an endless journey of progress, rest, and peace. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

Under April 13, 1884, I find: "Oh, the beautiful spirit of the Easter occasion! It seemed as if the very resurrected Lord and Saviour was with us, and all hearts were baptized into oneness with Him. The congregation was large, and everyone breathless to catch every word sung or spoken. After the address the choir and school rendered the fine *Sunday School Helper* exercise, 'The Day of Days.' Our organist failed us, and as a new departure I did all the playing. We received four new members into the church, and this to me is the sweetest and most divinely attended service of all. Then, above all other times, you feel you can do nothing in your own strength, but must rely fully on God and on Jesus, His Son. Immediate help from God is needed to get souls on the way, and to the point of confession.

"I recall how I went with my service book to the elderly couple who joined to-day, and kneeled with them in their own home, before they gave me their names, and how earnest I had to be before the Lord. But how beautiful was this Easter, and how lovely the church, with its ample and ethereal decorations and the birds singing therein. Several babies were present, but they never uttered a sound except during the singing, and then they crowed and sang also. In the evening the light of the resurrection streamed in upon the prayer and conference meeting, and everyone kneeled in prayer, and all praised

and petitioned the Lord, even to the children; and one little girl, Ollie by name, said for her prayer, and in the most devout manner: 'The Lord is risen indeed!' A young man and wife, students from the Normal College, were present, and said they had been much impressed with the beauty and the desirability of the true Christian life. How good it is to celebrate such days!"

The young wife mentioned was among the number joining the Church at this Easter time, and a person of remarkably bright mind. She led her class, and was the valedictorian at graduation. She closed her address to her teachers and classmates in this language: 'When we shall all meet in heaven.' The teacher whose duty it was to look over the graduating manuscripts suggested that there was overmuch confidence in these words; but she did not change them, and her address was most heartily enjoyed all the way through, and loudly applauded at its close. This young woman never plodded in her studies, but seemed to sail through them with an ever-favoring breeze, constantly adding new laurels unto her brow, and new attractions unto herself.

The school on the hill I learned to love for its worth. By day it was beautiful to me, and ever a growing inspiration, and by night, especially by moonlight, it seemed to take on wings to throw them about—brooding wings, as if to embrace all, in desire to impart knowledge and wisdom. Sometimes I would go up there to morning or evening chapel exercise to read a word from God's Holy Book, and breathe a prayer for teachers, pupils, parents, and the institution, and I always felt the better myself for it. Again, I would take tea with the president and wife and all the students, which was exceedingly pleasant and rejuvenating. I remember that once the students were not

on their best behavior, and Professor Thomas said, with a twinkle in his eye, he thought it must be 'because the little minister was present.' The worth of such a school to any place can hardly be estimated until one has removed, and then it comes out in bold relief, and you are constrained to say: 'God bless the school, and may it prosper more and more toward the best standards and the purest morals.' Professors Allen, Thomas, and Albro have done wonders here, and may others like them follow.

As the years pass a bouquet of young people from the school is gathered in our memory, who gave their attention to our Church of the broader faith, and most of whom joined its fellowship; and now they are abroad in the land, and, it is to be hoped, letting their religious light shine as well as their educational; that they have kept the faith and are being blessed and blessing others thereby. I know it is so, and may God bless them all, with the truest heart and the loftiest endeavor! I remember their help on important occasions, their steadfastness to the Sunday service, their willingness in musical duty, and their sweet fresh words for the Saviour of their choice in the young people's meeting, and their true courage in standing by their colors in religious belief.

I suppose we did more for the young people than we thought, for only at our State Convention, held at Athens, Pa., in June, 1899, a strange young man arose in an open meeting, and said he had recently joined our Church in Scranton, and that one of the original moving forces toward this step he received in a meeting he attended in our church in Mansfield when he was a student at the State Normal School there. I was leading the conference that morning at the convention, and the speaker referred to the leader as the minister at that time, mention-

ing the sermon, and especially the singing of "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy," and the manner in which it was given. For some time one of the teachers at the Normal, a Presbyterian in belief, a lady of fine character and ability, played the organ for us. She became much interested in our meetings, and was liberal toward us in our collections. After having left the institution she sent word to me by a relative, Rev. C. L. Paddock, that I had converted her to a woman ministry, if not to the faith of Universalism.

In my diary of April 16, 1884, I find: "Held prayer meeting with the young married students in their room. The wife led with the theme 'Following Christ.' An excellent meeting, impressive to our hearts."

On May 3, 1884: "Most sad to relate, during our prayer meeting on Wednesday night of this week, and just as we were singing 'More Love to Thee, O God!' Brother Campbell came in breathless to tell us that Father Shaw was supposed to be dying from injuries received in a frightful runaway accident, which occurred a little after sundown. The meeting broke up. We hired a livery team and several of us went at once to him, but he was unconscious, and at midnight passed away. Oh, this was a time that tried our souls! The funeral was held in the large Methodist church at Mainsburg, near his home and burial-place. The house was packed with our church people, old friends and neighbors, and notwithstanding I had been about prostrated the Lord lifted me up above tears and weakness, and I rose triumphant over death and the grave. But how we shall miss our large-hearted brother in the church, and feel that we can hardly get along without him! The expression of his face was ever to encourage and bless. His words and his deeds were like

benedictions upon us. I remember his last visit in the parsonage, when he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder: "Don't worry at all about the debt upon the church; it will all be paid."

On May 29, 1884: "At a regular meeting of the church it was unanimously resolved to invite the State Convention to meet with us next year, and also to take up a collection to help in defraying the expenses of the pastor to the convention this year, which meets next month at Sharpsville. It being so far, I concluded I could not go unless I had help, and then I did not like to go without mother; and that good man through whose kindness we got our pulpit Bible and our chandeliers, seemed to feel the situation from afar, and lo, and behold! he sent word he would pay mother's fare to and from the convention. I am glad we are to invite the convention here, and think it quite a step up for our little church. It will be a great privilege to try and make that august body comfortable among us, and what rich treasures it will leave for our future help and edification! I shall be proud to have its noble characters here among our citizens. It numbers some grand products of nature, education, and religious life—those whom we look to as examples and most worthy carriers of the Gospel banner we so dearly cherish. Where they go, led by the Lord and Saviour, we are willing to follow."

On June 28, 1884: "We had a grand convention at Sharpsville on June 3, 4, 5, and there met for the first time that able and glorious woman, sister, and friend, Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, and when she put her arm around me I felt sublimely blessed. We were entertained with her and many others at the residence of Mrs. General James Pierce. We found that Mrs. Pierce was originally

from Swanzey, N. H., and was present at mother's wedding. I was requested at the meeting to give a paper on the success of the Sunday school, which I did to the best of my ability. After the convention mother and I slipped down to Titusville, our old home.

"Great things now go on in the dear old place, in the delightful renewal of acquaintances of other days; and then I was requested to preach on Sunday, and on the following Wednesday night, in my brother's old pulpit, where I had often sat listening to him, a loving parishioner, surrounded by friends who filled our lives to overflowing. I cannot tell how I did enjoy this experience; but I can tell how they remunerated me for my efforts, heaping upon me so much money that we had more in our pocketbooks when we got home than when we left. At home again, we were able to make our Sunday school quite a little gift in money. Its funds were low, and we were constrained so to do."

On June 29, 1884: "At the close of our Children's Sunday services I had the supreme pleasure of dedicating seventeen children to the Lord, representing six families, two of which have recently become attached to the Church. How good to spread the spiritual table and have the people come!"

On July 11, 1884: "Fine picnic to-day of church and Sunday school, in Mr. Odell's grove. Eighty-two persons partook of the bountiful dinner 'neath the trees. How good people look to you out in the open air and in the sunlight! Somehow you see them in a new light. The sun seems to bring out and set their virtues."

On July 12, 1884: "I received a good letter from my noble brother-in-law, in which he says: 'We want you to go to Saratoga with us this summer, and remain just as



CAPT. J. A. OLMSTED, U. S. A.

long as you can. It is a nice place to visit, and we can be very happy there all together.' So we have decided we will give a part of our August vacation to this great pleasure."

On July 18, 1884: "Attended temperance camp meeting at Tioga, and heard Colonel Bain. He holds your attention every moment, drives in his wedges of truth, and flashes his brilliant light, and you make up your mind that he is the 'silver-tongued orator,' indeed. I feel sure that my interest in the W. C. T. U. is to grow with the years, and I am so glad I belong and take the *Union Signal*, that eye-opening, mind-enlightening, and heart-reviving paper, by means of which, and other literature, I am forming the acquaintance of Frances E. Willard, that wonderful helper of souls and bodies. The other day I was in pain of body, and I cried out, 'Oh, Frances Willard, help me!' instead of calling on the Saviour, as I am wont to do under severe suffering. It came forth so spontaneously I couldn't help smiling, but I did not feel ashamed of what I had done, for I believe Miss Willard to be dominated by the Christ principle and the Christ spirit as much as anyone, if not more than anyone, I know of."

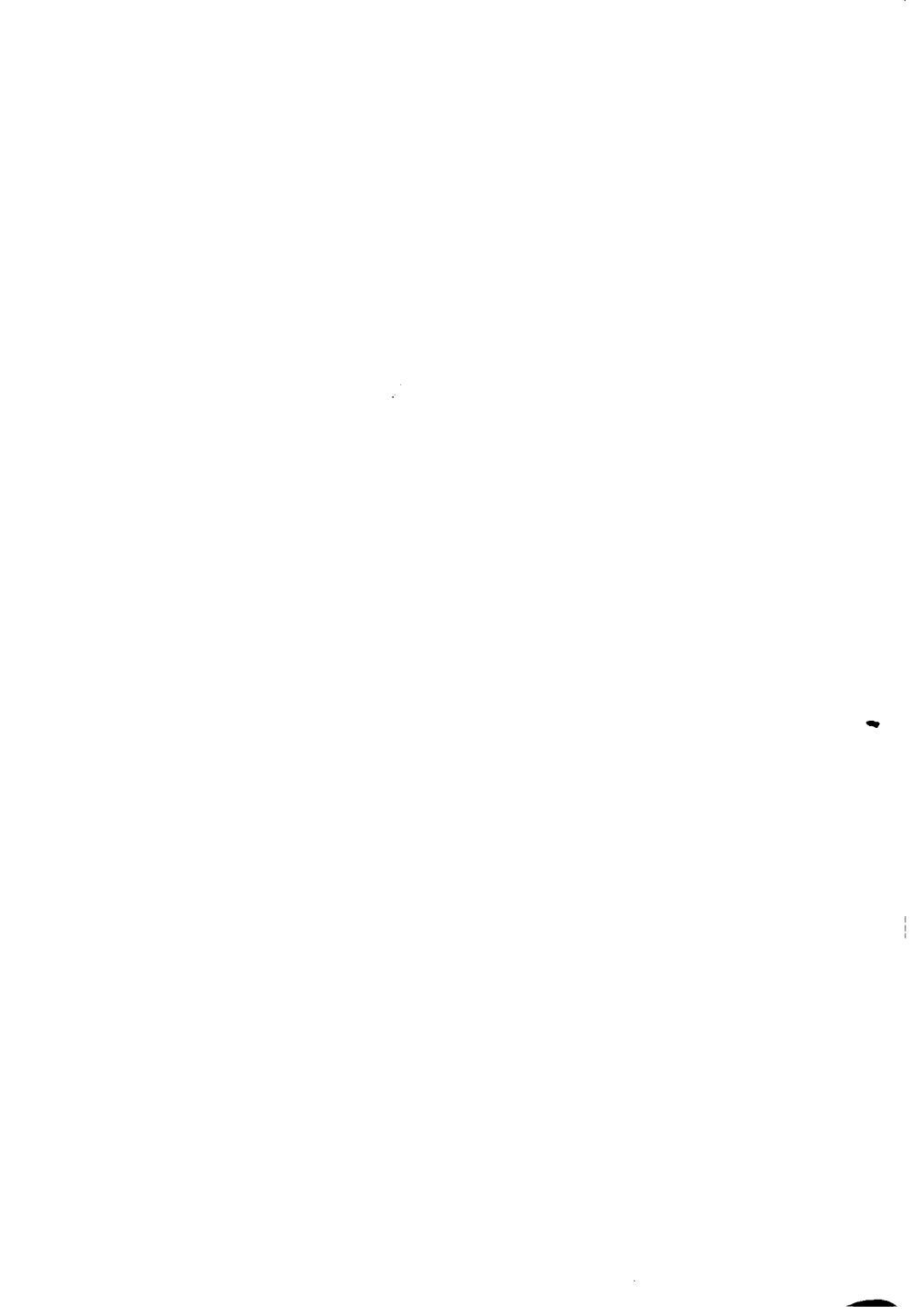
On September 6, 1884: "After our rest and visit in far-famed Saratoga, where I preached twice on Sunday, the 17th of August, in the town hall, we accepted the invitation of our friends at Sheshequin, Pa., and spent a few days with them on our way to our association at Standing Stone. We remained over Sunday, and held two largely attended services. At the open meeting, before the sermon in the evening, a very lovely woman, Mrs. Alice Kinney, sister of Rev. Myra Kingsbury, who was visiting her parents in the place, came forward with a paper in her hand, from which she read the following:

" 'My soul was touched, thrilled, yea lifted up, by the

words of the earnest, eloquent woman who addressed us this morning, and when I asked myself what I should say to-night at this meeting, for I think our subject should be considered with prayer and meditation, there was but one answer given: "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord." Where shall we begin? Where shall we find something to do? Shall we look afar off to some distant field for labor? No! no! Our duty lies close at our door—here beside our very thresholds. Does it consist in some act that shall be trumpeted abroad to our glory? No; it is in the quiet, self-denying sacrifices that should characterize our daily walk in life. It is in stretching forth the helping hand to a stricken brother, or in kindly words of advice and encouragement to the sinning, erring ones, who are sick to their hearts' core, with the weight of woe they are bearing, and who are hungering, yearning, and crying out for human sympathy, for a helping hand. Alas! alas! and we stand idle and waiting, with folded hands. The field is white to harvest, the golden sheaves of souls are waiting for these human hands to gather and garner them into the fold of Christ, the Blessed, the Anointed.

"Dear friends of my childhood, men and women, boys and girls, our duty lies at our door. I look through the gathering darkness of this summer twilight, and see the gleaming of the white monuments of our buried dead. Do not their voices call from out the silent past, yea, from the pulsing, living present to us, to rise in our manhood and womanhood, to put our hand to this work, throw open these too-long closed doors, and aid and welcome the incoming of holiness and right living?

"To me these voices have been calling all day long, and I am answering them, in this humble appeal to you.





MRS. ABBIE BAILEY OLMSTED.

Are not your own souls thrilled and tuned to hear and respond to the call? Will you not say, "With God's help I will do all I can to build up His kingdom in the earth"?

"'Is this a hard thing to do? Then ask God to help you in this personal religious work and in going out into the highways and byways to lead the sinning and the erring ones in. Bid them lay their weary heads on the great heart of the loving Saviour and cling close to His seamless robe. In all this work pour out your whole heart to Jesus. Let Him carry your petitions to our Father. Dear friends, He is patient, but He is waiting. Do not grieve His Spirit. Go to Him daily as a little child, and ask Him to lead you. Tell him all your woes and all your sorrows, and by and by you will grow into the full stature of a great and noble manhood and womanhood. Work with your whole heart at whatever your hand may find to do, and do all as unto the Lord.'"

It was by dint of perseverance that I secured this paper to read before our young people at home, and only with the proviso that I read its opening words. It was hastily written, but full of the sweet spirit of the Master, and also of the beautiful woman who composed it. Our stay in the charming Sheshequin valley, watered by a branch of the noble Susquehanna, was rendered most enjoyable, as we went about a second time among the friends and the families, noted by the name of Gore, Kingsbury, Shaw, and Fish; and we treasure as a sweet memory sitting out one morning on the lawn underneath the trees, and reading aloud to other interested ones the beautiful writings of Mrs. Julia H. Scott, a native of the place, and one of our best-known and best-beloved poets. It was a rare privilege to read her poems, and especially amid the surroundings that helped to give them birth.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THERE ARE SOME SHADOWS, BUT MORE SUNSHINE.

IN my diary under date of September 7, 1884, I find: "First Sunday at home after vacation. All so glad to see us, and we them. Grandma Phillips said they should all go crazy if I should ever leave them for good or get sick so I could not minister to them. A couple rode eighteen miles to our meeting to-day, and said they felt well paid. We had a good association at Standing Stone, and found we had done our best work from the missionary districting, and we hope to keep up the same work another year. After my sermon a woman came to me and said: 'I thought I should shout, while you were speaking, for very joy, that women are coming to the front.' Another woman, skeptically inclined, said: 'You have done me good, and if I could hear you often I think I should become a believer.' Oh, my Father! I thank Thee, if by Thy grace and glory I am able to help the advancement of women, and shed abroad the radiating influence of the pure Gospel and its convincing spirit."

On Sunday, September 20, 1884, I find: "Our Bible class lesson to-day treated of 'The Universalist Catechism,' and the love of God seemed to stream into our hearts, making all its words veritable facts. Strange to say, thus far no skeptical thought has ever been expressed in our meetings, and I am so thankful. Of course honest doubt and inquiry are allowable, but real belief is better,

and I am inclined to think that the Spirit has a large office in bringing this, as well as unity, to the fellowship. It is such a comfort to know the harmony that is in our church, in plans, purposes, and work."

On September 29, 1884, my diary reads: "I have been thinking to-day about a woman with a little babe three weeks old, to whom I said, as she pressed her babe to her bosom: 'It seems natural for you to care for this little one whom God has sent you'; and who replied: 'Oh, no! it is not natural at all; I only do it because it is my duty.' This set me thinking that it is not the being married or unmarried that confers tenderest love upon you, but your nearness to the Saviour, who loves the little ones, and all. It has been used as an argument against a woman ministry, that it was mostly maiden ladies who were led to enter it, and that these were the ones who should enter it, if any, and that no woman not married and a mother of children could know much about Gospel love and its spirit. Thus, the maidens should not preach the gospel of love, or, in fact, any other woman. I remember how I laughed when I saw this, and thought how all my life I had been about ready to die at any moment from the love and pity within me for the world, and because I could not do more for it. And just think—Christ, the express Representative of, the Author and Source, of all love, was unmarried and childless; and look at Frances Willard, Clara Barton, and others, and see how they love the world and are ready to live and to die for it."

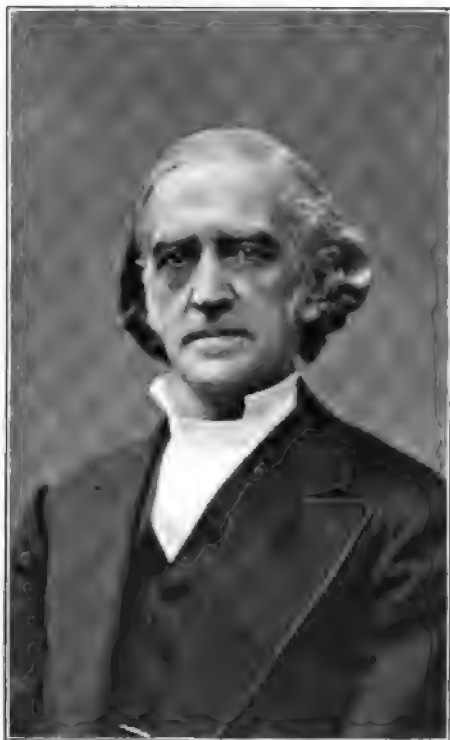
Later in the fall a very severe illness came upon me, compelling me to relinquish my labors and seek rest away from home. It was a sad time, indeed, and after several months I sent in my resignation to the trustees, telling them that I was greatly troubled that the church should

suffer on my account, though, to their credit be it said, they were keeping up the Sunday school and the prayer meetings. The resignation was not accepted, and one of the trustees thus wrote of the situation to my mother: "I know we feel very much as the Jews did, when they hung their harps on the willows; but our only hope is in your daughter's return to us, able to occupy the pulpit once again. I cannot tell you how much we long to see her restored to health, and in her work again. Tell her we wait for her, and that we would rather see a pair of her little gloves hung on the walls of the church than to see another in her place; that is, while there is hope of her recovery. I think, from what you write, I see evidences of improvement in her condition, and my prayer is, God grant that it may be permanent."

This, of course, did me a great deal of good, and caused me to put forth redoubled efforts toward recovery; and, as the good Lord would have it, strength slowly but steadily came, so that in the following May (1885) I was at home and in the pulpit again, though not to do full service at once. For a time I read sermons from Chapin and other great men, but they were too high-sounding, I think, for me and mine, and our people longed for the hour when I should be able to address them as usual. The first time I did so, it was a heartfelt occasion, and many real tears of gratitude and rejoicing were shed.

The whole parish from center to circumference is now all astir, for the State Convention is to be held here on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of June. First of all, the cleansing process begins in all the rooms of the church building and the parsonage, and then all is put in order. It is pleasant to remember how faithfully the women worked.

Just before the convention a business meeting was held,



REV. JAMES SHRIGLEY.

in which we unanimously voted to deed our church property to the State Convention, to be held by it in trust, thus forever securing the property to the interests of the faith. Just so long as the society is faithful, it is theirs to use as they see fit; but during the passage of years should they prove unfaithful, it reverts to the convention, or becomes subject to their disposal. This is a most excellent and secure plan for the good of our Zion.

The much-anticipated convention comes, pouring in its ministers, delegates, and friends, who were said to be, by the citizens, the finest-looking people who ever came to town—for had we not a Sweetser, a Bisbee, a Russell, and others?

How grand they did look, and how high and broad their heads, and how benevolent their countenances! and some so venerable and beautiful, with their long years of high thinking and right living, and all in the spirit to bless and to be blessed!

Father James Shrigley and wife, of Philadelphia, stopped with us, and occupied the "Prophet's Chamber." It was as a benediction of benedictions to have them with us, and as a specimen of a saint upon the earth we place his picture in this book. I never saw a more beautiful countenance than his. Brother Shrigley has been a most honored and useful minister among us, having held for years important pastorates. On the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion President Lincoln sent his name to the Senate for confirmation as Hospital Chaplain, United States Army. Some young men called on the President, asking that his name be withdrawn, because of "his unsound theological opinions." "On what question is the gentleman unsound?" asked Mr. Lincoln. The young men replied: "Mr. Shrigley does not believe in the doc-

trine of eternal punishment, and does believe that even the rebels will finally be saved." "Well, well!" said Lincoln, "if that be so, and there is any way to save the rebels, then for God's sake let the man be appointed." And he was appointed.

The proceedings of the convention were lively, harmonious, and true, prophetic of much good to follow. The sermons, prayers, and the conference meetings were all that could be desired. We gave warm meals in the long vestry of the church, and truly the angel of hospitality, with her loving smiles and happy heart, as well as the angel of reciprocal feeling, of gratitude and love, hovered closely about; and I believe that, taken all together, for giving just what one needs for soul, heart, and flesh, a truly religious convention bears the palm, and that all should make the effort to attend.

The Sunday following the convention was Children's Sunday with us. The clerk of the church thus reports it: "The house was beautifully decorated. Flowers, singing birds, and happy children were much in evidence. The program as arranged in the *Sunday School Helper* was the order of the day, and the singing by the children and others, conducted by F. W. Clark, was truly grand. The house was crowded, and at the close of the exercises seven children were consecrated to God by our pastor, and four adult members were taken into the church."

During August there were busy days, in the preparation of the Occasional Sermon to be delivered at our Association, at Springfield, and I wrote Brother Nye that I was going to try and make my sermon as the women do their mince pies, by putting everything good I could think of into it. After its delivery at the meeting, this good

brother, sitting beside me in the pulpit, whispered : " Well, Sister Emma, you did let the plums fly well around from out your sermon," showing he remembered what I had written him. But oh, how Brother Nye did preach ! I never heard him do better. Some of the younger ministers hid away the valise containing his written sermon, just that he might do all the better, and be more gloriously inspired ; and they were not disappointed.

After the Association dear Aunt Martha Bullock, a " Mother in Israel," took us home with her for a week's visit and rest, and there, drinking good milk and feasting upon country scenery and rich heart-satisfying food, we built up a little more for the duties before us. How many good, thoughtful, and loving people there are in the world—those who surround you with a smiling and heart-felt providence, and who would rescue you from any danger you may be in, or from any sad state of body or of mind, if it were in their power ; and many times it is in their power, and they are blessed by setting others on their feet, and lending a hand to further them on the journey of life. The Lord be with them, to bless and lengthen their days !

A shadow falls upon the church, occasioned by the going out of one of its members ; but this one repents, and in time is restored, henceforth to remain true unto his calling as husband and disciple of Christ. In a letter which he writes to the pastor, he says :

" I think of you and your mother, of our church and those that congregate there, and I wonder if anyone thinks to pray for me. Though I have lost what I cannot regain, I am doing my best to lead a just and honorable life. I attend church and Sunday school, and am striv-

ing for the real Christian life and spirit. The wild and evil desire is all gone from my brain, and I thank God I was checked in my mad career when and where I was. I look to God and pray, and I would like to know if I could have the prayers of the church to help and strengthen me in my efforts to attain true manhood once again. I send you these verses written at the hour of your evening devotional meeting:

" Far below me, in the valley,
I can hear the church bells chime,
Ringing out the sweetest music,
Bringing back a golden time.

" Where the distant, hazy hilltops
Faded slowly from the sight,
Where the moon came out in splendor
O'er the blackness of the night.

" Lighting every darkened corner
Round a church far, far away ;
There the first glad hymns are over,
And one kneels for all to pray.

" Will they think of me, I wonder,
In that church so far away ?
Will someone think of me, when kneeling ;
Will they think for me to pray ? "

After receiving this touching message, we read it to the friends in the prayer meeting, and then we all kneeled and prayed for this brother, and I am sure with the thought, " He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." How sweet it is to forgive and to be forgiven! If there is anything I have more prayed for than another, through my life, it is for a spirit of forgiveness

—that I should never lie down at night with any different feeling in my heart, but should ever say, Father, forgive me my trespasses, as I forgive those of others.

October, 1885, brings the greatest of blessings. The Potter Memorial Church is dedicated at Good Luck, N. J., while the State Convention is being held there, and the General Convention follows, held in The Church of Our Father, Brooklyn, and mother and I are in all these good times. I wrote thus of our enjoyment, after returning: "How good it was to be there! and having been so sick last year, it seemed as if I had been dead and come to life again. People looked good enough to eat, and the meetings were to me as a plateful of the restitution of all things. The trees were in their most beautiful fall coloring, and I suggested that we make the Potter Chapel brilliant with their leaves and branches for the dedication. Willing hands were at once offered, and how bright the scene, well-befitting all the glorious services. We could hardly credit our senses that we were here at this 'cradle of Universalism,' so much had we desired all our lives to visit it; and when we bent over the grave of Thomas Potter, and Dr. A. A. Miner came and stood silently there with us, our bliss seemed complete and heavenly. How striking the inscription upon the gravestone: 'Have we not all one Father?' This should be the motto of our Church, I think. We went down the lane to Mr. Potter's house, and what emotions we experienced! Could we not see the man in his prime, having built his church, and then waiting for his minister,—God's minister,—who he was sure would come, and who would not contradict himself? Could we not see him when John Murray came, stranded upon his shore at Cranberry Inlet, a preacher of universal redemption in England, but so

persecuted there that he had come to the wilds of America, determined to forever remain silent upon those things dearest to his mind and heart? Could we not hear Mr. Potter saying to Murray that he had been expecting him a long time, and that he was sure he was his preacher; and pleading with him to speak to him and his neighbors of the things which belonged to their peace? and how it all turned out, that he did preach to them, while the 'tears of transport filled Mr. Potter's eyes,' and that after the meeting he caught him up in his arms, and said: 'Now, now, I am willing to depart! Oh! my soul, I will praise thee; thou hast granted me my deliverance. After this truth I have been seeking, but I have never found it until now; I knew God, who put it into my heart to build a house for His worship, would send a servant of His own to proclaim His own Gospel. I knew He would; I knew the time had come, when I saw the vessel grounded; I knew you were the man when I saw you approach my door, and my heart leaped for joy.' "

Oh! the worth of John Murray to our Church as the most illustrious and effectual promulgator of its glad tidings in the earliest times of our history in America. We bowed anew before it while here at Good Luck, and also to that which we owe his noble friend and benefactor, Thomas Potter. The providential beginning of Universalism in America is well known to all of our friends, and may we so live and do that all of its history may seem providential to the world. We glory in what it has done for thousands and thousands of souls, benefiting them and relieving them of fear and torment, and that it has also done world-service in modifying the doctrines, beliefs, and promulgations of the other churches; and pray God for the time when greater similarity and nearness may

come alike to all, and between all the denominations of the earth.

I remained over Sunday at Good Luck, preaching in the newly dedicated Memorial Chapel, and the golden glory of that October Sunday afternoon was but typical of all that went on in my heart as I discoursed of things divine in that sacredly historic place. Before leaving for Brooklyn we gathered wild flowers and pebbles from about Thomas Potter's grave to carry away as mementoes, and to give to others, that they, too, might be put in fresh remembrance of his name. Dr. Royal Henry Pullman led one of the prayer meetings at the General Convention, and Stanford Mitchell sang, and this was enough to warrant a great meeting for all. The noble and beautiful women there impressed me very much—a galaxy of them, in Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, Revs. Caroline A. Soule, Phœbe A. Hanaford, Florence Kollock, Amanda Deyo, Myra Kingsbury, Mrs. M. A. Adams, Mrs. C. A. Quimby, Mrs. L. C. Brown, Mary Norton, and others—the last-named was the beloved woman who helped so efficiently in raising funds for the Potter Chapel.

I was called to the platform with a number of these at the woman's meeting, to address the convention, and I wanted to say first: "What a beautiful congregation, and I know I shall feel at home among you!" The broadness of countenance is at once noticeable in a people gathered together who really believe in the everlasting wideness of God's mercy. No set tightness of facial line and expression is there, and no woeful and melancholy doubt as to the perfect accomplishment of the mission of Jesus Christ as Saviour of the world. Altogether it is one of the pleasantest things to stand before such a congregation. With Sisters Thomas, Soule, and Dean at the head of this

meeting, we had a good one, and took up a collection of over a hundred dollars to aid in the woman's religious work. The baskets ran out, so I helped pass the hats and enjoyed it immensely. Meeting Mr. Edwards of New Jersey in the aisle after the services, he stopped me and said: "It was your little speech that got the collection." I was pleased, of course, and told him: "If that is so, it must have been the little story about the cow."

I remember once sitting at the rear of the room in a "strait-laced," open meeting, if that is not a contradiction in terms, and that when I rose to speak it seemed as if every male face present turned around to look at me, doubting even if it were a woman's place to utter a word in public, and oh! such a universal expression as met my gaze—every face so cold, every face so tightly drawn, as if endless misery awaited all. I had never experienced anything like it before. A young man by my side said: "They ought to be prosecuted for giving you such a look as that." I said they are tried already for it and by it; but never mind, the next generation will not witness such lines and expressions in the faces of its old men. There is to be an improvement, and already it has come in part.

I hope I do not feel and manifest the exclusive and pharisaical spirit in telling these things, for though with me it is "especially the household of faith," yet I know I love the good in all households, and realize that over and above all other facts stands the great one of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and that nothing is sweeter than to clasp hands with those of other beliefs, in perfect love and good will, knowing with the grand Dr. William H. Ryder of our Church that "if we run down the whole scale of religious agencies, we shall find harmony in every note. Joining hands we reach

round the globe, holding the world of man in our sympathies and unitedly acknowledging our allegiance to the Son of God." He also says: "I long for the time when all who accept Christ as a divinely commissioned teacher shall so far make their technical sectarian opinions subordinate as to stand shoulder to shoulder against the common foe." And with this I am in hearty accord. A common humanity, a common need, make all the world akin, and God bless the tie more and more abundantly, in Jesus Christ.

My diary, December 6, 1885, reads: "Preached on Matthew xxv. 46: 'And these shall go away into eternal punishment; but the righteous into eternal life' (Parable of the sheep and the goats, Revised Version).

"If quality and not duration is meant by the second eternal in the text, and it is, for Christ said: 'And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent' (John xvii. 3), why may we not believe it so of the first, and as the Greek word *kolasin* means punishment, discipline, improvement, we can readily understand Christ's words, as they were fulfilled within thirty years after they were spoken, or at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. He said: 'This generation shall not pass away, till all these things be fulfilled.' With this great calamity coming upon the Jewish nation, the goats of the parable, because it had not ministered to the disciples of Christ, and primarily had rejected Him as the Messiah, the Gentiles, or the sheep of the parable, who had kindly received the disciples of Christ, were admitted to the blessings of the kingdom, or came to inherit the kingdom prepared for them, 'from the foundation of the world.'

"The kingdom of God was taken from the Jews and

‘given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.’ The Jewish age passed away and the Christian Dispensation was established. The judgments of the Lord, represented by fire, prepared for the enemies of truth and all their human agencies, came with great power upon the Jews; but we cannot believe they endured longer than to bring reformation. Here upon the earth we see the Jew suffering punishment and loss for continued rejection of Jesus as the Messiah, the Saviour of the world; but he is to be brought in. ‘All Israel shall be saved,’ said Paul, ‘for God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all.’

“I wish all ministers could read Dr. J. W. Hanson’s book, ‘Aion-Aionios; the Greek Word Translated Everlasting, Eternal, in the Holy Bible Shown to Denote Limited Duration.’ It is sound and scholarly, as are all his books, and an eye-opener. In his conclusions he says: ‘It follows that the readers of the Bible are under the most imperative obligations to understand the word in all cases as denoting limited duration, unless the subject treated, or other qualifying words, compel them to understand it differently. There is nothing in the derivation, lexicography, or usage of the word to warrant us in understanding it to convey the thought of endless duration. If our positions are well taken the Bible does not teach the doctrine of endless torment, for it will be admitted that if this word does not teach it, it cannot be found in the Bible.’ Oh! words, words! how often they get their meaning from the subjects with which they are associated; and this ‘eternal, everlasting’ is a case to the point. The hills are said to be everlasting, and they may pass away. ‘The priesthood of Aaron was to exist forever, and Solomon’s temple was to last forever, but they

have long since ceased to be.' Eternal in the New Testament often means quality, rather than duration.

"What a stability there is in doctrinal preaching! It makes one feel that he stands on the Word of God. It seemed that a wave of glory surrounded and upheld me this morning. In the evening we had a deep prayer meeting in which Brother C. went to the heart of things, Brother P. became eloquent, and dear mother gave forth music that is from above. Mother is always in the Spirit and ready for a good meeting. When she is left alone she sings and prays. On returning from any place where I have been without her I generally hear her sweet voice in the strains of some dear old hymn before I reach the door. Surely she is one of God's chosen ones, and an example for others in her strong and cheerful faith, and her daily walk of love and truth. How strong and wise her love for her children has been, loving the best within them, and seeking ever to promote it to good ends!

"Next Sunday I am to preach on the great salvation through Jesus Christ. Text, 1 John iv. 14: 'And we have beheld and bear witness, that the Father hath sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.' The revisers could not leave out the 'to be,' and this shows that all shall be saved at last. Oh! the blessed 'be's' and the blessed 'must's' of the Bible, and the blessed all other words, for they tell us of God, 'who will have all men to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth.' A good old lady, Mrs. Adams of Honeoye, N. Y., a loved and honored parishioner of my father's, sat down with her well-worn Testament in her lap to mark all the passages which she thought especially taught ultimate salvation through Jesus Christ, with a view to leaving this as a legacy to her boys and girls; but soon she arose, saying, 'I shall have

to mark every passage, and I might as well leave it as it is. It speaks for itself.' She was well informed theologically and spiritually; so even the Bible hell and its threatenings but showed to her mind the 'final redemption,' for they declare and foretell the judgments and the punishments that are to come upon the offending ones for their profit—that they may be made partakers of the holiness of God. The punishments of God are remedial in their nature and office."

On December 16, 1885, the following: "An Episcopal friend called with beautiful presents for mother and self; she said she could not wait till Christmas. She has been a number of times to our meetings, and thanked me for my sermons. I sent her a little picture which I had made, and she told me that when she was so very sick she said to her friends if she died she wanted that picture put in the coffin with her. How surprised I was at this, but thought it was sweet, and felt that not only my love clung to the card, but the great God-love which I preached, and this she wanted to go down into the grave with her.

"Sister Howe, one of our church members, who has five children in the Sunday school, all dedicated to God, and who is the kindest neighbor, and the nearest one among the members, came in to-day with her hands full of good things for us. How hearts do open about the Christmas time! Yesterday dear old Father T. C., from Charleston, came bringing a nice roll of butter, a bag of apples, and a chicken. He is a funny old man. When I inquired after his health, he said, in the cheeriest manner: 'My health is very good, but my cough and rheumatism are very bad.' His brother is funny too, for when we visited him and sat at his table with a large company, he,

being a little late, hurried to the board, saying, 'You will have to excuse me, for it took time to make my toilet and part my hair.' We all looked, and saw he was entirely bald, and, of course, laughed heartily, which relieved him of his embarrassment at being late. They are a shrewd family, but genuinely good. Brother T. C. is peculiar, in his jerky, centrifugal manner, but his words aim straight for the mark every time, when principle or religion is at stake. He is generous to the church, and we all regard him highly."

On December 17, 1885: "All hearts seem tender toward me, and I think it is because I was ill last year. This has been calling and donation day all through, beginning quite early in the morning. Sister Bullock sent us a large basket of good things from the farm, as she often does. A number of others have remembered us, and, to cap all, Brother Ripley sent us a big load of wood; and how good and benevolent it looked, appearing around the corner!"

On December 21, 1885: "We had a visit from Sister Malinda. She gave us money to buy presents for the children. I found we had fifty-one to give bags of candy to. When we came here we had just three children we could count on, so we surely have made some gains. How big the heart is now, and I feel that I would like to give a present to everyone I know.

"I have sent away forty cards, and my heart went every time. I've been out and gathered up five silver dollars to give to our young organist, and have shined them all up, in honor of dear Mary in heaven, who brightened those others for me at the famous Christmas time, 1879. I shall give a present to each of our trustees, and many others. Mother bought fifteen booklets for her infant

class, tied them with pink and blue ribbons, and then read all their beautiful sentiments. These cards and booklets have the mission of the beautiful as well as to tell the story of Christ and His love. Good Mrs. Montgomery, from Sullivan, called and brought us a great basket of things from her mother, Aunt Becky Rumsey. She lies now upon her bed of pain, but her heart is as large as ever; she calls for the bright Christmas card I sent her, several times in the day. Blessed ripened soul!"

On December 24, 1885: "Day before Christmas, and oh! so busy all day decorating the church and viewing our cards and other beautiful presents from our dear family and others! What a language of love they speak to us, and how near they bring the givers! I think our church will look beautiful, with our two trees, one at each end of the platform, tipped with paper roses of various colors, every branch and twig, and covered or filled in with all the beautiful presents which have been brought in. I got the paper for these flowers several weeks ago, and portioned it out among the women. They have made a great success of the work. The effect is wonderful upon the trees, producing such a bright bloom, and for a change it is going to be very nice. I tried to think of everyone I could in the matter of presents, and especially those who I thought might be overlooked. It has taken money, but I think it is well spent."

On January 5, 1886, I find: "Christmas passed off gloriously. Our two trees and other trimmings and mottoes made our church a bower of beauty. The house was packed, and many went away who could not get in. The children performed their parts as if inspired, and Santa and wife were unique enough. Santa had a tree of presents for the little ones upon his back, and a big

basketful on one arm, and he and wife carried between them a bushel basket full of nice eating apples, which were passed around to the people. Father Ripley sent these. Santa's wife, Sister Martha, my spiritual friend, dressed in robe, hood, and mittens of white cotton batting, sprigged here and there with evergreen, breathed forth a blessing upon the children, a real prayer to God from the heart, as she left them, which made a deep impression upon all. The tree showered presents upon the pastor and mother, as well as upon others, and we were especially remembered by the church with the beautiful album quilt, and also with a very nice bamboo chair.

"Our annual meeting occurred on Saturday. They retained me for another year, and we decided to observe the 'Week of Prayer' in our vestry. I have written a letter to one of our prominent ministers, on awakening and revival methods. I wish we might have evangelists sent out all over our denomination. We are invited out New Year's. What a happy day this has been! Oh! the peace and joy of some days and the expectancy of mind! I said to mother, 'I feel so happy to-day that I guess some good friend is coming to see us, or we are going to get a good letter from some congenial soul'; and then I said to myself, 'I must feel so because the "King of Glory" has already come in!'

"Not long ago, on a Saturday night, I was especially inclined to pray that a certain member of our flock might be out to church the next morning, for she had been absent for several Sundays. The next day she was there. I said to her, 'I prayed you might be here to-day.' She answered, 'I felt something unusual drawing me here,' and then apologized for her absence the other Sundays. I have always noticed that, when I have been led to pray

for the presence of certain ones at church, my prayers have almost always been answered. It might be said, then, Why do you not always pray for such delinquents? Well, I can only say that it is when I am led to pray for these that such a result follows, and herein lies the law, I believe. To-night I am induced to pray for especial ones to come in to our prayer meetings and be blessed."

On January 6, 1886: "Have been out to-day on a round of helping calls and visits, and in more ways than one, and it has given me so much pleasure that I can see the justness of the 'goats' punishment, because they did it not unto the least of one of these."

On January 17, 1886: "Went to Holidaytown last week to attend the funeral of one of our church members, Sister Potter, aged seventy-eight, a fine woman, and strong in the faith. She died quite suddenly of paralysis of the heart. Just before going she said to her daughter, 'I am soon to cross the river,' and then, as if beholding her Saviour and holding out her hands to him, she murmured, 'Take me!' and was gone. She told me once that since she changed her belief from partialism to Universalism her sky had been all blue, so happy and satisfied had she been in it. And as we stood at the open grave, and her body was lowered therein, the clouds parted and the bright blue sky appeared. I remained over and preached in the union church the following night; but oh! how cold the building was, with window-panes gone, green wood, and the thermometer twenty below zero. We could not get it warm. My breath frosted in the air, and all about the singers was frozen music, fantastic shapes, roses and lilies of song, plainly to be seen. I tried to warm to my subject, knowing one man had walked two miles to the meeting, but rapidly failed in my efforts. Soon I invited all

to the stove-end of the church, and there we had an open meeting, in which those of other denominations joined in with us. I took a very bad cold, and had spasms of the throat in the night, but felt that the meeting was at least an effort in the right direction.

"We had a good meeting at home to-day, with students present. The right spirit prevailed. Our evening meeting was of the best, home-like, Christian character, and so satisfied us. How good it seems to be in our cozy parsonage home again! Seems like heaven. I say to mother sometimes: 'I wonder if we shall be any happier in heaven than we are here.' To realize that one is immortal removes much of the worry and excitement of life, and to know that life here and hereafter is one continuous whole and that when your soul departs from earth you are not to lose its good and its beauty, is very comforting; and this should encourage us to cultivate ourselves to spirit influence here, that heavenly love and labor may not be lost upon us, but be reciprocal and beneficial."

On January 19, 1886: "I received a letter last night from Rev. F. O. E. of Troy, and though his initials spell foe, we feel that he is far from that, being a very good friend. He wants us to come over to Springfield, his second pastorate, and assist him in a series of meetings. He says in his letter: 'We want some extra meetings, and do not know of anyone we would like to help us but you and your mother.' This seems rather more than we deserve, but we have decided to go, and hope we shall have a soul-refreshing and harvesting time. I imagine that in the heavenly home we shall be delighted if we can look down and see some small portion of the earth helped to be cleaner and sweeter for our word and influence. When I kneel at night before the throne of God to ask my Heav-

enly Father, according to the multitude of His tender mercies, to forgive me the sins and mistakes of the day, and to bless our home and all homes, then it is I think of my little nephew, thousands of miles away, and I pray that he may be kept from the evils of this present world, be so instructed and reared in the light of God's countenance, that he may reap the fair promise of his youth, that he may never taint his pure God-given breath with ardent spirits or tobacco, or yield to any other bad habit; but that fair and pure as now may he be found through all of life. I crave for him a beautiful life, a character good and grand. May he be strong in body and healthy in soul, and so be prepared to gain a good education, acquire knowledge,—that key to the universe,—and be fitted to enjoy all the good things that the children of God are heirs unto."

On January 24, 1886: "I preached a sermon to-day to parents on their duties to their children, as to the evils of the world, and the religious instruction and privileges they should give them. I feel that I did my duty, as I left no vice or wrong untouched. The tobacco users looked serious after meeting, and I was glad to see this. Would that the grace of God might get hold of them in such a manner as to unlock them from this bad habit. What an example to the world the Rechabites have been in living out their principles; having abstained from liquor and wine all these years, and numbering to-day 600,000. If they could live and flourish thus, what a testimony in favor of total abstinence! I feel a great interest for souls to-day; to gather them in, that the house may be full, and the whole building, fitly framed together, may grow unto a holy temple in the Lord.

"We have had a letter from Mrs. Loretta Foster of

Weare Centre, N. H., that dear soul friend of ours, who keeps up the Sunday school in her place, without pastor or other services, and who is so interested in all the affairs of the Church; and letters from those consecrated workers Mrs. Mary L. Draper and husband, of Boston.

“Mrs. Foster says: ‘How I wish I could see you, that we could sit down face to face and have a good talk. It was good to meet you at Brooklyn, to see you close to me and to hear you speak to me; to see you in the “holy place,” and to hear you speak in a sweet womanly way to the hundreds before you. And now I must tell you that I have been preaching a little, for I feel you will be glad to know it. Brother June, at Henniker, eight miles from here, wanted to be away the first Sunday in January, so he asked me to occupy his pulpit. I thought at first I could not do it, but excuses availed nothing. I wrote a sermon on the evidences of immortality, and did most of my thinking for it while I was about my housework. I have reason to believe the services were very kindly received. For myself I will say I felt peaceful and happy, and accepted that as evidence that it was right for me to do it. Now, when I visit you at Mansfield I will take that sermon along, and preach it for you. Oh! will not that be joyful?

“How often I think of those two days of the association at Marlboro, when you were pastor at West Swanzey. Blessed seasons of refreshing to the soul! Never, never can they be repeated this side, but in the beautiful home of rest and peace. Oh, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither can we imagine the good things in store for those that love the Lord.

“Good-night! Holy angels guard thy bed. May

the dear Lord bless you and mother with all needful blessings.

“ ‘ Ever yours,

“ ‘ LORETTA FOSTER.’

“ Dear Mrs. Draper says, writing to us both :

“ ‘ DEAR AND BELOVED FRIENDS :

“ ‘ Your loving letters, so full of the breathings of the Holy Spirit, found responsive echo in our souls, and made us glad for the Christian bond of love which unites us together—a bond which time or distance cannot sever. Add to this the blessed thought that this love and friendship will extend on and on in the heavenly home, and how can we be thankful enough for so great and glorious a faith? As you suggest, we can only express our gratitude in the lives we live, the deeds we perform. I do pray daily for more grace and wisdom, that my humble life may be an evidence of the power of our great faith; and trust in the teachings of our dear “ Lord and Master,” in His power to draw all souls unto Himself, in the final triumph of good over evil.’

“ Brother Draper in his letter says :

“ ‘ I have for many years believed that, to convert the world, women as well as men should enter the ministry. I deliberately took this ground in 1841—forty-five years ago. I thank you for what you say concerning my adopted son Charles. It certainly is a great joy to me in my declining years to see what he has done and is now doing for the cause of Christ. I had no doubt of his success in New York; I only feared his physical strength might fail. But thanks be to God, he is stronger now

than when he assumed charge of that large church and important field. I hope to meet you again, and have time to enjoy longer the society of you and yours. "In the home of the soul" we shall have ample time to enjoy the society of all the loved ones.

" 'Yours in Christian love,

" 'E. D. DRAPER.'

"What sweet good words these are, as well as all they wrote to us. They are of the salt of the earth, truly born Christians, and we dearly prize their friendship. Mr. and Mrs. Draper are noble foster parents to a noble son, Dr. Charles H. Eaton of New York City. Long may the son be spared to the great work allotted to him. He is a beautiful character. His parishioners in Palmer, Mass., said that if they had had the making of him they could not have wished him different in any particular."

On January 25, 1886: "We are getting ready to go and assist in the series of meetings at Springfield, and are praying for the overshadowing of the Spirit; yet we ask not to be too anxious, but to obey the word: 'Be still and know that I am God.' Mrs. E. R. Hanson's book has come—'Our Woman Workers. Biographical Sketches of Women Eminent in the Universalist Church, for Literary, Philanthropic, and Christian Work.' What an array of names is here presented—258 of them in all, and this, of course, does not cover them; for, as the author says, this would require a library of books, instead of one volume.

"At first mother attempted to read the work aloud to me, but choked so with emotion that she had to desist. I took it and said, 'Let me read to you, for I can keep from crying,' but after a little I was affected just the same and

had to stop. We concluded it was a book to read only by one's self, or only with the angels attending. Mrs. Whitney says the angels always attend the reading of the Scriptures; and, if so, why not other good books? Mrs. Hanson surely has conferred a lasting benefaction upon the denomination and the world in gathering up and giving to them all these beautiful sketches. What a thrill of pleasure passes through the soul to turn the pages of this book, and note the names and the faces of such distinguished and blessed women as these and others: Clara Barton, Henrietta A. Bingham, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Minnie S. Davis, Hattie T. Griswold, Charlotte A. Jerauld, Mary A. Livermore, Sarah C. Edgerton Mayo, Julia H. Scott, Caroline M. Sawyer, Caroline A. Soule, M. Louise Thomas, and Cordelia Quinby. No wonder the tears would fall as we read about them! What a legacy to the world their noble lives, gifts, and work! We take pride in them, as well as in all other true and noble ones, and rejoice to think how grandly women have come forward to assist in the world's uplifting and amelioration. Christ, their best friend, hath said, 'But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female'; and Paul hath declared, 'There is neither male nor female; for ye are all one, in Christ Jesus.' "

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THE WORK GOES ON; BUT THERE IS A LOOK AWAY.

THE series of meetings at Springfield, beginning January 26, was productive of much good. At the solicitation of Dr. Emerson of the *Christian Leader*, we thus, in part, wrote of them, for his paper:

"God was with us from the beginning to help and to bless. It was indeed interesting to watch the progress from first to last. The Spirit brooded over the people, struggling with their hearts and gaining ground from session to session, until there was that blending of the divine with the human which caused all to be of one accord, in one place, and the holy temple to arise, inhabited by God Himself. Many were led to make confession publicly for the first time, and received the great blessing promised by the Master. Many acknowledged their sins and their weaknesses, evincing a Godly sorrow, to work, we felt sure, repentance unto salvation.

"All seemed to bend in humility before God, desiring a better life. The climax was reached when one young girl, who had given her name for the church, and who is regarded by all who know her to be one of the best of earth, arose and said in low but clear and fervent accents: 'I want to be better.' Tears were in the eyes of even the strongest, and I think they said, If this young girl wants to be better, it is high time we were giving our hearts to God, to serve Him with our whole being. People of other

denominations attended to enjoy our services and to take a sincere part with us. A Methodist man, assisting in the choir, said he had been born again, from the blessed influences he had received.

“ Brother Eggleston and I together gave seven sermons, and we also had six prayer and conference meetings. Six persons were added to the Church, two more pledged, and a larger number evidently on the way, and a firm conviction possessing all that our churches are to multiply even as those of old, through the joy and comfort of the Holy Spirit. Our friends here have a church beautifully situated, facing Mount Pisgah. They are an earnest, warm-hearted, and zealous people. May God bless them with more of His truth and His power, to which shall be added all other things. We came away feeling that we had been on a pilgrimage to the Lord, and had found Him.”

Brother Eggleston insisted that I should remain and fill his appointments the following Sunday, which I did, he going to Mansfield to take up mine; thus we had further opportunity here to dispense the Word and to visit the people in their homes. When we left them they hardly wanted to say good-by,—the Pattersons, Braces, and others,—for they said: “ We shall want you to come again in a month.” The good Spirit seemed to overcome everything at this meeting, even to the traveling, about the worst imaginable, for the farmers hardly knew whether to go to church in wagons, cutters, or boats. Oh! the good Spirit, when it once gets into the heart, how lively and beneficent are its ministrations! Just as love with young people, it surmounts all obstacles!

On February 13, 1886: “ I find, on looking over the church book, that since I came here, four years and three

months ago, our society has raised, all told, \$4,847, and that out of this for mission purposes we have sent to the General and State conventions and the Woman's Centenary Association, in all, \$337.91. A good showing, we think, for our little new band, and one which we trust indicates good spiritual life, and justifies the conventions in their determination to aid us, at least until our church property is paid for. Dr. Demarest, the secretary of our General Convention, says that we have raised during the past year money enough to make the per capita, throughout the whole denomination, twenty-six dollars; and this, methinks, is a grand showing, and one that should encourage us all; but, of course, we want to do better, and must.

"I have found the following in my reading to day: 'I believe in a free God who can accomplish what He undertakes. He would not be free if He could not accomplish what He wishes to, with Infinite resources at His command. Man is His workmanship—created in His image. It is His will that this image should be brought out in beauty and made to triumph over all deformity—to become beautiful. What would we have thought of Michelangelo had he stopped halfway in his works of art and had had no power, though he had the will, to finish them? Had such been the case, we should have had no Michelangelo. Such being the case with God, the Creator and the Father, as to His children, His workmanship, we should not have a free God; we should not have had a God, for God is not God in part but in whole, as He is all-powerful and infinite; as He is to overcome all evil with good; as He is to perfect His workmanship and become all in all.

"Of course the two cases are not just alike, for man

has a soul and a will, while the marble has not; but the ultimate perfection of man's will is to submit to the strokes of the Master's touch. We are "created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them." A whole God must be or can only be represented by a whole work. Christ was known by His works, so God is known by His works. As marble had no voice in its formation, so man had none in his creation; but he was placed here, with an infinite destiny, and given a will whose ultimate is in the divine. For this was he created, and God will see that it is accomplished, and if for one, for all men. He is no respecter of persons, but loves all of His children alike. David said, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me," and would that all men at once might take up the cry and work with God towards this end. Oh, glorious and happy thought! We have a free God, who will accomplish His purposes, "Who doeth His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand or say, What doest Thou?" "

"How hopeful I have felt to-day for our cause, that of the great salvation through Jesus Christ; for I count not only on those who are present in the body with us, but on the whole great innumerable company of spirits above. I fully believe that all who have crossed the river have found our faith to be true, and that they are with us, which is one reason why we are so wonderfully upborne and sustained at times; as if a mighty influence was comforting us and bearing us on to victory; and then I count on generations yet unborn to do yeoman's service for the glory of the faith. Henry Ward Beecher said: 'It was glory enough for one church to have been the leaven affecting all the other folds,' meaning our Church; but this is

not enough, we want to become more vital ourselves, and give the full comfort and power of our faith to thousands where we do hundreds now. 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature': this is the cry, and this is the spirit we should have."

On March 14, 1886: "I attended our W. C. T. U. meeting to-day. It was under the Narcotic Department, and a lively one. As I have rested and mused to-night these thoughts have passed through my mind: A man looks a good ways from a child of God when he has a pipe or cigar in his mouth. Man is made in the image of God, but with that appendage he appears more as if made in the image of the lower creation. A little girl in Cincinnati, on seeing for the first time a man with a meerschau pipe in his mouth, said to her papa: 'What kind of an animal is that?' Once, when riding on the cars, I saw a man come in with a bunch of water lilies in his hand, held aloft, but in his mouth was a cigar, and I said: 'But a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' What would a man think if he saw a woman puffing a cigar? He would see that such a habit in a woman was demoralizing, weakening, and expensive. He would not wish his wife to so conduct herself, to set such an example for his children, and to produce this extra and unnecessary family expense. Certainly it is just as reasonable and proper for a woman to smoke as a man, and it looks just as bad to a woman to see a man smoke or chew as it does to a man to see a woman do so. She can never get used to such a habit, simply because you cannot make wrong right.

"So, men and brethren, awake, arise, look upon your ideal and part company with this bad habit. Couple your will with God's will, and be ye lifted up, above all that

would pull down and disgrace. And, young men and boys, shun not only the liquor, but also the tobacco habit, assured that they will, like venomous reptiles, claim the heart of you with their poisonous effects."

On April 18, 1886: "How full of praise my heart is to-night, for eight persons have given me their names for church membership, and among them three men, strong characters, fathers of families and husbands of dear women already in the church. Their progress towards this result has been interesting to note; their slow but sure growth in belief, and their persistent efforts for better life at home and elsewhere. They, with the three young people who are coming from the Sunday school, will indeed be welcome, for we wish to fill the house with those who are looking heavenward for the better way of life.

"I had a funeral to attend on the 15th, in the large Methodist Episcopal Church at Mainsburg, that of Mrs. Montgomery, daughter of Aunt Becky Rumsey. How soon she has followed her dear mother! Her husband came down for me, and said she had gone triumphantly, and wanted me to speak upon the 23d Psalm at the service. Her faith was made perfect in love, and the light of heaven shone in her countenance. While ill she had often repeated the 23d Psalm, and with her own hands had presented Bibles to each of her children, in which she had made pencil marks around this psalm, which she loved so much. She told them she was only going on a little journey to see grandma, and they would learn in their Bibles the way to come to her. She asked that they, with other children, might go to the woods and gather wild flowers to place upon her and over her coffin. The Lord was her Shepherd, and she did not want. Blessed in her life, she was

more than blessed in her death. The church was filled with sympathizing friends, and the coffin, covered with the sweet 'May flowers,' spoke volumes for that Gospel which giveth cheer and overcometh even death and the grave."

On April 26, 1886: "Yesterday was Easter. We had a glorious meeting, as usual, and not only the eight persons came, but one more, a young lady from Holidaytown, long a believer, who felt her time had come to make open confession. We had a full prayer meeting in the evening, and some of the new members testified to their great joy and their earnest desire to live the real Christian life: Brother P., one of them, said it had been the happiest day of his life; and his wife told me to-day that he went home after the meeting and gave them all a holy kiss, and said the same to them. And so the good work goes on, and we are happy, happy indeed!"

On May 23, 1886: "We had great cause for rejoicing to-day, for the last indebtedness on our church property has been paid, and we now own entire the building and the lot; praise be to God! How different the condition! Whereas before we felt as if tethered or anchored to something we could not get away from, now we are free, can go forth into other and all work as it shall come for us to do. Congratulations and remarks were given by pastor and people, and each praised the other for what they had done. By death and removal several of our pledges failed us, so mother and I have performed quite a part in soliciting these last funds, some of which the W. C. A. most kindly granted us through our vice president, that most efficient worker, Mrs. Mary B. Mason of Philadelphia. We got a little help from J. B. P. of Washington, with a letter in which he says: 'I cheerfully respond,

and herewith remit amount suggested. I warmly congratulate you upon the splendid results of your heroic labors. You have been permitted to see of the "travail of your soul," and yet I trust you are not satisfied. You will go on and on, and faint not, so long as life and health shall be vouchsafed, and I shall hope and expect your labors will be crowned with still greater success in the years that are to come.'

"The faithful members living who have given so generously during these years, may they have ample reward, and may those in heaven look down upon the crowning of their labors with joy unspeakable and full of gladness."

On June 12, 1886: "I returned this week from our State Convention; it was a great and good meeting, but somehow my head has felt oppressed and my heart not quite so refreshed as I could wish; and the question comes home, Do we as yet always have the spiritual feasts we ought to, at these annual gatherings? Is there not sometimes almost too much feeding of the intellect at the expense of the soul and heart? But how easily this could be remedied, and it will be as time moves on and our spiritual life is increased."

On June 17, 1886: "Pleasant little episode! Raised money with which to buy a cow for one of our members who had lost one by death. We got just thirty dollars more than was necessary, but the money was very acceptable, as well as the fine cow. Afterward a daughter of the family came to see me, and, putting her arms around my neck, said, 'Oh, we are so thankful for that nice bossy!'"

On July 7, 1886: "Answer to prayer—a pouring rain in a great drouth. The night before I opened to Psalm lxxviii. and read, 'Behold he smote the rock and the

waters gushed out.' Prayed for rain; a sweet angel met me and said, 'It will rain.' How delightful is the world of spirit!"

On July 27, 1886: "Children's Day. Three children dedicated and three adults taken into the Church. These latter strong characters, but seemed completely humbled when kneeling for baptism."

On July 11, 1886: "On Sunday evening, before our prayer meeting, I called the people together, and tried to make known to them our resolve to leave them at the end of the year, but had a very hard time of it. Sister D. sobbed audibly, as soon as I mentioned the subject. Sister W. wept continually, and all seemed so utterly sad that I was obliged to leave the room and cry it out alone. What a tempest there was in my bosom! How it will end, I know not; but it will all be well if I obey the leadings of the Spirit. I talked to the dear ones something like this: 'For some time I have had it in my mind to resign the pastorate here, but not having had the courage of my convictions, I have kept quiet until now. My reluctance to speak has been in part, I think, from my strong clinging to you and the work with which I have been so closely identified for nearly five years, having been your only pastor since the organization of the church. I know that I am not so strong as before my illness last year, and I fear I cannot do for you in the future as in the past, and it may be for your good as well as my own that I leave the field for another to come, stronger and better furnished for the work; and thus I will say it is now my determination to go from you at the end of my year, or in about three months. I do not desire to hand in a formal resignation for you to vote upon, as a test it might be of your feelings toward me and mine; for I have seen no indication

whatever that anyone in the church, or out of it, wishes us to go, or that anyone in any way is working against us. I am not at all discouraged about the work, but very hopeful; and have thus called you together that I might make known to you our plans, that we might confer with one another as to the good of all things connected with our Zion.

“I see nothing in the way of your now raising at least a five-hundred-dollar salary without the aid of the convention, as we are out of debt, and fairly prosperous financially. I would advise more frequent meetings of the trustees, and a more vigorous prosecution of the envelope system.”

On September 7, 1886: “I believe that sermons should be of the ‘sunburst’ pattern, gradually rising from the first. I heard such a one in Cincinnati from a minister from the far West. Though celebrated, I have forgotten his name. When the sermon ended you sat so much in glory you could not move at first. He had the way of so preparing his sermon that it steadily increased in power and interest, until, at the last, it burst forth as the full sun in the heaven shedding glory all around. I had never before heard anything like it, and I was astonished and wanted to ask him how he did it, but ‘dassent,’ as he was a stranger. Nevertheless, it stayed by me, and I’ve been trying ever since to get the way or the method.

“How different some sermons are from the one I have mentioned, suffering eclipse perhaps at the end, and being so dark in places that the light hardly gets through, making you feel that you would like to put some little ‘gimlet holes in it, to let the glory through.’ I think we have our best thoughts when we are about our work or out in the busy world in contact with our fellow-men, and this re-

minds me of our Saviour's words, 'I pray not that thou shouldst take them from the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.' "

On October 3, 1886: "A strange man, blind and poor, came into our meetings to-day, and said it was the happiest day of his life, and that he wanted to join our church."

On October 10, 1886: "Communion. Good congregation and a large number at the prayer meeting. Students from the Normal were present, also the blind man. I talked about the chiseling of the intellect and the Spirit upon the character, and also about a blind woman I used to visit at St. Mary's Hospital, Cincinnati, who would say to me after I had read in the Bible to her, 'I do see; I have the sight by which the angels see'; and of another blind colored woman I found in a dark basement in that same city, who, although she could not see objects, said light was constantly before her, and often great flakes or snow storms of light seemed to be falling around her, and for this she was very thankful. Oh, the compensation—down in that dark basement, sightless, and yet her soul all light and sweetness! After the meeting the friends rallied around me, and gave united expression of the benefit to them of my preaching and of our work generally, and to say that no one else could please them so well."

On October 17, 1886: "We held temperance exercises in the church to-day in compliance with the request of the W. C. T. U. I gave an address, and the children recited temperance pieces, and we all sang from Anna Gordon's 'Temperance Marching Songs.' We own these, and have already learned a goodly number of them. What good pieces they contain, and when I play them over the

tears come that we must work up through these little ones to affect parents and grown men."

On October 24, 1886: "I preached this morning on 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life,' and I gave the sermon with profound feelings, thinking my time may be short with the dear ones. Two of our brothers in the choir said that they were born again while listening, and in the evening meeting a very deep spirit rested over all."

On October 31, 1886: "I gave a sermon to young ladies, and a great flock of girls, with their teacher, came from the State Normal School. I endeavored to do my best, God helping me, and received many kind expressions after service. I am now making a stir to have horse sheds put on the back of our lot, before I may leave the dear field to another's care. I have written to our faithful W. C. A., and they will double all the membership fees I may secure, and allow us to keep the fees also as they have done before. I already have fourteen names, and that means twenty-eight dollars for us to start with."

On November 7, 1886: "I gave a sermon to young men, and the principal of the Normal School and a large number of his young men students were present, for I had sent them a written invitation as I had done the week before to the girls. Our own young people occupied the front seats. All was quiet, and I had an earnest and dignified hearing from the large congregation. Such occasions seem like harvest ones, as the young heart is tender and impressionable. Would that we had more of them!

"After the Sunday school, when most of our people from country and village were present, a unanimous vote was given for me to remain another year. Remarks were made which were very encouraging, and earnest promises

given that they would smooth my way if I would only remain.

"I humbly bowed to their will, trusting that it was the Father's also. All seemed so happy, and some of the children put their names down on the subscription paper. The horse-shed project is assured, Brother Hagar offering to give one thousand feet of lumber, and all the men their services upon the work. We are to give a dinner next week to feed the workers and to help on the costs. I wonder if the horses mistrust what we are doing for them. Not long ago I gave a sermon on animals and our duties toward them. I don't know how others took it, but mother was greatly affected, and said it was a good Gospel sermon, and I felt very much blessed and refreshed by attending to this duty."

On November 11, 1886: "I sent off to-day the remaining five dollars which I had promised to the State Convention; I have now quite a sum in this 'Life and Glory Fund' of the State, and wish I had more, for it will go on doing good long after I have gone from earth. These thoughts came to me to-day: We can be perfectly happy in this world if we can't have everything to please us, especially if we believe in the everlasting love of God, which is finally to overcome all evil. 'Love not pleasure, love God; this is the everlasting yea, wherein whoso walks and works—it is well with him.' These I consider almost the greatest words outside the Holy Book, and I wish I could live them more."

On November 22, 1886: "Dear old Father T. C. came down from his country home to-day, and brought us ten dollars on his subscription, and was very happy at the prosperity of the church, and because we are to remain. Yesterday I preached on 'The Joyful Sound' of the Gos-

pel, and had a deep experience of eternal life, and I could feel the love-germ in the souls of all present, which is, through Christ, to triumph at last over all the life deformity and sin. The sky and the pleasant hills outside rejoiced, and heaven was near! Sister H. has been in to-day to say that the sermon yesterday got hold of her as none other ever has, and that she awoke in the night, and enjoyed a long talk with me, such as she could not have had in the daytime."

On November 28, 1886: "I preached on the mother-love as typical of God's love, and was sure that the eternal father- and mother-love of God, which can ne'er forget its own, and all belong to it, is that alone upon which we can stand, as the rock Christ Jesus. The woman teacher from the Normal School seemed much affected. She has lost her mother, and I pity her, as well as all who are motherless, no matter how old they are themselves. She has spoken to me of some of the students of our faith at the Normal School. Mentioned Minnie B. as of such strong, good mind, and young Mr. Bullard as a model young man in all respects, and this has done my heart good. The ladies of the Church of the Messiah of Philadelphia have sent me a very pretty and warm hand-made skirt, which will be so useful, and my sister some beautiful lace and expensive handkerchiefs. How good God is to us!

"We feel very sorry for our neighbor who has lost her young daughter, and who went away feeling in doubt as to where she would go, and fearing that she might be separated from her mother for ever and ever. Not long before the fatal illness, she had attended revival meetings which had clouded her mind and produced melancholy. The mother is in deep affliction, and has said to us: 'Oh, if I

could only have comforted my child with such perfect faith as you have in regard to God's eternal goodness and love for His children, how happy I should be! but I did the best I could, telling her God had been good to us here, and surely we might suppose He would be good to us in the life above, and that He would not separate us, but allow us to keep together.' "

On November 30, 1886: " A little black-bordered note was sent in to-day from the sorrowing mother, addressed to my mother, and reading thus:

" ' MY DEAR FRIEND:

" ' You spoke of a little book of comfort the other night. Would you lend it to me for a few days? I feel so much in need of words of comfort—help to look beyond this cloud of darkness. Perhaps you may have something else that a mother's heart can lean upon. I have felt so many times that a visit with you would bring me relief, and may I not hope to see you some day, when you feel like performing a deed of charity? Can a mother ever be reconciled to the loss of a child? I feel that you can answer me, "having passed under the rod." I shall be very thankful for anything you can send me to read upon the subject. I hope I am not giving you too much trouble.

" ' Sincerely yours,'

" ' _____,'

" We sent by the bearer of the note Dr. T. J. Thayer's 'Over the River,' Dr. Quinby's 'Heaven Our Home,' and Miss Phelps' 'Beyond the Gates,' and word that mother would soon come over to her house. Would that we could just pour the consolations of the real Gospel of

Christ into all sorrowing hearts! but the light must come little by little, perhaps, until all see God as He is, unchanging, in mercy and love, throughout all His purposes and dispensations and for ever and ever.

"How denominational I am growing! At leisure and at work, I can feel my spirit flying out to our general Church, beating around and touching her interests here and there, like a fluttering bird, so anxious am I that she shall throw off every incumbrance and move majestically and rapidly forward as befits her high calling. But what can I do?

"I can go and work me harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud clear word
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet,
To take this thing, so dear, so sweet.'

"Some time, if not here, in God's eternity, we shall be permitted to take the sweetest of all treasures, the knowledge that God is all in all, that He has blessed with His holiness and His happiness the entire family of mankind, that He has so situated and affected all souls that all have surely and sweetly through Jesus Christ yielded their will unto His own, and so all have become purified and blessed. And will not a great change come to us all at death, in our state and surroundings, when we are all spirit, and in the spirit world? and will not this change lead everyone to exclaim, 'Oh, Lord be merciful to me a sinner!' and will not this change make a great beginning for all, and especially the hardest and most obdurate? The Lord is merciful and His mercy endureth forever! I have sent off to-day the five dollars I pledged to the W. C. A. for its permanent fund. I do not get a new hat, bonnet, or dress this year, so I can give more to the loved causes."

On December 14, 1886: "We have called on the be-

reaved mother, and find the books we loaned her are giving her great consolation. She says if the Lord from heaven had dropped them down at her side, they could not have been more welcome. She wants to buy 'Over the River,' so she can loan it to other afflicted ones.

"We have formed a Young People's Aid Society, to interest them more, and to make them feel that they especially have a work to do in helping sustain and move forward the Church.

"The men are at work upon the horse-sheds. The sound of the hammer and the chisel reaches us and, as we see the frame going up, a new resurrection seems to take place in our hearts. How much there is in everything! The crayon professor at the Normal School called to-day. I gave him some extra cardboard I had, and he took one of my pictures away to copy. We had a nice little art visit, and after he left I felt as if a bright fresh dash of paint had been put across the old picture of my life.

"I had to go to the railroad station this afternoon, and into the men's waiting room, and what an atmosphere such a place has! Though permeated with tobacco, yet under and over and through all this is the odor and influence of the beginnings and ends of things, for here, above all other spots, is where people come and go and where they begin and end their journeys!"

CHAPTER XIV.

CLOSING WORK FOR OUR BELOVED CHURCH AND VICINITY.

IN my diary under date of December 21, 1886, I find: "By request I preached last Sunday on the justice of God, a real argumentative sermon. Some were present who were not of our persuasion, and from these I felt the bristles rising, but called on God and kept above them. 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' (Genesis xviii. 25). Oh, yes! He does do right, and will forevermore, and by everyone. Righteousness and justice are rendered in all cases from the same word in the original, and God out of His righteousness and mercy will render to every man according unto his works. 'Verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth,' and He says, 'I am the Lord, that exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth,' and He hath taught us 'Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them,' but 'There is no peace to the wicked.' 'To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.' 'We must all be made manifest before the judgment seat of Christ, that each one may receive through the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' 'Behold the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth; much more the wicked and the sinner,' and Christ hath said, 'Now is the day of judgment.'

"Can we not see the close connection here between the acts performed and the rewarding of virtue and the pun-

ishing of vice? and with the understanding, are we not led to love virtue for its own sake and to shun vice for its own evil effects—the mutilation and losing of character and life, which it brings? But the punishments of God are remedial in their nature and office, and they will continue in force in this life and the life to come, until their work shall have been finished. In eternity, as the unrepentant appear before the Father, He will show them their lives as He has seen them, and remorse, repentance, and reformation will surely follow. Our Father-God would not be just unless He can and will save all, at last, for He created His children, and placed them in this world without any volition of their own, knowing that they would sin, and that many would leave the world in unrepentant state. No other view can justify Him in creation, than that which makes His purpose one of redemption in the case of every child.

“Christ came into this world to set up His spiritual kingdom in the hearts of the children of men, and by this shall they be judged in righteousness and with equity. He lived to show us the way of life; He died for us to show us the great love of the Father, and He said that by the Cross He would draw all men to Him, and then His day and rule would cease, and He would give all up to the Father, that He might become all in all. This plan, which is God’s plan, honors Him and glorifies Him, His nature of love and His perfect justice, flowing from that love; while an opposite plan would disgrace and render Him cruel and unfatherly. ‘God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.’ We love Him, because He first loved us, and always will love us; because He is impartial and unchangeable. ‘The invisible things of Him, from the

creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood, by the things that are made, even His eternal power and God-head.' Behold Him, the Father-God, in all the wonderful works of His hands, in the wonderful mission of the precious Christ and of all the dear ones following Him and truth; in the wonderful judgments and punishments that have come upon men, and are still pressing them hard for the right; and see that His work is going on.

"Could our Father and our Saviour be loving and just without effecting the salvation of everyone? Could God, 'who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust, and whose mercy endureth forever,' place any of us where we must certainly grow worse through all eternity, and have our punishments proportionately increased, and all to no purpose of good whatever? Oh, no! He could not, praise be to His name! but He must spontaneously seek, find, and cleanse until all are brought into the fold. Jesus the Great Shepherd goes after the lambs and the sheep, while lambs and sheep are astray, and He will not give up His pursuit so long as even one is desolate and unfound. Does all this 'cut the nerve of missions'? No! a thousand times no! but fires the soul to be just and loving too—to leave all, if need be, and join in the hunt and the redeeming work; to 'do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God.'

"How fine the spirit and the insight of the Psalmist's words, 'Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice and sing praise.' 'Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for He cometh to judge the earth; with righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.' Let us rejoice whenever our days of judgment come, days of greatest love, when we are found

and brought back to truth and righteousness. Let us rejoice when others are found, and pray the Lord that we may do much of this saving work in His name. That we have our free moral agency, let us rejoice; for this is just, even though it may lead us to err and sin, for stronger and happier we shall be through all eternity to have worked out our own salvation with fear and with trembling.

“Last Sunday night young Brother Bullard, a student at the Normal School, took a spoken part with us for the first time at our prayer meeting. He said he thought that the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the religious faith taught in the home made a great difference as to whether the love of God was there or not, and that he had great reason for gratitude to God that he had been taught those doctrines in his youth which honored Him and excited love and not fear in his heart. He was sorry, he said, that he had so long neglected giving in his testimony. He is the son of a minister of much note in this section, Rev. W. Bullard, who rendered great aid to the cause in a doctrinal way in a somewhat earlier time, and he seems in all respects a truly promising and Christian young man; one to stake your hopes upon for the good of the future. We all like him greatly, and are much pleased with his constant attendance at church and Bible class. I have invited him to come here, that I may have a talk with him about joining the Church.

“I have in mind a series of meetings, and my plan is to send for the State missionary, Rev. H. W. Hand, and our chief evangelical singer, Rev. Stanford Mitchell. The young people’s social passed off nicely, and I was pleased that at the beginning of their program they had Scripture reading. Our sheds are getting along, but

weather severe, and we feel sorry for the men. I never was so interested in horse sheds before."

On Saturday, December 25: "Horse sheds all done. I've been out and stood in each stall, and said 'Merry Christmas' to them. I imagined myself a horse, and thought I should like them. What a flutteration of joyous busy life there is all about us, though we do not have a tree this year, on account of saving our money for the great singer, whom we hope to have here. The giving and receiving of presents seem to go on just the same, and I made up a little bundle of them to send over to a tree at Holidaytown. If we should try, we could not expunge from our hearts this blessed spirit, at this most blessed season of the year. Just as I was buying two handkerchiefs in a store to give away, a friend stepped up and bought two for us. A pretty and pleasant coincidence."

On Sunday the 26th, 1886: "Another glorious Christmas meeting in the church, and great the opportunity and the blessing once more! It seemed the best we had ever enjoyed. I said to myself to-day: 'I would like to write, if I could, a little book through which Christ would walk, from beginning to end, read it whichever way you might, forward or backward.' Ex-Governor Dingley of Maine has said, 'I don't see how any badness can survive finally, because evil is friction, and friction is dissolution.' What a tribute to God's plan, and to the dignity and worth of human nature!

On Sunday, January 2, 1887: "I went out this afternoon and preached on 'The Prodigal Son,' in a little schoolhouse at Frost Settlement, five miles away. A part of our Gospel Band went also, and we had a beautiful ride in our warm wraps, over the hills and through the vales, with the great white rolling clouds in the blue sky

above us. We hardly knew where to look, above or beneath, so much of joy and beauty was everywhere in the scene. We found the schoolhouse trimmed with the Christmas evergreen, and a large picture of Christ over the door. I spoke a long time, but felt as fresh as a rose, and all were still and attentive. One young man had his mouth wide open.

"They were mostly strangers to me, but when I said, 'The object of preaching is not to keep people out of hell, but hell out of the people,' they all laughed, and then we felt acquainted. I verily believe that people brought up on the partialist doctrines do not generally take much stock in the awful place of damning and damnable woe; for, as Dr. Holland said, 'Human nature is stronger than theology,' and it oftentimes speaks louder than man, because the still small voice of God speaks to it, and tells it, God is love, and love is manifest in all His character and works, and greater love than that of man or than man can conceive of; and then the easy laugh on the subject of hell speaks loudly in favor of the strength of human nature. They told me after the service that a man here, thought to be an unbeliever, never having shown any interest in religious things, was at the meeting, and said he would double all the rest would raise if I would come and preach once a month to them. I do hope the arrangement can be made, and that I will have strength to go. Oh, good Lord, I would that I had perfect health, such as thou desirest for all of thy children, that I could do more for thy cause and for the Master!"

On January 4, 1887: "To-day we held the annual meeting in the vestry of the church. Money raised, all told, \$1,058.23. Our church collections have been \$40.50; Ladies' Aid Society has brought in \$77.48; we have sent

to the General Convention \$15.00; to the State, from our missionary boxes, \$22.62; and to the publishing house, from our Sunday school, \$32.16. A good financial record for our little band! Our horse sheds cost us, in money, \$62.65, and this is all paid. We are free from debt, thank God and the good friends!

"By a unanimous vote we decided to hold a series of meetings next month, with Brothers Hand and Mitchell here, and so started a subscription paper. We collected a good sum, which we will hold as a reserve fund, so in case our collections at the time should prove insufficient, we would have this fund to draw on. Some were a little fearful about the expense of having Stanford Mitchell, but I told them I was sure we would draw more people on his account, and thus get more money; and then we would have enough more good done by his presence to warrant us in the venture. I am so glad this is settled, and I shall work and pray until the great time arrives.

"I have always noticed that it takes very little persuading on my part, and generally not any, for our plans to be accepted by the people. They know we go to God in prayer for all these things, and that we have carefully thought them out before we speak of them; though, of course, we many times confer with the friends in private, before the public word is given or suggestion made. There is dear Sister Davis: I often go to her and others in these matters, and find such hearty sympathy and encouragement in all spiritual and material undertakings. Never a better church, or one more harmonious and trusting.

"Last week mother and I each had the present of a dress-pattern, from Father and Mother Bateman Monroe, church members, but now removed to Hornellsville, N. Y.

We are reminded of the time when they were here last to attend a two-days' meeting, and he talked so sweetly in an open service, telling us of a little parrot hung at the doorway where he had been, which kept saying to all 'Come in.' 'And now,' said he, 'there is a little bird here in this church which is saying all the time "Come in, come in," and the beautiful Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, hovering o'er us, is saying "Come in, come in"; and oh, will all not heed these voices and come!'

On January 15, 1887: "An invitation comes to me to go and assist in a series of meetings at Westfield, where, in March, 1883, I preached the first Universalist sermon that had been given there in twenty years, and had a most excellent time with the few of the faithful. The State missionary, Rev. H. W. Hand, and wife, and Rev. Stanford Mitchell and others, will be there, for the former parties are now working in this section. Brother Hand writes that he especially wants the services of mother and me, as he desires 'to work up a membership and organize a church.' We are more than happy at the thought of going, and somehow feel that great good will be done there."

On February 5, 1887: "Mother and I returned home this noon from Westfield. The meetings were held for nine days, at first in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and then in a large opera house. The singing by Mr. Mitchell was of a high order, and great and tender in its influence. There were other singers, chief among whom were Brother Hand and wife, who rendered valuable service. That sparkling, life-giving song-book, 'The Beautiful Songs,' by S. W. Straub & Co., was used, and all felt the power of the selections. The preaching from Brother Hand and the others seemed wisely planned, con-

scientiously and fervently done, and went grandly on from the beginning.

"The prayer and testimony meetings grew in interest and spirit, and between times we engaged in house-to-house visitation to talk with individuals as to their high duties. The impression deepened that we were nearing a harvest of souls, and we were not disappointed. On the second Wednesday of the meeting Brother Hand organized a church, receiving nine members into its fellowship. It was a great occasion, and a great religious victory, and especially to know of the change that had taken place in some of the hearts of these candidates during the services, that whereas before they had been estranged from certain others, now they were reunited and forgiveness been asked and received on both sides. Ah, the Spirit, how much it will do for the human heart, when freely allowed its way and influence!

"It fell to my lot to give the sermon, wished to be of particular influence in constraining hearts to yield to the Lord in profession of His name; and in point of time very near to the climax of the work; and I must say that great joy and upliftment of soul was mine; so that I was in a peculiarly sensitive and appreciative mood—for the service of baptism. The missionary, powerful in frame and endued with the Spirit, stood forth upon the platform in apostolic manner, and as he came to a feeble and elderly saint, Sister Close, seated upon a rough box,—taken from the rubbish of the place,—and laid his hand upon her head, saying, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit,' I had one of the most blessed experiences of my lifetime. I caught a glimpse of the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove, just above the old lady's head. Oh! how beautiful the scene

—the saint-like face, so sweet, pure, and benignant, and the glint of the ethereal wings around it. In a moment the appearance had gone, but the impression was to forever remain. I know I saw it; that it was not imaginary, but a reality; and I have since believed that God's Holy Spirit readily assumes this shape, and sometimes can be witnessed by His children, as it was seen descending upon the head of the Saviour, with its grand accompanying voice from heaven. Very choice and great the circumstances had been with me leading up to this spiritual vision: the grand, the heaven-touched singing of Mr. Mitchell, all the real earnest and successful work that had been done, and then the simple surroundings, and the pure, guileless, sublimated life of the dear old saint, I think, had something to do with it. But I did not reason about it at the time; only accepted it, and blessed God for it. Thus the work in His name at this meeting was prospered, and was a most favorable commentary on the plan of having a State missionary, not only for our State, but every State in the Union, whose duty it should be to look after dormant societies, strengthen the weak ones, encourage the strong ones, and also to establish new ones.

“We shall be very busy from now until the 18th, when our meetings are to begin here. Oh! the cleaning, the sweeping, and the dusting, both in church and parsonage, for my conscience will never allow me to let these things go; and then I must write at least fifty cards and letters to stir up all the vicinity. A lady said to me once who was in at a series of meetings: ‘Your church is the cleanest in town, and we know we shall always find good air here.’ I tell you these things do make a difference, even in a religious meeting. How much brighter everything is, and how much better start you can get where all is clean and

freshly aired. This is one of my strong points; I always air every place I have anything to do with, before and after a meeting, and find it helps wonderfully."

On February 13, 1887: "We are going to hold a prayer meeting every night in the vestry until our meetings begin. We want to be in right order ourselves, and have the missionaries and all the vicinity the same. We want the windows of heaven opened upon us, and a great blessing poured out. How we anticipate this meeting, and how hopeful and happy we feel about it! With such good workers as we are to have, coupled with God's help, it must be a success! I feel a new power resting upon myself. Went to see a sick woman the other day, who was in great pain; I said, 'Let me lay my hand upon you.' While I did so, and prayed to God, the pain left her, not to return. We could all have more power this way, I believe, if we had faith to ask for it and to exercise it."

On February 14, 1887: "Young Brother Bullard has been down to talk with me about joining the Church. He says his head is all right, but somehow he does not feel in his heart just as he wants to before taking this step. I could see that he needs more of the quickening power from on high, so I did not urge him, badly as I wanted his name. I said, 'Your belief seems clear and strong, and as for your heart wait until our especial services, and then attend them; and in the meantime pray to your Heavenly Father for help.'"

On February 26, 1887: "Our meetings are over and gone, and their praises have become articulate in all hearts. A mighty wave of life and love has taken us in its embrace, and the church rejoices in twenty new souls added to its membership. The first night the missionary preached a telling and eloquent sermon on the Fatherhood of God

and its everlasting nature for all of His children. A spirit of blessing passed over the entire assembly, and the 'sorrowing mother' present greatly rejoiced. His own singing, with that of his wife's, seemed as bright and cheery as that of the birds, and our own good choir came in for helpful service. Our chief denominational singer, coming later, sang up to God and Christ, and brought in return Heaven's choicest treasures and 'cordials.' The night he arrived he said he felt that a spiritual preparation had been made with us for the meetings and that the very atmosphere of the church was ripe for his efforts, and that he was greatly pleased and helped thereby.

"At five of the services members were received into the church, and on Sunday there was a fine ingathering, young Brother Bullard being among them; also a good brother and helper from a neighboring town, long a believer, but who would not allow himself to join a church while he was in the hotel business and kept a bar. On Sunday night Brother Mitchell preached, for he is a powerful preacher as well as a fine and highly cultivated singer, and the house would not hold nearly all who came. His sermon was as a bulwark of truth for the glorious faith once delivered unto the saints, and made a great impression. Monday afternoon the exercises were devoted to the children, and at their close six of their number were confirmed. A real baptism of the Holy Spirit was felt, and beautiful tear-jewels glistened in the eyes of the young candidates before me.

"At the last prayer and conference meeting, Father Ripley became unusually exercised and eloquent, using a figure which was very effectual upon his hearers. He spoke of those not given at all to the higher things of life, as riding along, day by day, in an old truck-wagon, so low

that their feet, hanging down, became all soiled and mud-bespattered. 'But,' said he, 'the glorious Gospel chariot has come to us in these meetings, and there is an invitation for all to climb up from the low riding into the high, and to sit with the very King of souls, above all the dirt and mud of earth. Oh! may all who have been riding low come now into the Gospel chariot of God's love and truth!' No sooner had he sat down than a brother arose and said he had been riding all his life in that low truck-wagon, but now he wanted to get off and join God's company, and be pure and right, and 'I want to go forward to the altar and ask God to forgive me for remaining away from Him so long.' I went forward with him, and we both kneeled before the altar, and both offered our petitions to God; and I never heard a more humble and repentant prayer than came forth from the heart and lips of this brother. All present were affected, and great freedom rested upon all. They spake as the Spirit moved them after this, and some with new tongues. We had prayed in our preparatory meetings for such a blessing, and felt that our prayers had been answered. A couple having long entertained our faith, and only of late in this section, came down from the hills and humbly kneeled for baptism with others.

"As Brother Mitchell had to leave before the meeting was over, we sent for Brother Eggleston of Troy to come and assist during the latter part, and he did well for us, not only by his preaching but singing. We were blessed with beautiful music all the way through, which added greatly to the interest of our meetings. Our expenses were entirely covered by our collections and subscriptions, justifying the course we had pursued. Brother Hand, in his report of work to the *Leader*, speaks very kindly of

us, our parishioners, and our meetings. He says, 'Here we have a parish but a few years of age that has won the high honor of being as a whole the most thoroughly devout parish in our State. Rev. Miss Bailey has molded the inner life of her people, till they follow her as she follows the Master. Here out of the abundance of hearts of consecration they speak freely, guided by the Holy Spirit. The conference meetings of our series were such as would have rejoiced the heart of any minister, and convinced him that the emotional, devotional, and intellectual can be alike developed among our lay brothers and sisters. Genuine conversions to heavenly life were of daily occurrence. "And the Lord added daily to the Church," and the pastor took them tenderly into the sacred fold. The attendance through the entire seven days averaged better than at the well-attended State Convention in 1885. May the time come when such meetings shall be no longer exceptional, either in spirit or results.' "

On March 7, 1887: "I received to-day a great box of all kinds of clothing and household linen, many dollars' worth and enough to last a lifetime, from the Ladies' Association of the Church of the Messiah, Philadelphia, through the instrumentality of that kind man George C. Thomas. He writes, 'I presume you are too busily engaged in your church work to do much sewing, and these may prove acceptable.' I had word the box had come, and so went down to bring it up from the station, but, mercy me! I could not begin to lift it, but had to get the drayman to take charge of it. Like Brother Thomas' great heart, it could not be weighed, only measured by the great God-love that streams down from the Infinite into his life and into all his plans and purposes for the

cause of the Master. Also received a beautiful letter to-day from one of the departed students telling us of 'a great wave of loneliness sweeping over her heart for the ministrations of our little church,' and thanking us for our labors of the past. It was manna to our taste."

On March 21, 1887: "There were more communicants out to our communion to-day than ever before. Heaven came down, our souls to greet. Brother D. says he has left off tobacco and that he now asks a blessing at his table, and another brother says he has left off the weed also. Heaven grant it may be permanent with each. Young Brother B. says his feelings underwent such a change that instead of being backward about joining the church when Brother Hand was here, he did not want to be behind any in getting to the altar. A good letter came from the missionary, in which he says the meetings here were ideal ones, and he thinks that all our people here should be lay preachers. Well, that is what we have tried to have them, and wished them to be more and more. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

On April 10, 1887: "At our Easter we had 'The Gates Ajar,' beautifully trimmed, and dear, white-souled Sister Martha stood beside them and spoke in her most inspirational manner 'Friends beyond the Darksome River,' with the refrain:

" 'By the beautiful gate they watch and they wait,
Till our feet have ceased to roam;
And there, beyond the gates ajar,
Forever, the dear ones they gather at home.'

A new man came in and placed his two boys from the Soldiers' Orphan School in our Sunday school. They have no mother, and it was affecting to see them in their blue uniforms."

On June 19, 1887: "We dedicated seven children to-day at our Children's services. One mother had said to me she thought she could only bring one of her little boys, the other two were so bashful; but when the time came all three walked forward with their parents, as naturally and spontaneously as could be. Children feel the good spirit as well as others, and it brings them out. The father of the orphan boys came with them, and as I laid my hands upon their heads they thrilled with the spirit of their dead mother, I thought. Little baby C. looked up in my face with such an indescribable look of inquiry, so full of divine mystery, that it will long abide with me. Last month we had a Gospel union temperance meeting in the Presbyterian church, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. The address was assigned to me, and I enjoyed speaking in this way, though the temperance theme always brings sadness in its train. To think of all the Gehenna evils caused by the liquor traffic is enough to set the brain on fire, but we must not rest here. We must go to the heart of the cause: seek to tear this out, and give a free environment to all. A Gospel purpose, with right conditions and surroundings, will at last bring the glad day under the great King of all the victories of the earth.

"I attended a wedding on June 9, and united under God a happy couple. Truly a great mission, and which I think adds to one's truly important feelings; but the first one I officiated at—how bashful I was, and I seemed to myself like a statue going through the service. I felt sure I forgot to say, 'Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,' which to my mind was the best part of it."

On June 21, 1887: "I had a pleasant experience at and before the Alumni dinner at the State Normal School with

a Quaker lady whom I had never met before. Among the ministers and other dignitaries of the place and other places, she seated herself by me, and at once began an animated talk. She said she had wanted to see me so much, for she approved of women preaching; and then in a voice that could be heard by all, as she is a little hard of hearing, she made this inquiry: 'You believe in your church that everything is coming out all right at last, don't you?' And when I answered 'Yes,' she remarked, 'So do I, or else why did God make us at all?' She invited me to go to the table with her, and we had a charming time together, at least I did. She says she is coming down to hear me preach some Sunday."

On July 3, 1887: "I received the father of the orphan boys into the church to-day, and dedicated the twin baby boys of Mrs. B. I think we never had a better meeting. Deep true spirit with us, and at the close sang 'A Little Talk with Jesus,' and really with new tongues. A Methodist sister was present, who said she had enjoyed a great and good time. 'The meeting has filled me with the Spirit, and I'm going to write my husband all about it,' she added.

"Not long since, as I sat in the aisle of the Baptist church, packed to overflowing, at the funeral of a beautiful young lady, and as the pastor, Brother Cooper, finished his address, he said, 'We will now be united in prayer with Sister Bailey.' Just then I had nearly gone away from myself in heavenly thoughts, and my dear Sister Ellen's spirit seemed near. I felt the surprise which ran over the congregation, and my breath for a moment seemed hushed, and then on God I cast myself and the beautiful spirits about. How easy to pray, when the Spirit maketh intercession for us! I had come in late to

the service, and I thought it a mark of friendship and fraternal good will that the brother called on me as he saw me in the aisle."

On July 10, 1887: "I preached on largeness of heart. Mother said it was one of the best sermons I ever gave. Held up as examples George C. Thomas, Hon. H. R. Buchtel, and others in our own church, and some of the distinguished persons of history, and I prayed that all our hearts might be enlarged, and that more ministers might be raised up among us. Talked with a young man after service, who I think ought to be studying now in one of our divinity schools. Young lady student called, who says she believes she would like to preach, and wants me to come to her place and speak during my vacation."

On July 15, 1887: "Yesterday we had what I call a 'White Social,' at dear Sister Davis', where we met to sew for a most estimable young widow of our church, who has four children to support and educate. White angel wings seemed over us, and the room full of beautiful influences. It being very warm, all of the ladies were dressed in white, and all had the white, sweet look of benevolence on their faces. As the scissors cut, the sewing machines and the needles flew, the conversation became lively, but not a dark word of gossip was heard. All were of one mind, and that mind was of love and good will. On the tea-table, over the snowy white cloth, were lovely, white transparent currants, white-frosted cake, snowy biscuits, and snowball cheese. Our hostess appeared as one of Lowell's 'beautiful tall angels of Truth.'

"Oh, to be transported back to that lovely afternoon—how sweet it would be! But I had to laugh when, in the midst of the sewing, a sewing-machine agent called and

said his brother was with him down the road, but on seeing so many ladies he was scared away."

On June 22, 1887: "I returned home from the Association at Friendship, N. Y., where we had a delightful visit with saintly Rev. F. M. Alvord and wife, in their home, and a very interesting meeting. Heard a sermon full of blessing from young Brother L. B. Fisher, with high head and spiritual face, from the text—'Have ye received the Holy Ghost, since ye believed?' The Holy Spirit seemed to fall upon us all as he passed along in the discourse. We predict a fine career for this man. Some good-looking delegates were present from Whitesville, where they are about to lose their pastor, W. H. McGlaufflin, one of our most promising young ministers. Strange to say, right after I had preached one of these delegates came up into the pulpit, shook hands with me, and said: 'I have always believed it was right for a woman to preach, and now I know that it is.' It was arranged that I go to their place during our vacation, and give them a Sunday's preaching. Who knows but what I shall find my next pastorate with them? Somehow the storm that rises in my soul, whenever I think of leaving here, seems to point its weather vane that way. I think I can get along with leaving, if we do go, better than I could have done a year ago; for all this year I have been schooling my feelings for this event, thinking that for rest and change for ourselves, and possibly for the good of the church here, we must go to a new field."

On July 17, 1889: "I preached to-day on 'Quench not the Spirit.' This text reminds me of an uneducated man, at our prayer meeting, who said he always believed that we should not 'squench' the Spirit, and that he wanted to be 'a pillow of the Lord and one of Hisn.' 'Squench

the Spirit ' kept by me in such a manner that I really was obliged to speak from it, and my heart was full. I actually bowed from the pulpit to our new German woman, as she came into church with her two honest, clean-looking boys. It seemed like one country greeting another, and was the first time I was ever guilty of this impropriety; but it pleased me because it came before I could help it.

" Dear aged Brother Ripley was down to the prayer meeting to-night. After rising from our knees, he said: ' How purifying and elevating the prayer service is! ' He never misses a meeting, though he has to drive down alone from his home over two miles away. Sister H. prayed for the first time with us, and so sweetly and earnestly that the Spirit would lead her aright, especially in her home."

On July 24, 1887: " This is the last Sunday before vacation. Said things I would wish to say in my farewell sermon, thinking I could do it better now than then. Good meeting, but sad, that we are to break up even for a few Sundays. We seemed to realize how much the services and the Sunday school are to us."

On August 2, 1887: " We are now at Whitesville, Allegheny Co., N. Y., which may be our future home. The society is an old one, well seasoned, and more of a country parish than ours at home. I spoke to them last Sunday, and had a peculiar sensation on entering the church. The people looked as though they had grown up on the faith, and I thought of my sainted father in heaven, and then the preciousness of our faith came over me just as if I had been freshly born into it. There are character, earnestness, and independence of belief here, and fine qualities grafted on, I should judge, from the late pas-

torate; and, remarkable to say, they want me to come and be their minister.

"I could feel the action of the brains of the people as I spoke to them, and I remembered Hosea Ballou's advice to the young preacher: 'If you are going into the city to preach, take your best coat; but if into the country, your best sermon.' I think country ministers should always be respected, for truly they have a great work to do. I was very grateful indeed to be able to please these people, and one brother said: 'Not one in a thousand has such a pleading way as you have, and we want you to come and build us up.' We are to spend the rest of our vacation on Keuka Lake, and I am to preach at Branchport one Sunday, and while there will write my address for our Association on the topic assigned me: 'What Makes a Successful Church?' My work will be straightforward, for I shall give mostly the Bible requirements."

On September 4, 1887: "At home again and enjoying the peace and delight of association with our dear church people; but we must leave again the 19th, to assist the missionary and others at Westfield, in a second series of meetings, and also in one at Ulysses."

On October 3, 1887: "Home from the meetings, and what a good time we did have! Even if the Duke of Wellington did keep the word 'glory' out of his twelve volumes of military documents, and was commended therefor, I cannot keep the word out of my diary, for the Bible is full of it, and glorious also, and God is glorious, and His works are glorious, and those of His children when exercised by His Spirit. We had glorious meetings. Ten persons united with the church at Westfield; four of whom had been members of partialist churches. On Friday, September 29, the cornerstone of the new

church was laid, with impressive services. Brother George Adams was with us, and helped wonderfully. We all had a part in this, and I was full of jubilant joy. One lady who joined the church said to me: 'I shall not write you until I have brought in my sheep.' Blessed thought! she wanted to be a worker right off. We held all our meetings in the rude opera house, but the spirit filled all the place. Brother Hand put the charge of all the conference and prayer meetings into our hands, Mother and I felt this a great responsibility, but also a sweet privilege. What a great help mother is in such service—her words, her prayers, and her singing are all touched by the Holy Spirit's presence! I thank God for such a mother. Our missionary has an excellent purpose, system, and perseverance in all he does, and he believes in the Spirit, too—so his work tells, and commends itself everywhere.

"As a result of the meetings at Ulysses a small parish and church organization was formed; and after one of our morning conferences and when we had sung:

" 'It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not
However we may call.

" 'They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more,'

Sister Parker arose and said she had made up her mind to give a lot for the erection of a chapel, having been somewhat influenced by the memory, in the song, of her departed father, a zealous and generous Universalist.

We walked with airy feet, even the ponderous missionary, over to the beautiful lot, and there broke forth into a song of praise to our Heavenly Father, Mrs. Pond, who had been with us all through the meetings, rendering the sweetest music of all with her beautiful voice. On the last day the clerk of the Whitesville parish, Brother Wilbur Wilson, came over to enjoy the religious feast with us, and to say to mother and me that they had their subscription paper all made out, and wanted a direct answer from us. We conferred, and then said 'Yes'; but I could not eat at the dinner table, and the tears fell in spite of my efforts to keep them back."

On October 4 and 6: "Attended a meeting in the Baptist Church at Smithfield, Pa., the good work of Brother Eggleston of Troy. I shall always call it the New-Birth Meeting, for each of the ministers present, Rev. Eggleston, Dr. Nye, and I, went to the meeting with the purpose and the plan of preaching on the New Birth, and did. Brother Eggleston was there first, and had given his sermon when I arrived. He told me his theme, and I said that was the one I had in mind. 'Well,' said he, 'you must preach upon it, for it will only add to the interest.' Brother Nye, arriving late in the afternoon, from his forty-mile drive, said: 'Emma, what have you ministers been preaching about?' and when I told him, he said: 'That is just the theme my mind has been dwelling upon all the way here, and I determined to preach upon it.' 'Well,' I said, 'you must, for it will only make it all the better to hear your views also upon this important subject.' We had a wonderfully good meeting, and it was enjoyed by all denominations. It seems now that there must have been some telepathy in regard to this subject, and it would be interesting to know which brain

set the spiritual ball a-rolling; but I guess it must have been that of Brother Eggleston."

On October 9, 1887: "This was our last Communion Sunday. I spoke on the 'Cross of Christ,' and oh, what a struggle I had to keep up, and when we sang 'A Little Talk with Jesus' I thought the strong current of feeling would take me under: but really did manage to keep abreast. In the evening I chose for my theme: 'I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.' Sister Potter's sweet face overflowed with tears, and Sister Wetmore seemed almost prostrated in spirit. How tender I feel towards all my dear ones! Father Ripley says: 'What are we going to do?'"

On Sunday, October 16, 1887: "My sermon was on Christ's words 'Come unto me,' etc., and I think we all derived comfort from it. Evening theme: 'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Sister Howe said our decision to go away was the greatest trial of her life since her father and mother died, but somehow she felt the Lord would see them through. 'I have had a little talk with Jesus,' said she, 'and He has comforted me, and now I can say to our pastor, Go, and Godspeed her in her new field of labor. She feels she has a call to go. I am sure we have leaned too heavily upon her, and now I, for one, mean to lean more upon the arm of Jesus—feeling all will be well.' Last week an outside friend came in bearing beautiful gifts. She remarked upon the long and united labors of pastor and people, saying: 'You have been here longer than any other minister, and I believe it is because your doctrines are better. For instance, you do not believe in a personal devil; so you keep more clear of him. We believe in him, and have got a

great big one in each one of us to contend with.' Of course I discounted the remark in some of its bearings, but thought it pleasant to know outsiders were thus disposed toward us. A Baptist neighbor remarked the other night: 'I would like to know the secret of success in your church. We notice you all pull together harmoniously, and accomplish every time what you set out to do.' Two little boys, both of our Sunday school, came to bring our washing home, and when I told them I was going away the younger just drew his coat up over his head and gave vent to a most determined 'Whew!' while the other, with a look of deepest concern, said, 'Who will be the minister when you are gone?'

"We have had most gratifying letters from Dr. F. A. Bisbee, the secretary of our State Convention, and George C. Thomas, its treasurer, expressing sincere regret at our leaving the State and our field of labor in it, and wishing us well in the new. Also letters from dear parishioners in the vicinity, saying that they cannot think of the church here without me at its head. Dr. Bisbee kindly said this in the *Christian Leader*: 'Rev. Emma E. Bailey, who has labored long and faithfully at Mansfield, gathering into the church there some of the best people of the town, and organizing them into the permanent church, is parted from with great regret, not only by the Mansfield church, but by all of the faith in the State. She goes into New York State, where she will repeat her success and win new friends and admirers.'"

On October 23, 1887: "Our last Sunday. Members attend from fifteen miles away. Large congregation. The singing was harmonious, and deeply felt, and many tears were shed. As my eyes fastened upon my white-souled sister Martha, in the 'Sweet By and By,' I had a

great struggle in my heart, but conquered. The children had special exercises, and after them I kneeled and prayed for the Sunday school. I tried to inspire our people with faith and courage for the future. Young Brother B. will read sermons for a time after I am gone. How beautiful the Scriptures seemed ! ”

October 27, 1887 : “ Business meeting, and how good all the folks looked ! I wish I could be two selves, one to remain here and help to get a new minister and to support him, and the other to go and work elsewhere. We closed our business transactions with a prayer meeting with the theme, ‘ Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you. ’ ”

On October 29, 1887 : “ This was such a busy week, getting ready to move. How often, oh, how often, I have to catch hold of the promises of God, that I may be sustained ! The tick and strike of the clock seem different, and the hot tears fall at my work, and I cry, ‘ Oh, Father, prepare us for the great ordeal ! ’ Social and farewell reception in the vestry ; the rooms were full, with our people and the townspeople together. We all sang together, and I spoke words of encouragement, as usual, to our own. While we were singing a new brother in the church said to another that he would double his subscription if I would remain, and others said the same. Some said : ‘ Why do you go, for not a single person in town wants you to ? ’ It was pleasant to hear all this, but our minds are made up, and we feel quite sure God is in our going this time, for we have been so much more confident than a year ago.

“ Tired getting our clothes ready, though we like to look well. No nourishment in the process, and I pity the dressmakers. Still their profession and trade is an exact science, and artistic withal, and must be enjoyable

to those who enjoy it, and can endure the nervous strain. One month of it I believe would tire me more than a whole year of what I am trying to do. The work of the ministry is the easiest in the world, I think, for me, and it is not only glorious to preach the Gospel, but what a pleasant variety we have in pastoral labors and social enjoyments! When I have failed in health since entering the ministry, it has been due to overwork physically rather than to anything connected with the real work of my calling; it has been, so to speak, when I have left the Word of God to serve tables. I have never had much muscle, but, bless the Lord, I have had much faith, and with the help of His Holy Spirit I have been borne along and aloft in the work as upon eagles' wings."

On October 30, 1887: "Rode out with Sister H. to visit her sick sister Minnie W. As we journeyed the few miles, how sweet the conference, and my companion said she would like nothing better than to go about with me administering comfort to others. Wished she could spend her life in this way. We sang and prayed with her sister, and a tearful but holy time it was.

"In the evening we held our last prayer meeting with the flock. Our feelings were indescribable and the singing of the last hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' sank deep within our souls. The room was full, and all seemed of one mind and heart. Some sweet Methodist young ladies have been in to say good-by, and to leave this with me: 'You preach a beautiful doctrine; one which, if we all lived up to our influence, would count for much more than it does.' They told me, also, that a Baptist brother had remarked: 'We felt badly when this church began to be used for the preaching of the Universalist faith, but we have changed our mind, and come to think that they

have more religion there than any other church in the place.' Oh, may we merit more and more such things, if they be said of us, for of course we know and greatly feel our many imperfections and shortcomings!"

So ends the diary of our first pastorate in this school town, where we lived out six of the busiest but most gratifying years of our lives; but of a necessity we only get a hint in this account of what went on in the church, the parsonage, the homes of the people, and in our relations with the town. I wish to emphasize the fact that I do not believe that there ever was a society which worked with a better will or was more uniformly devoted to the cause. From the beginning we endeavored, semi-monthly, to raise funds for our equipment and our needs, and there was no lagging on the part of the people; their toil was unremitting, and their benevolence increasingly continued. The spiritual status seemed ever growing, and nearly everyone who came at all regularly to the services of the church joined, after a time, its fellowship. The sectarian prejudice of the place appeared to be lessening all the time, which was gratifying indeed. When we came here we found the Methodist minister and wife to be friends and schoolmates of the olden Lima days. His name was John Brownell, hers Delia Smallwood; she was a member of my class in college. We renewed delightful relations with them, and also with Dr. Manly Hard and wife of Elmira, and Dr. Herman Lattimer of Wellsboro, Pa., also old friends and schoolmates. As I write their names a charm weaves itself around them, reaching unto heaven; for two of their number, Mr. and Mrs. Brownell, have gone that way.

Everybody knows Dr. Manly Hard throughout the length and breadth of the Methodist Episcopal communion

for his broad and efficient work, and for his beautiful life; and Delia, his cousin, now an angel in heaven, was recognized as the personification of lovely dignity and sweet kindness of spirit; when we had our runaway accident in 1883 the touch of her hand carried the real balm of Gilead to our nerves. But I must restrain myself, for I could write a whole book on my classmates, schoolmates, and the dear old Lima times. I'm like Frances Willard in one respect, at least: I do like to speak of the good qualities of people, and to praise them—not that they need it, but it is a glory to set them forth.

In all my relations with the church in Mansfield and the town, the fact that I was a woman occupying a pulpit and doing the work of a minister never was made unpleasant to me in any way. In truth, nothing was ever said to me about it, or anyone else that I ever knew of, unless it was to commend. My treatment was universally kind and respectful, and noticeably so among the girls and boys of our church, as well as others. Our connection with the W. C. T. U. grew dearer and more interesting, and we noted the strengthening of the bond of unity between the women of the different churches represented therein. This work was not henceforth to be a side issue, but one of the channels of life for future possible good. That the town was a no-license one furnished us a great deal of comfort and satisfaction. Liquor could not be sold in the place, or within two miles of it, and we saw very little drunkenness while living there, compared with licensed places in which we had resided. Professor Allen had worked hard to bring this about, and others to keep it up. God bless them.

The books we read during this pastorate might well take up a chapter, with suitable comment; for we read

many every year for mental culture and enjoyment; but our journal passes them by, in its active movement, and so will we, hoping their teaching and influence have already crystallized into thought and action.

When we came to move no dearer thing did we pack than our little organ, which for several years had been such a comfort to us, and the best-speaking member of the family. Every Sunday night it had gone to prayer meeting with us, and so became a member of the church also, and one which was surely to be missed.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW FIELD OF LABOR.

IF one "becomes a new being every time he learns a new language," surely a minister becomes a new person every time she takes a new pastorate. The characters before her are unknown, the conditions are as yet untried, and if there is what we call "the other side of things," she knows it not, or but little of it, and she is going ahead, believing and trying to make her people believe that they may do all things through Christ. At first there is also a delightful sense of the freeing up of responsibility. Not being familiar with the cares and trials of the parish, her heart is light, and she feels very hopeful in the Lord.

Something of all this happened to me in our new field of labor, and yet for several weeks every Sunday morning after preaching, as we would sit at the dinner table of good Sister Harris, in whose house we found rooms and board for a time, great pitiful tears would fall from my eyes and the meal would end in the prostration of myself upon the bed, to cry out my homesick feelings for the dear ones left behind. But gradually the intensity of such feelings wore away, and I entered the arena of life and work before me, hopeful and determined.

Soon the people and the cause took the first place in my thoughts, and mother and I bent all our energies to those things that lay nearest us. The town was a small one, distant from a railroad about ten miles one way and

twelve the other, and it was of the vertebrate species—almost all on one long street. The majority of our people lived on the hills, three or four miles away; but there were more families and more people than we had at Mansfield, and this was really inspiring.

The parish was not so well unified by the Spirit's power as the one we had left, but we felt sure this would come through the prayer meetings, which I soon established. I noticed in the business meetings that it took a good deal more talk pro and con to carry a measure, and that sometimes the discussions would be so long and animated that if not wisely checked they would end in nothing having been accomplished. The feeling of the people was all right toward each other, only they had gotten into the way of much argumentative talk. But there were some here whose graces and attainments in the life spiritual could hardly be surpassed, rendering them unique figures indeed. One of these, Sister Philo Payne, was a real, living subject for the Spirit's power and help; and her talk in our prayer meetings was that of a genuine handmaiden of the Lord. I never heard anything like her singing. It had the living heavenly thrills in it, and when especially inspired she always had a new voice, which we all noticed and felt. After we started our Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, at the instigation of Rev. L. B. Fisher, the originator, I believe, of this movement in our Church, Sister Payne used to get together a load of nine or ten young persons from her neighborhood, and bring them down four miles every week to the meetings, and what good times we had and what an effective part she always took! The young people all loved her, and she had great influence with them. She surely must have been a power to shape their course in life to right ends. To show her

spirit, we will quote the following from one of her letters to us in after years:

"The Christian Endeavor meetings we had at your home, how I did enjoy them! There is nothing in the world I enjoy so much as working for Jesus. My feeble prayer is that out of all of the struggles and trials of earth, which I and others are called upon to pass through, we may be able to gain strength, and each day make progress in knowledge and virtue, and be able to fly out of darkness into a brighter, higher, holier heaven of duty, joy, and peace."

There was another sister in the church of marked spiritual ability, Mrs. Laura Richardson. She had the same inspired way of singing as the other, and seemed to impart it to her children. Of beautiful form and face, rising in the prayer meeting to speak, sing, or pray, she was an evangel to all present. In a letter she writes to us:

"We need more devotion as a church, and more heartfelt religion daily in our lives. Oh, may we all strive to be co-workers with Christ, in lifting up the downtrodden, healing the broken-hearted, and doing unto others as we would have them do to us—for 'love is the fulfilling of the law.' How often I think of the prayer meetings we used to have with you in the church and at our homes, when we used to sing 'Blest Be the Tie that Binds,' and also of the last prayer meeting we had at your home. What a hope is ours, a hope 'when days and years are past we all shall meet in heaven.'"

Some of the most unique and highly interesting characters are to be found, we think, in the country; out on the plains and the hillsides, where nature, the Bible, and their own peculiar circumstances have developed them in

their own peculiar, individual manner. And it seems that you get more of the real flavor of life out in the country than you can in town or city.

A dear old lady in the parish, Mrs. Lois Richmond, aged ninety-one years, of numerous family and descendants, and the mother of a number of the prominent heads of families in our church, was a very strong Universalist, and a very conspicuous character. Everyone knew and liked "Grandma Richmond," and everyone said she was the most wonderful talker they had ever known. Oh, there was such a flow of language from her soul, and she was so genial! When I first heard her talk, I said it was more like the written book than any I had ever heard. She gave a history of her old armchair, which was carried about with her to the homes of her children, which for uniqueness and aptness could not have been surpassed. Her religious belief was the theme dearest to her heart, and of this she never tired; but would sit for hours sweetly and brilliantly discoursing of it—her words coming without let or hindrance. She often said: "I do not believe there is anyone in the world who prizes more highly than I the great doctrine of universal salvation."

A former pastor of hers, Rev. F. M. Alvord, once wrote to me of her, and said: "Grandma Richmond is one of God's elect, and many blessed hours of spiritual communion we have enjoyed with her. Remember me kindly to her and her children, and to all in whose blood flows any of her own. It is Universalist blood, and that of the genuine kind." Among the names of her boys were the grand old universalist ones John Murray, Hosea Ballou, and Dolphus Skinner. John Murray was killed in the War of the Rebellion. While visiting us, I said to her, "If I ever write a book I shall want to put something of

your religious experience in it," and this is what she furnished me. I could not get the exact flow of her words, she talked so rapidly and smoothly, but the facts are given and the language as near as I could get it.

GRANDMA RICHMOND'S STORY.

"I was reared in the Calvinistic faith, and very strictly and solemnly so, and long winter evenings my father would sit before the large fireplace and give his children talks upon the awful burnings of the endless hell fireplace. He would say: 'How long, children, can you hold your hand in that fire? Now suppose someone was to hold it for you, and keep it there, and not only for a little time, but for all time, and eternity too, and your whole body also, how would you feel? Well, that fire is nothing to be compared with God's fire in hell, and you will surely go there if you don't do right, and you will go there, any way, if you are not elected to be saved.'

"Being of a sensitive turn of mind, though naturally very joyous and happy-hearted, I was greatly troubled with these lessons of my father, and after I had gone to bed I would say to myself: 'Oh, what did God make us for? I wish I had never been born!' Sometimes we would steal away to have a good time with other young people and coming home late I would forget to say my prayers before getting into bed, and then I would suffer the torments of the damned. I did not dare to get up, for fear the devil would catch me, and I did not dare to go to sleep, lest I might die, and go to hell, so I would cover my head with the bedclothes to keep the devil from seeing me and me from seeing him, and lie there and tremble and shiver until tired and exhausted nature forced slumber

upon me. At times I would be quite happy, and then again I would sink into despair.

"After my marriage, a Universalist paper, the *Christian Advocate*, containing a funeral sermon, was brought into our home by a neighbor and relative, Uncle Noel Jones, whose mother had been made crazy by the doctrine of endless misery. This paper shed some light and gave some comfort, and then the Rev. J. J. Lewis, a Universalist minister, came into our section. We heard him preach, we listened to his conversation, his explanations of the Bible, and his fervent prayers. One night in our home, after he had said, 'I would like to have you go to prayers with me,' my husband seemed much affected, and said he could not go to bed. He went apart for three hours, read his Bible, and prayed; then he came to bed, saying, 'I feel that I am the greatest sinner in the world.' I tried to comfort him, for I knew he was a pretty good man, willing to go to meeting with me, and carry the baby, and that he only swore once in a while before the children, and that was when the oxen acted badly. Still I knew that he took no particular interest in religion, and my efforts to comfort him failed. We could not either of us sleep, and as I had a piece in the loom I got up and went to work.

"Then came a conference meeting, at which Elder Lewis preached, and my husband was all taken up with the sermon and melted to tears, so that all the people were asking after the meeting: 'What ails Mr. Richmond?' I wondered what the end would be, for I was not yet convinced that Universalism was true. On getting home my husband stayed and stayed at the barn, but finally he opened the kitchen door and said: 'I never was so happy in all my life!' I said to him, 'Well, I'm glad. I always

did like to see anyone happy, and I am as glad to see you happy, as I could be to see anyone else,' not quite sympathizing with him at the time.

"Soon we went to a Methodist meeting, and my husband got up and said he loved everybody and everything; and the Methodists said: 'He'll come out all right, because he has the love of God in his heart.' I wasn't quite so sure of this, so I invited the Methodist minister home with us, to convince him that the doctrine of endless misery was true, but my plan failed. Brother Lewis came again to our home, and one night after listening to his prayer and his clear and convincing talk upon the Scriptures, the full light broke in upon my mind, and I spoke out and said: 'I declare I do believe the love of God is universal'; and then I shouted: 'I thank the Lord I've seen the truth!' My husband said: 'Aint you getting a little excited?' I could not sleep that night any more than he could that other night, but I lay awake to enjoy the goodness of God—to make up the time I had lost in the other belief; and from that time to this never a doubt has entered my mind as to God's everlasting love for all of His children. I have felt a thousand times to bless and praise His holy name! The stronger anyone believes the doctrine of endless misery the more miserable he is.

"Uncle Noel Jones, whose son had died a very happy death, and saying 'Praise the Lord,' had a Universalist society formed, and my husband and I and several others were baptized and admitted into its fellowship. My husband was always happy in his belief. He always asked a blessing at the table, and loved to pray, especially when alone with me; but oh, how the orthodox did come at me, 'hammer and tongs'! but I told them 'I had had all the enjoyment there was in the doctrine of endless misery,

and there was mighty little of it!’ A small, tight woman, tight beyond all reason, took us to do for giving so much money to the cause, saying: ‘You’ll never lay up anything in this world. Why, my husband and I only give three dollars a year, and we go to meeting every Sunday.’ Another friend said to me: ‘You have a large family, and I had almost rather you was dead than to be a Universalist.’ I replied: ‘I thank the Lord I’ve got a large family to make Universalists of, and I shall make a Universalist of every one of them if I can’; and by the grace of God I did. The first time I ever undertook to speak in a Universalist conference meeting I fell to the floor as if dead. I had the power, just as much as any Methodist ever did. The power of the great belief in the great God of love and justice got hold of me, and it was more than I could stand all at once.”

Grandma Richmond had found some relief of mind from Calvinism in the Methodist belief, but not the fullness she wanted until she embraced the wider and more comforting views of our church. She was a grand woman, independent and loving, one to cherish and to reverence. Her sons, her daughters, and some of her children’s children were strong in the faith, and doing for it, and all around them, “as of the ability which God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ; to whom be praise and dominion forever.” A book could be written of her and of other saints of this church who had gone out from it before I went there, but whose influence and example were still fresh, and of whom we delighted to hear from the lips of the living. If more books could be made out of real people than of fiction, it would be better, I think. The world is full of

the material, but alas! so many pass off from the stage largely unreported. No human flower bloometh, however, but what some of its perfume remaineth in the hearts and lives of its fellows. I had wanted much to see Grandma Richmond, I had heard so much of her, and so one day we got friends to take us to her, at her son Henry's, where she was then stopping; and the first thing she said to me was one of her characteristic speeches. She said: "I think you will do better here than as though you wore pants!"

The church soon fell into line for good spiritual work—not that any of its personal freedom of thought and action was gone, but all seemed to be drinking more of the selfsame spirit. About Christmas time we had a large business meeting, the object of which was the painting of the church and the purchase of new carpet for the aisles. I was informed that the repainting of the church had been agitated every year for the last ten years, but nothing had been accomplished; so I said: "It must be done, for whatever needs to be done can be done, and we don't want to talk a great deal about it, but just go to work and do it, so that by the time the Association meets with us next summer we shall be all in apple-pie order to receive it."

On Christmas Sunday a large collection was taken for the work, and before the Association met the next summer the dingy old church was all in order inside and outside.

The winter of 1888 passed refreshingly. The Methodist minister, Mr. Pickett, and his wife, both kind and liberal people, called upon us, and together we arranged for union gospel temperance meetings to be held monthly by the two churches. These meetings were crowded every time, and were very successful. Mrs. Pickett was an earnest worker in the W. C. T. U., and we worked har-

moniously together. We attended the meetings, took a lively part, distributed temperance and purity tracts among the mothers and young people, and secured twenty-one new subscribers to the *Union Signal*.

A little speech was made in one of our meetings which greatly pleased us, and led to a worthy discussion. It was from a member quite unaccustomed to take a spoken part. She said: "I want the idea that the young must sow their wild oats blowed completely out of the world."

In my diary, May 3, 1888, I find: "A delegate from the G. A. R. has called and invited me to give the Decoration Day address, and it is arranged that the meeting is to be in our church. Surely 'the world do move.' Interesting call at an orthodox neighbor's the other day. Several persons were present, and, the conversation falling upon creeds, the man of the house said: 'I think it is better as a rule to keep quiet in the pulpit about them,' and then, turning to me, he continued: 'Please tell us what you think.' I thought a moment, and then replied: 'If I had a creed that I was ashamed of, or in doubt about, or that gave me uneasiness and trouble, I think I should want to let it alone as much as possible; but it is not so with the principles and the statements of our creed—they are the glory and inspiration of our faith, and I love, with all other ministers of our Church, to bring them forward, and to keep them there.' At this we all laughed, and upon our leaving, quite soon, the man turned to those present and said: 'Who knows but what Miss Bailey will make Universalists of us all if she stays here long enough?' This his wife told us afterwards.

"Our meeting at the Easter time was heavenly indeed, and three new members were received into the Church. On April 8 three more were received—father, mother, and

the daughter, young Dora Richmond, who seemed like a little priestess, with the tears of gladness rolling down her face. Not long before, at one of our Endeavor meetings, she put her arms around me and said: 'This is the happiest time of my life.' I think several young persons among us are really converted. There is a good deal of Grandma Richmond's blood about, to season and make memorable all events. Sometimes at our Sunday night prayer meetings brothers George and Henry Richmond look as if they had seen the face of the Lord, and talk the same. I received good letters from our old parishioners at Mansfield, telling of their joy at having settled a pastor, but that they still yearn for the old one. Our topic for Sunday night, April 8, was: 'Is the Christian Life Worth Its Price?' A Baptist brother, looking like our Hon. E. G. Lee of Philadelphia, with face so intellectual, friendly, and benignant, and with form large and commanding, Jarius Crandall by name, talked grandly and to the point. Over sixty were present, and we had a most helpful service. I had prayed that Brother W. might be present, and he was and took a fervent part. There is a very old man downstairs, who has no home, and mother is getting him some supper. I can feel the joy of her soul as she tries to comfort and care for him."

On June 6, 1888: "Mother is away for a few days. How I do miss her, for truly we are one. I sat down to write about 'Decoration Day.' It was a truly glorious time, with vivifying but solemn ceremonies. The W. C. T. U. had a meeting some time before and decided to send 'The Open Letter to Veterans,' so each could have one, and be reminded of some of their present highest duties; also to make button-hole bouquets, tie them with white ribbon, and present them to each one, and to manage that

the boys receive word that we as a Union would like to march in the procession, right behind the woman's Relief Corps, if they had no objections and would like to have us.

"After they had invited us we called another meeting, fixed upon a beautiful temperance banner, and chose Mrs. Berry, the best-looking woman we had, to carry it. She was a tall, large, broad-shouldered woman of fine, motherly, and statesman-like face, and just the one we wanted. All of our plans were successful, and as I stood on the platform of our church and heard the thrilling strains of the band, and watched the long procession coming down the street, the veterans bouqueted and ribboned and covered with glory, followed by the citizens of note, the order of Odd Fellows, the Masons, and the Maccabees, with brilliant regalias, the school children, the faithful and benevolent women of the Relief Corps, and especially as my eye caught sight of our own W. C. T. U. out in full mother-force, my own mother among them, headed by the grand woman we had selected, bearing aloft our beautiful, white banner, with its glorious sentiment 'For God and Home and Native Land,' and trimmed with trailing greens and beautiful flowers, it seemed that the supreme moment of my life had come.

"As we marched into the church and took our places, our W. C. T. U. officers and banner carrier were seated upon the platform. Our noble banner stood out before the people, and in a way to remind us, not only of the victories of the past, but those yet to be gained in our peaceful war, for 'better manners and purer laws.' Brother Pickett and other ministers and Sister Pickett were in the pulpit with me. As the chosen speaker, I was not

abashed, for there was too much 'glory' present. This always makes one feel at home and acquainted with the very best of everyone. The happiness I felt that day was the happiness of a child, but oh, the deep feelings, there was no sounding them; and then the thoughts that came echoing from the past, and reaching away up into the skies! An intelligent woman sitting in the aisle at my left, and right near the pulpit, said it was the happiest day of her life. After all was over it did seem, as it often does after such occasions, as though there had been a clearing-up time in life and all things were new again."

On June 29, 1888: "Our Association, held here, for two days, has just closed, and my reflections upon it are: Heard preached the solid truths, the righteousness, the glory of the doctrines of Christ and His spirit, in abundance, but not quite enough said and done in our deliberations as to the means and measures for bringing the kingdom. Rev. E. W. Fuller, once a pastor here for many years, was present; also Rev. F. M. Alvord. It did me good to note the joy of the people at seeing them again. A number came over from our loved parish at Mansfield, and they looked wonderfully good. It was a great pleasure to be among them once more. All commended us for the fine work which has been done upon the church. It looked as good as new, outside, with the pure, white paint and fresh green blinds, and within it was charming, with the pews and the woodwork terra-cotta stained and brightly varnished, and the rich gold-tinted and leafed paper upon the walls. In the evening the paint glowed beautifully under the chandelier, and the walls seemed to sparkle as the stars. The Sunday before the Association we had eleven little ones dedicated to the Lord, it being our Children's Day. One very little girl came to me the

day before to tell me that her mamma said she could be 'decorated' to-morrow. How very dear all those children seemed, and the very God-nature within them shone forth! We had the church beautifully trimmed, and in a way that much of the brightness could remain for the Association."

On July 15, 1888: "A letter came to-day from dear Sister Martha, daughter of Father Shaw, which is full of life and joy concerning her visit here at the time of the Association. She says:

" 'With the sincerest and most thrilling emotions of my heart do I write you this lovely morning to express my gratitude to you for your generosity and kindness to us while with you at the meeting, and also to thank you for the lunch so thoughtfully provided, which we partook of with such good appetite by the roadside, where Brother Richmond rested and fed his good Universalist horses, which carried us so safely o'er the way to Harrison Valley. I enjoyed greatly my trip to and from Whitesville. It did me good to get away from work for a few days, and to see and hear more of God, our Heavenly Father, in the works of His creation. The world seemed full of beauty, and all things to reflect the all-wise goodness and love.

" 'The trees, dressed in verdant clothing, the heavens so fair above, and the fields so green and fair below, the many bright and beautiful flowers scattered here and there, with daisies gleaming forth like starry eyes, the high rocks upon one side of the road, and the sparkling streams upon the other, bespoke Him who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift. I fancied I could see His countenance beaming forth in the sunshine on the moun-

tain, in the light on every stream, and in His beauties everywhere. The meeting there was a feast to my soul. I often think of the many good words spoken and sung; but the sermon of Father Alvord's impressed me most of all. He was inspired with truth and righteousness, and there appeared to be a glory shining around him. I can but remember how bright and illumined was his countenance when he spoke of God's sunshine streaming through the window. He quoted so many texts of Scripture to prove our glorious faith that I was forcibly reminded of my dear father, who always had a text ready to defend the truth and universal salvation. How completely he trusted in God, and how many times I have heard him so earnestly repeat the Scripture, found in Romans, eleventh chapter, last part, beginning with "For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all." Seems as though I can almost see and hear him now while I am writing.

"I hope you and your dear mother will come and see us soon. How happy we should be to have you with us again, and to hear your dear voices as of old. Write soon—it does us good to hear from you, if we cannot have you here.

"With love and best wishes,

"SISTER MARTHA."

"I am glad that Sister Martha spoke of the 'words that were sung.' What sermons there are in good hymns, and when well rendered, as by our choir, led by noble Brother Jacobs, they may give lasting benefit."

Our vacation of 1888 was a notable one, passed at the home of our cousins, Mrs. Maria Lawrence and Miss Eliza Whitcomb, her sister, at Palmer, Mass.

We also visited with them the great summer meeting of Dr. Shinn's at Weirs, N. H., all four of us riding there, one hundred and forty-eight miles, after the noble steed "Billy," belonging to our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. William Merriam. We enjoyed on this ride to and from Weirs so much grand and beautiful scenery, and so many social pleasures, that we have all ever since spoken of it as "our immortal ride to Weirs," and our experience at the great spiritual and intellectual feast of the meeting has caused us to ever bless God for the opportunity. After reaching home I wrote an account of it all for the *Gospel Banner*.

On November 6, 1888: "Election day, and oh, how much I would like to vote for temperance, for 'Fisk and Brooks'! I have kneeled by the bed to pray it out to God. I often say, 'Am I not a citizen of this Republic; did I not feel all the feelings my brother felt when he went to war; and have I not carried my country, with all her interests, on my heart and in my prayers all these years?' We women are in bondage in this matter, though we may know it not, from deadness of sense produced by our long-accustomed position in the state, and our consequent loss of force and wisdom. We must get hold of something—of the ballot, by which we may improve ourselves and the country in which we live. How must those women feel who are as capable as any men to vote, and yet are denied that right! We can have no complete Christian civilization until the equality of women with men is recognized both in Church and state. Mrs. Livermore has well said: 'The men and the women make up the units of mankind, or the human family, and, divorced, we have one-sided excrescences, or in outcome great and monstrous abnormalities.'

“The heart cries out at the great licensed wrongs of the country, and at the corruption of political parties. And think of a vote bought with money! ‘Horribile dictu!’ Would woman ever be guilty of such a crime as that! I think the granting of the ballot would do a great deal for the women of this land. It would strengthen and lead them out, and give them far better means of protecting their earnings and their homes. It would dignify their motherhood and womanhood, and enhance their especial and general usefulness. Their value as citizens would be increased, without a particle of harm to them. I know it would at once prop up my poor little personality, and confer a freedom which I do not now possess; and so will it be, and Mrs. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, those glorious pioneers, will get their lifelong wish. Sometimes I feel that I must take my little musket and go forth on this important mission to fight for my rights and those of others.”

On November 5, 1888: “To-day we held a blessed Covenant meeting. The Spirit of God reached the bone and marrow, and the prayers and the singing of Sisters Richardson and Paine and Sister Harris and others filled all the place. The outflow came into the Sunday communion, and all appeared devout and glorified. If we can keep this spirit in the church all will be well. How rejoiced we are to have a brother give up his ‘cups’ and become a sincere one of us, gaining our confidence, and being made a trustee. There is a good deal said nowadays about the Church losing its power. If it be true, I think it is because of its formal piety, or its lack of piety. I had a deep experience on awakening in the night, after our Covenant meeting. I never in my whole life felt God so near. I could see and talk with Him almost face

to face. Good meetings are truly helpful in bringing the Spirit near."

On November 11, 1888: "I have had four weddings to attend of late, and made delightful visits in the country among my parishioners, and had baskets of things to bring home. It was hard to get around among them, not keeping a horse, but we accomplished it just the same. Mother and I were led by the Spirit to go and see a woman, a stranger to us, who we had heard was dying of consumption. Rumor had said there was some bigotry in the family, but notwithstanding we felt we must go. We found the woman very sick, but with a very warm welcome for us. We made our stay short, but in the time repeated Scripture, sang the hymns, 'A Little Talk With Jesus' and 'I will Never, Never Leave Thee,' and prayed for her and family. Before we left the husband came in and treated us kindly. We have heard since that the woman said to a neighbor, just after we had gone: 'This is the happiest day of my life, and I want that woman to preach my funeral sermon,' and we shall now feel more than ever impelled to obey the promptings of the Spirit in such matters.

"A brother has been over here from Mansfield to let me know they have lost their pastor there, and to see if I will not go back to them, for they have said they would not look for candidates until they might hear from me. Word has also come from my first pastorate that they think I can do more good for them than anyone else, and would like me to consider their needs. It is cheering to be loved and wanted, but not so satisfactory to know you're needed when you feel you cannot go.

"On December 14 we attended the dedication of the new church at Westfield, Brother Lathe being the pastor.

Dr. A. B. Hervey of Canton preached the sermon. Rev. Anson Titus of Towanda and our missionaries Brother Hand and wife were present to help in the services and the singing. There were ten on the platform, and it was a glorious occasion. Many prophetic emotions, as well as many memories of the past, were stirred within me. The debt was all provided for before the service of dedication. How well they have done there, Ambrose Close and others! God bless them all in their endeavors! They called on me for the dedicatory hymn, and after a hard struggle I produced the following, which they said sung smoothly and well, to the tune of Gould, which they selected for it.

“DEDICATION HYMN.

I.

“Father, to thee we consecrate
This church we here have raised—
Built on the Rock, Jesus the Christ,—
Oh, let His name be praised!

II.

“In whom Thy people do rejoice,
Uplifted by Thy word;
An holy temple for Thyself,
Through Thine own spirit, Lord.

III.

“Within these walls, before this shrine,
May hearts grow up in love,
In Jesus Christ, the Lord of all,
Our Saviour from above.

IV.

“Oh, may the fires of heavenly birth
Be kept alive, and glow,
To give increase, redeem from sin,
And light on all bestow!

V.

“Accept our gift, baptize this place
With Thy good spirit, Lord ;
And may a reign of heavenly grace
Attend thy preached word.

“There was a cloud to me over the services because mother could not attend. We are so far from the railroad station, and the weather was so furious when I started, that we did not deem it prudent for her to venture out; but I put a heavy shawl over my head, and did not suffer from the great storm and wind, though it seemed that the ten-mile ride to the station was interminable. But this ride was not to be compared to the one of sixteen miles mother and I made from Troy to Mansfield when Rev. J. H. Ballou was State missionary. It was in the middle of winter, very cold and the snow very deep. We had been over there assisting the missionary in a series of meetings, and on our way home we stopped at Sylvania over night, where I got a good hearing in the old church; but when we left there in the morning the weather was something fearful, and when we had gone about six miles, we, with three other passengers in the stage, were all unceremoniously upset into a high snow-bank, and there left, while the driver went on a mile ahead to see if we could get through. Oh, that ride full of adventures and hairbreadth escapes, until we reached Mansfield, pretty well used up! The funniest part of it all was to learn afterwards that the driver said all went out but he, when, on the contrary, he was the first one to fall out floundering in the snow.”

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW FIELD OF LABOR (*Continued*).

THE Christmas of 1888 was most memorable. The members of our church were worked up to have the grandest time ever yet enjoyed by us upon a similar occasion. The very atmosphere seemed to pulsate with the glory of it, and to lead us to exclaim: "Long may the Christ-Child be present, to keep our hearts adjusted with a tender spirit towards those who suffer!"

We held a series of meetings in our church from the 15th to the 19th of January, and had Rev. Anson Titus of Towanda and Rev. Otis F. Alvord, the new minister at Mansfield, to assist us. We believe that never were services more helpful to any church, and not only our church, but the town, seemed greatly benefited by them. It was said by outsiders that nothing had ever been held in the place of so thoroughly purifying a nature. Christian life and righteousness were earnestly upheld, and our testimony meetings were of the very best. Four of the young people of the choir were so brought out that they came into fellowship with us at our next communion, when the richness of the season was greatly added unto by the presence of dear Grandma Richmond and Father Collver, aged eighty-nine.

On January 26, 1889: "To-day I arrived home from a two-days' meeting at Andrews Settlement, and the dedication of the union church there—built by Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Universalists. Three

Methodist ministers were present, and one Universalist, to carry on the services. An especial invitation was sent us, and also to our choir, so we all went over together. The other ministers treated me most courteously, insisting upon my giving two of the four sermons that were preached. The people poured in from all the country round, and we had a grand and enjoyable occasion. Doctrinal or intellectual differences did not appear, but instead real worship, love, and good will prevailed. For once it was demonstrated that a truly union meeting could be held with different denominations. The eye of the whole body appeared single unto the Lord, in furthering His redeeming work in the world.

"The Methodists were so thoroughly alive that I thought, as many times before, 'If we only had their zeal coupled with our reasonable belief, we should do a much greater work than at present.' One of their ministers was a power, and under the magic spell of his eloquent and spiritual address the five-hundred-dollar debt still remaining on the church was soon wiped out. He even drew five dollars very easily out of my rather flat little purse. The services broke up with a new look upon the faces of the people, and a deep love stirring in their hearts—an occasion long to be remembered; and many expressed joy and gratitude for the privilege of being present. The Universalist part of the community want me to come over as often as I can to minister to their spiritual needs. By the grace of God I shall hope to go, though the distance is almost too great."

On February 20, 1889: "We have been to our old home church at Mansfield, attending the installation service of their pastor, Rev. Otis F. Alvord, and a three-days' meeting connected therewith. The meeting was of

a high order, conducted by ministers of great ability, chief among whom was Dr. I. M. Atwood, president of our theological school at Canton, N. Y. He is an able and refined preacher, and the embodiment of dignity. I had to write the especial hymn for the installation service, and give the charge to the church, which I did most tenderly. It was like manna to our souls to be among our former parishioners again, and we rejoice to know they have so good a minister."

On March 21, 1889: "I am reading Dr. Safford's 'Marvelous Life Story of Dr. Hosea Ballou,' and I am very thankful to be made to realize afresh what we owe to that great man. My real friendship is added unto, and I shall enjoy so much the more meeting that great spirit in the heavenly home. The more we learn of the great and the good here, just so much the better start we have in the future life; and this is often the chief good of the books we read: not only the knowledge we gain of their subjects, but also the friendship we find with their authors.

"The personality of Hawthorne affects me more than his writings, and he seems to be my friend—to know me as well as I him. The hope is inspired of meeting him in heaven, sitting at his feet, and learning from him of that beautiful world. What a writer Hawthorne was, and probably is! My heart grows sensitive, as I think of his beautiful, inimitable language, his pure, ideal vision, his weird yet penetrating thinking, and all wrapped around with the sweet and mysterious sadness of his mind, to be removed, we believe, in that land where sorrow and sighing shall at last flee away to be known no more forever."

On April 1, 1889: "Since the meeting at Andrews Settlement there has seemed to be an almost new power

about me, which sometimes I have felt I did not half use. But I called the other day to see a very sick young lady, unable either to eat or to sleep, and whose doctor had just left the order that she must not eat a mouthful of food for three days to come—only take the medicine he had prepared. It seemed to all in the house that she would die before that time expired. I sat by the bedside of the poor sufferer, and the divine influence began to stir in my heart. I asked the mother to leave her daughter alone with me, and to allow no one to come into the room for an hour. The mother left the room and closed the door, and then I laid my hand upon the stomach of the poor girl, and drew into oneness with the breath divine. Showers of blessings fell upon us both, and soon she was in sleep, and after a little the sweetest sleep; and so passed an hour of blessed quiet and recuperating rest. Then I called the mother, and, contrary to the doctor's command, ordered some gruel made for the invalid, which she ate and enjoyed, to her great benefit.

“I have had these reflections to-day: Jesus said, ‘I am the resurrection and the life,’ and could He have so spoken if not divine? One might better deny the mother who bore him than the divine origin of the Saviour. If the miracles of Christ are not authoritative, His teachings and His precepts are not, and we might as well reject the one as the other. Then, if we discredit the divine and miraculous origin of Christ, our faith is stretched and credulity increased to account for such a life as His. Anyone, no matter who he is, or of what attainments, has only to consider his own weaknesses, imperfections, and limitations, to prepare him to maintain that the Christ life must have been of a different beginning from his own and the rest of mankind. When we come into oneness

with the divine Spirit,—the Holy Spirit of God,—we cannot get away from the miraculous. The Spirit bears witness to the truths of the Gospel and the Gospel narrative, and we say, ‘What am I that I can withstand God?’

“The Spirit also tells us from whence we come and whither we go, and that we are immortal with God’s own Spirit. If we live only in the flesh and the mind, we cannot understand these things; but if we live in the Spirit, God makes them plain to us. ‘The Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.’ The Spirit is miraculous, and they that are born of it pass into a new realm of being; and one in harmony with the unseen and eternal.”

On April 11, 1889: “I called on the 9th at the home of the sick girl, and found her much improved. She has been eating and sleeping since I was there, and gaining in strength. They think she will soon be about again. The mother says, ‘I believe you have saved my daughter’s life,’ understanding that it was through divine power. ‘And now,’ says she, ‘I want you to pray for my son, who has been away for days carousing with drinking companions, to come home.’ So we both kneeled and prayed fervently, and in the Spirit, and, sure enough! he came home that night. I was in there yesterday, and the mother was very happy!”

On May 4, 1889: “To-day we held a Covenant meeting and a consecration service. Fifteen persons spoke, and all in the Spirit. Brother Jacobs said his religious feelings were growing deeper; that he loved our faith more and more, and that he wanted to understand it better,

that he might have more of it to live by in his home and all places. Young Brother Blair, our respected clerk, said he never felt so much like living a true, holy, and pure life as now.

A faithful member, who had been a long time in the church, said he never saw better indications of life and growth than now, and several bore sincere testimony to the good work which is being done spiritually and socially. We have had no dancing at our church sociables, as is the custom with some country societies. I rejoice when I think that the churches with which I have been associated have had for entertainments only those things which are elevating and improving. Music, recitations, charades, mental games, and plays are always at our command, and with these a good program can be always arranged."

On May 18, 1889: "I had a funeral to attend the 15th, which I shall always call the little pink-and-white one, and I would like to place it here in the form of a story.

"THE LITTLE PINK-AND-WHITE FUNERAL.

"A little minister, short in stature, frail in health, and not over-confident in anything, except the power of the Holy Ghost, sat in her study in the pink-and-white month of May, 1889; but the elements were unsettled, the ways wet and troublesome, and she said to herself, 'How sweet to be at home to-day with time to read, write, reflect, and pray!' Just then a rap at the door below echoed through the chambers of her mind, and she was called down to meet a dark-faced, dark-eyed man, who said his little babe, about four months old, had died, and could she come to his house the next day, three miles away, to speak a comforting word, and then go eight miles another way to preach the sermon in the schoolhouse, close by the little

burial place, where the child was to be laid. How different her study looked as she re-entered it! And now the angels of mercy must be called upon, for she had had reason before to know how hearts do bleed when a young babe is taken away.

“Entering softly the home where the angel of death had been, the loveliest little pink-and-white vision met her gaze. There in the parlor, on the small center-table, lay the tiniest white casket, only a span long, it seemed, with beautiful pink-and-white flowers appearing above its sides. It was open, and, approaching, you could see the dearest little form, not larger than a doll’s—that of the little angel of the household, flown away to the pure mansions of the blest. The features were of delicate and perfect mold, and the well-shaped head was surrounded by a wonderful wealth of hair, curling in little ringlets all about the neck and temples. Upon the bed of flowers it lay, they coming to a crownlike appearance above the angelic face. The waxen hands nestled among the flowers and the folds of the pure white dress—objects of beauty for an artist’s eye. On the lid of the casket could be seen a small wreath of pink-and-white apple blossoms and a small cross of pink-and-white geraniums. Bouquets, too, of pink and white were scattered about the room.

“Waiting a long time for distant relatives to come, the minister sought the mother of the babe, and found her bearing her grief in a subdued and Christian manner. She said to her: ‘Were you expecting the transition of your little one, or did it come suddenly upon you?’ ‘I was looking for it,’ she replied, ‘for she was very sick indeed; and then a few nights before I had a dream which foretold it. I wandered to the burial-place where our other little one lies, and everything there, the mound and

all, was covered with pure white snow. As I gazed, it seemed that the whole world must be immaculate, for not a color could be seen but white; and then, as my soul appeared to be cleansed of every stain, a large rose bush silently sprang up at the head of my little one's grave, full of beautiful pink blossoms. Great peace fell upon me, and great joy took possession of my heart; but as I looked another little mound arose just beside the other, covered with snow, and another rose bush, covered with the beautiful pink blossoms. I awoke feeling sure that my other darling would be called; and I thanked God that he should prepare me thus.' The little minister thought, 'Oh, the gracious beauty of a spirit resigned like this! It must be approved of by angels as well as by men.' But the mother continued: 'I am greatly comforted that our child went home when she was so pure and innocent, and I feel that I have given the Father the sweetest and dearest offering of my life; but oh, the loneliness—all may understand, and especially mothers!'

"After the service at the house, which was not made, but came inspired by the exquisite little wee one in the casket, the angels who had borne her hence, the God who had made her so beautiful, and the Saviour who loves all the children of the earth—four lovely little girls dressed in pure white stepped forward to lift the little casket to the parents' carriage. The eight miles were long and wearying, as the conditions had not admitted of refreshments at noon. The minister sought speedy entrance into the schoolhouse, and, taking her seat behind the teacher's desk, breathed a prayer for rest and strength; but as she did so a pitcher and goblet revealed themselves—water placed there especially for her, she thought, and certainly a very kind and opportune deed on the part of some un-

known friend. As she began to turn the pitcher, lo! rich, white milk flowed forth, and she drank not only one, but two glasses. A miracle at first it seemed—that water had been turned into milk, she was so faint and needed it so badly; but soon the circumstances pointed to a friend whom she has never ceased to bless.

“As the procession entered, with the four little girls in white bearing the little white casket covered with the pink-and-white flowers, there were few dry eyes. Oh, the influence of a wee dead child; the little body cold, but the little angel spirit hovering near! What a tribute to the significance, the immortality, the depth of life—even when just begun! Little precious object, how fair and sweet and how potent, reminding us of the love of God and the love of human hearts. If we so love our own, and those of our friends, and even strangers, how much more does our Heavenly Father love His own; and all are His—with not one strange or small in His sight.

“In the burial-place, when nearing the two little graves, the mother, worn and weary, fainted; but soon we all were welcomed into an adjacent house, where we found rest and refreshment. Before leaving, the mother said to the one who had spoken the consoling word: ‘I dreaded to have you preach to-day because you were a stranger; but you have so satisfied us, we want to thank you, and ask you to pray for us, in our loneliness.’

“The influence of this little pink-and-white funeral brought thereafter roses into the sky of the minister, and touches of angel wings—just light little tappings about her head and heart.”

On Sunday, May 19, 1889: ‘Our church was full to-day. No meetings in the other churches, and all

seemed like one household of faith. My life is still full of flowers from the little pink-and-white funeral of the other day, and how I pray for that lonely mother! On Saturday I was reading Dr. Atwood's book on 'Revelation,' in the 'Manuals of Faith and Duty,' and became so absorbed that I did not hear the three loud raps upon our front door, of a neighbor who had come to bring us a pail of nice, fresh eating apples. I wonder if the time will ever come when I will not smile as I write the word collection on a program? I guess it will in about ten years from now, when all our people wake up to know that giving is a religious duty, and to realize the 'serious' worth of the Gospel to every life."

On June 10, 1889: "I went to Westfield, Pa., on the 4th to speak on the Constitutional Amendment which is to be submitted to the people on the 18th of June. Great time on account of the flood—everything washed away, and hard to get through the rivers and creeks. Bore up, though, as I was on a water journey, or temperance one, and got through. Rainy night, but had a good audience. I have often noticed that it rains when a temperance meeting is called, as if the heavens wanted to show their approval. Glad to have a chance at voters, but wished I was a Frances Willard. How the wealth of arguments for temperance, total abstinence, and prohibition overwhelm one, but the basal reasons are few, and upon these we can take our stand and wage our main battle. The use of alcohol is detrimental to the individual and to the people; and being detrimental to the people, it is wrong for the government to encourage and license its use. Being injurious to the individual and the people, all should abstain from it and the government should discourage and abolish its use."

On July 17, 1889: "Just home, mother and I, from a very enjoyable time in the country, out in the homes of our parishioners. Though it is 'hayng' now, they took us from place to place. The pure, friendly spirit was dominant, making our journey a love-feast all the way. In the evening, where there were children, we had bright games for them, and closed the night's socialities, wherever we were, with religious exercises. Sister Payne's prayer for her husband, her family, the church, pastor, and all the people, got hold of the very 'horns of the altar,' and deeply impressed us all. We had personal talks with those who have not made a profession and joined the Church, and trust these will be fruitful of good. Many times we exclaimed on our round: 'Oh, the beautiful summer and the kindness of the human heart!' The flowers by the waysides delighted us. I never saw such a profusion of them. As Brother Payne and wife were taking us to the next visiting place from their home, he stopped his team, got out, and began gathering a bunch of fine daisies. His wife laughed and said: 'I never saw my husband pay any attention to posies before.' Presently he gave them to me, saying, 'I heard you remark that if you had a farm you should want it all covered with buttercups and daisies, so I thought I would gather a few of them for you'; and now the woods through which we were passing fairly rang with our merriment, and Mrs. Payne said she was never so pleased before. A little thing, but sunshine on our path, and not to be forgotten. I believe that humor, or the spirit of mirth, will be an element of heaven, as it is here. It seems ingrained, and often I have felt that angel spirits laughed with me and urged me on.

"At the beginning of our calls and visits we had a

singular experience with an old musical instrument, which I will relate.

"A VERY OLD PIANO AND AN ANGEL VOICE.

"We were sitting in the room where this antique instrument stood, and the kind lady of the house said to mother and me: 'Don't you sing?' And when we replied, 'Sometimes; that is, together,' she urged us to do so, and asked me to go to the piano to play the accompaniment, saying, 'It is very much out of repair and tune, but maybe it will be of some service to you.'

"As I ran my fingers over the keys, I thought I never, in all my life had heard such a jargon, such a clashing of unmusical sounds. I was really horrified by them, and, turning to the lady, I said: 'I do not think we can make use of this at all.' She urged again, and said: 'When you begin to sing maybe it will sound better.' Sure enough, as we commenced to sing 'He Leadeth Me,' I heard a voice, just above our heads, the sweetest and most heavenly voice I had ever listened to, blending with our voices, transforming them and taking up or casting out all the discord of the old worn-out instrument, until it seemed that altogether a music was produced fit for the spheres above. Heavenly thrills passed through all my being, and my hands were as at my first communion table. The lady said: 'How well the piano sounds with your singing,' and mother added: 'It seemed to change when we began to sing.' We sang other hymns with the same beautiful effect.

"I inquired into the history of the piano, and found that it had belonged to one now in the heavenly home, who while on earth was a fine musician, a very sweet singer, and a great lover of this, her especial property. I

had my explanation—the owner had come to help us and to change the terrible discord into harmony divine. Truly, the spiritual world is very near us, and when the condition is right, or the need very great, spirits can come and assist us. Maybe, in this case the pride of ownership also entered in.

“ I shall be quite busy now, as I have the ‘ Occasional Sermon ’ to prepare for our coming Association at Friendship, the place where the fraternal courtship began for our settlement here. I don’t think I shall put many ‘ sugar plums ’ this time into my discourse, but bend to the task of pointing out the real, plain duties of the hour, though, of course, letting the light and the influence of the Spirit upon it all.”

On October 11, 1889: “ Our vacation in Saratoga and at the Thousand Islands is over and gone, and we are back again, and well into the closing work of the year, for my second year will end November 3. On our way home from vacation we attended our old Association, the North Branch at Westfield, where we met many old friends and enjoyed an excellent meeting.

“ I made there what I call my first platform speech. It was at an evening service, where several were to speak, each having an assigned subject. I had not much time for preparation, and so I said that I felt as Sojourner Truth did, when suddenly brought before a Sunday school to speak. Said she: ‘ Children, I have come out here in front to hear what I am going to say.’

“ Our vacation this year was more than usually eventful, for besides the Saratoga delights, shared with my sister and her son, we visited our dear friends, the Sargents, at their pleasant cottage ‘ Summerland ’ at the Thousand



ERNEST SARGENT OLMSTED.

Islands. They sent for us all to come, very generously bearing the expense of the journey for mother and me. There were about twenty families upon their island—some sixty persons in all, a goodly number of whom were from the Universalist churches of Rochester and Brooklyn, N. Y.

“Here, with all the comforts and blessings of home life, and with many of its necessary hindrances and objectionable features removed, we enjoyed two very pleasant weeks. Being surrounded by water there was no dust, and no dampness whatever, owing to the current being so swift at this midway position in the majestic river. The St. Lawrence River, like its name, is a true saint, in bestowing its many blessings of comfort and of beauty. You are delightfully confronted in all directions with the ever-changing scenery of water and sky, and with very little in your surroundings to remind you of the great busy world you have left behind. If you wish to go anywhere—and you are often tempted, for other lovely islands, with their charming homes and interesting inhabitants, are all about you—you must go on the water; but boats, small or large, sail or row, are always at your command. Pleasure and fishing excursions are also often indulged in. Dr. Asa Saxe and family and Dr. Almon Gunnison and family are the nearest neighbors of our friends, and each own a cottage. What pleasant visits and happy relations we had with them in their homes, sitting on the verandas and on the grass under the beautiful trees!

“The first Sunday we were all invited over to Pullman Island, owned by George Pullman of the Pullman Car Company. On this island he has erected a magnificent structure, copied after an old German castle on the

Rhine, which he has named 'Castle Rest.' This he placed here a few years ago, in honor of his parents, and dedicated it to his aged mother, still living, a woman of sterling worth and great amiability. She comes here every summer with all her children. Dr. Gunnison said to me that he thought Mr. Pullman the most able man of his acquaintance. He carries himself with great dignity, and the grasp of his hand is a 'liberal education.' He has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on this island, and given to his brother, Dr. R. H. Pullman of Baltimore, Md., a thousand dollars to fit up tents on Royal Island nearby. This brother and family prefer to camp out upon the rocks and among the sweet-scented pines. With a liberal hand he bestows his means upon his family and friends.

"On this Sunday we heard Dr. James M. Pullman, another brother, a distinguished and noble minister of our Church, and the able editor of our *Sunday-school Helper*, speak from the spacious platform built in a grove of the island, where their services are held on pleasant Sundays. The sermon, like that of Dr. Newman's in Saratoga, was a feast for mind and soul. His subject was Paul's being caught up into the third heaven, and hearing that which was unlawful to utter; and as he talked, like Paul he came to visions and revelations of the Lord, until it seemed that the deep, unseen experiences of your life arose before you, and you, too, were lifted into the third heaven. A choir sang, made up mostly of the Pullman family. Renowned and noble people were present, among them General Schofield of the United States Army. How inspiring such an audience, and such a scene for the speaker! The great castle, on its everlasting foundations, overshadowed us, and cast an indescribable influence about us.

"After the homeward trip I turned to this Scripture and thought it befitting: 'Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generations following. For this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death.'

"A few days later we all went over to Pullman Island again, to call upon our friends, gliding over the waters in Mr. Sargent's naphtha launch, called *The Sunset*. Several times we were in the wake of large vessels, and rocked by the great waves as in a cradle, and I kept thinking:

" ' Like a cradle rocking, tossing,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,' etc.

"Calling on Dr. R. H. Pullman and his family, we sang again, as we had in Titusville, 'Awake, My Soul, to Joyful Lays,' etc., all taking hold of hands the same as before. Dr. James Pullman showed us all about 'Castle Rest,' and it was a rare afternoon for gathering up the goodness and beauty of the Lord for after-enjoyment and reflection. One fine morning the Pullman family came to 'Summerland' in their steam yacht, bringing on deck the dear old mother in her invalid chair. We had an enjoyable talk with her on the boat. We found that her son George, when away, telegraphs her every day, and has someone telegraph him of her condition. He sees that some one of her children is always with her.

"I said to Mr. Pullman that I wished to thank him for doing so much for his mother, and that I considered it a tribute to all our mothers, to have one mother so magnificently and enduringly honored. His eye kindled as he replied that he had hoped this would be for others, as well

as his own, and thought he could already see its good effects.

“ May all children, though unable to raise stately monuments to their parents’ love and watchfulness, build monuments of love in their own hearts and characters, those which will outlast all earthly structures, even for evermore: those which will testify to the goodness and beauty of the father- and the mother-love—to the goodness and beauty of the Lord, by everyday kindly obedience, and by everyday affectionate regard and action! There is a sermon right here, and would we could elaborate it.

“ The second Sunday our friends arranged for an afternoon service in the pretty grove between Mr. Sargent’s and Dr. Gunnison’s cottages, and invited me to give the sermon. I hardly knew about speaking in the open air, but, as God tempers the winds to the shorn lamb, there came a perfect calm over the face of nature. The breezes of the morning subsided, and favorable stillness and warmth prevailed. A profusion of water lilies were sent, as an offering of sweet incense, by the islanders, and were placed on a table in front of the improvised pulpit. Surely I felt the divine presence in their great loveliness. I spoke of the joy, comfort, and strength of the presence of the Lord and Saviour. The water appealing to our vision through the trees reminded me of Galilee, where Jesus walked and loved to be, and the rocks underneath the houses and those upon which we had clambered, meditated, and sung ‘ Rock of Ages,’ of the words of Jesus, ‘ Upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,’ and here as ever the Saviour was the one ideal to meet and fill our highest wants and aspirations.

“ At the Sargent cottage, where we were entertained

royally, life went on as in a wonderland, with the magnificent sunsets across the waters playing an important part, and hanging on memory's walls glorious pictures for darker days with light and color to transform many a clouded scene. Mr. Sargent is a presiding genius upon 'Summerland,' and to his wise plans and indefatigable labors for comfort and improvement, all owe much. Mrs. Sargent's conversation is as a running brook, and leaves bright jewels of incident, gems of thought, and reminiscence upon your mind. Oh, the geniality and the worth of good friends to you, how you bless God for them! When, on the morning we left, we glided over the majestic river in the marvelous little *Sunset* boat, with our good Sargent friends and Dr. Saxe along, mother said she would like to float to eternity that way.

"At the end of my year I resigned my pastorate at Whitesville for several reasons, one being the broad area of the field, making it difficult to get about among the people, and another the inaccessible situation of the place, so far from the railroad. It cost me a great struggle to break away, but we worked through it all, going over to Andrews Settlement again for a series of meetings, and holding in our own church a missionary meeting for Japan, and many prayer services. At Andrews Settlement, in one of our devotional meetings, a Methodist brother arose and said: 'I have been full of the Spirit to-day, having done two days' work in one, and I do not feel a bit tired, and a new thought has come to me—that I shall meet Universalists in heaven.' How strange and different the people looked to me after the pastoral cord was cut that bound me to them! It seemed unbearable to be out of regular work. A pastorate without a pastor is also a situation to be wept over, even as Christ wept over

Jerusalem; but there was hope that the Lord would send us another charge, and another minister to this flock which had worked so heartily and effectively with us during the two years, improving their church, gaining in spiritual life, and adding sixteen new members. The day for either was not far distant, for soon a good minister, in the person of Rev. C. H. Dodge, was secured for the church at Whitesville, and I was called back to my former pastorate at Mansfield, Pa."

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CHAPTER XVII.

"OLD LOVE RENEWED AGAIN."

FEBRUARY 15, 1890: "We returned to Mansfield and began our work again in the old church, with the blessed old friends and some new ones; and now we will begin to repair the vestry, and soon will reside again in the church rooms. It really seems as though we had been away from home since we left here, and have just gotten back again. We came over from Whitesville to assist in a series of meetings, and remained through the holidays. They lost their minister soon after, and an urgent request was made to us to return. We hesitated, not favoring the idea of second pastorates in the same place, but when a petition was presented, signed by the men, women, and children of the church, we could no longer resist, and consented to return.

"We feel richer by far than when we went away, for have we not all the dear ones there to add to the dear ones here—their lives, their faces? We could not get along without them now. Dear Sister Harris, in the other side of the house—it seems that she is with us, and how fresh are all her kindnesses to us, as well as those of Sister Wilson and others! Shortly before we left, Sister Richardson went with us to Mrs. Harris' to have a prayer meeting with her and Grandma Richmond, her mother. As we prayed, the dear old lady joined in audibly, so that double prayers were going up at the same time. Sister Laura R. also prayed, in her own angelic way, for us all.

The old lady kept saying, 'The Lord is with me, He is with me!'

"We talked about the church, and had a renewed sense of the helpfulness of the Sunday services. The Sunday spent at home seems dull, and even reading becomes more interesting after a good meeting. Truly God shows His wisdom and His goodness as much in providing the Sabbath, with its rest and worshipful observance, as in any other way. We found the society here somewhat in debt, but we hope soon to straighten this all out and begin all free again."

Under date of Sunday, March 23, 1890, I find in my diary: "To-day I gave an outline of the history of the Church, and all seemed interested. At the evening prayer meeting a young man 'came out.' I believe more than ever in the new birth, and I must preach and talk about it more than heretofore. What a difference there is between people who have been born again and those who have not! The regenerated have had their spirit consciously touched by the Holy Spirit of God, and have had their spiritual eyes opened; while the unregenerated are sealed in vision, and as yet are unawakened consciously to the inner life of the Spirit. There is really a great difference, and how soon you detect it! With the one you can, as it were, touch bottom in your talk; with the other, you are obliged to skim along on the surface, at least in things spiritual. The one almost breathes the breath of life into you afresh, while the other smothers and stifles your spirit. I wonder many more are not inquiring the way of the Spirit! It is such a beautiful way, so full of joy and promise, and leading evermore to truth eternal.

"I remember when I was young being very sick, and expecting soon to die, and that I felt unprepared,

spiritually; for it seemed like a leap in the dark, though my faith in God's goodness and love was perfect. Now I think it would seem just like going home with the way prepared before me. No one can be alone in life or death, who has the 'highest consciousness of life, the presence of God.' "

On April 21, 1890: "How busy we have been getting settled in the parsonage again! It has been entirely renovated and made more bright and pleasant. How happy we are to be here once more! Truly, we have come back to our own, and our own have received us. A reception was given us in the church parlors, all freshly repaired and bright with new paper and paint. Our 'happy day' has come. The Master calleth us; the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man speaking more deeply than ever in a fresh commission of service.

"I have been called to Springfield, twenty-two miles from here, by stage, to attend a funeral. I had a lovely ride, admiring the beauties of nature, and listening to the talk of the new driver, who seems to be a good man, and of good heart, for he was kind even to the dogs on the route. The friends met me with tears of gratitude, fearing I would not get through in time, and one old man, Father Alfred Brace, actually kissed me. Sometimes I think, when I go off thus to speak, where they have no pastor, and no meetings of their own, that the scene between Thomas Potter and John Murray when they first met, is enacted again—that is, in a degree; and you can imagine how enjoyable are such experiences.

"During my ministry in Whitesville on one occasion I went twenty miles over the snow, on strange roads, to attend a funeral. The man sent to take me was a horse tamer and breaker, and he brought a young team to break

and exercise on the way. When we arrived at our destination, after traveling in the sky, as it seemed, most of the time, the horses rearing at the slightest provocation, I was received so warm-heartedly that I was amply compensated for all the inconvenience and danger of the journey. The man who had died had requested that I should conduct his funeral services. In his coffin he looked like George Washington, and all said he had been the best man anywhere about. My first look at him gave me the feeling that he should be brought back to life, and that if Jesus Christ were there He certainly would perform this great act of kindness.

"I had just a little hint in my heart that if all would leave the room I could call enough of the Holy Spirit's power to produce his resurrection. What minister would take from his mind the gracious experiences which God gives him connected with the funeral occasion, when heaven and hearts seem open and revealed to him!

"Our people here in our prayer meetings are coming out in remarkable earnestness. The men are more devout and the young people evincing a deep interest. The members are taking turns in leading the Sunday- and Wednesday-night prayer meetings. We have formed a Young People's Christian Endeavor Society. We are getting the finances into better shape, and hope soon to be out of debt. How good it seems to be in the regular work again! A pastor without a pastorate is a peculiar object. Seems out of place everywhere, and oh, the feelings that go on within—they are too sad to mention!"

On June 1, 1890: "Last Sunday I gave the sermon at the Union Soldiers' Memorial Service at the Baptist Church. This was a new departure, and it seemed very pleasant to have our church numbered in with the rest.

Though somewhat timid before going over, I felt at home amid the beautiful flags, the fine singing, the fervent prayers, and before the G. A. R. boys, with whom I have such deep kinship on account of my country, my brother, and because I wanted to go to war with them. Many flocked about me with kind words after the service, and some Southerners thanked me for what I said in regard to the South. One of the ministers remarked he wished he could feel as hopeful as I of the final victory of good over evil.

"The press very generously said, 'The sermon was in every way worthy of the occasion.' One of the officers of the G. A. R. took pains to thank me a second time on finding out, at an after-meeting, how well pleased the boys were with what I said to them. How happy I am to be useful in this way, and I often think that we and others suffer loss by our being debarred such privileges. In fact, there would be a better feeling and more good done all around if all the churches, every time, were included upon such occasions. It seems strange that a church which believes in all the good of the other churches, only going further on to include all in Christ's mission of salvation, should generally be the one to be excluded; and sometimes it makes me stamp my foot that it is so; but on second thought I pray for that charity and patience which will cover all, and bide the time of better things."

On July 9, 1890: "Well, we've been back to Whitesville, which we now call our other parish, to attend the Association held there on the 25th and 26th of June, and the whole event was an 'oasis.' They sent an urgent invitation, not only to me, but to our church; so a number of us went together. The meeting with all the dear friends was electric. We stopped with dear Sister and

Brother Harris, and enjoyed calling upon the sick and renewing dear old associations. The services at the church revived and gave us new strength and hope. I feel younger and better generally for the outing and the experience.

“ ‘ Old love renewed again, that love I ever.’

“ I went yesterday to see a sister who was ill in bed. I found her burning with fever; I laid my hands upon her and prayed, and soon the fever was reduced, the circulation established, and she said I had done her more good than all the doctors. I am very happy these beautiful days. Never felt so joyous before, and the thought of God is what sweetens all.”

On November 20, 1890: “ I received the following from the corresponding secretary of the county W. C. T. U. :

“ ‘ I find it is one of my first duties to acquaint you with the fact that you were unanimously elected superintendent of evangelistic work for this county at our Seventh Annual Convention, held at Blossburg on August 23 and 24. While you may feel this is an additional burden laid upon willing shoulders, you are assured of the hearty support and of the earnest prayers of your co-workers, trusting and believing that God will continue to prosper our beloved organization, and work through it powerfully as in the past.

“ ‘ Yours for God and Home and Native Land.

“ ‘ LAURA P. BROWNE,

“ ‘ Cor. Sec. W. C. T. U.’

“ I shall accept, hoping to do some good work in this department. I already have the same position locally.



NEPHEWS AND GRAND-NIECE.

"My dear brother and his fine family, away from the Pacific coast, have made us a visit; and, oh, such a rich time we have had together! A mine of gold it has seemed, from which we have drawn forth the pure heart nuggets to keep, to cherish, and enjoy for all coming time. We made church capital of them also, by way of social visits and entertainments, in which latter sister and her daughter did most of the singing and the speaking. They have a bright little son four years old, who added much to the joy of the visit. I took him down to our fair one day, and as we passed a fruit stand he very artfully and with pleading suffusion of face said to me: 'Auntie, I was always very fond of nanos (bananas).' Of course he got some right away. Oh, my Father in heaven, I thank Thee for my kindred, for my loved brother and his beautiful family. Mayest Thou keep them evermore guarded and cherished by Thee, and healed in every hour of sickness and trial by the love-remedies of heaven. My brother, I have loved thee as my life, and I do not forget the time when we walked together hand in hand—two little loving beings the other side of life's experiences, where all was new, and we were new and largely made up of joy, innocence, and faith; and that as we advanced in days and years you were to me the best and dearest man in all the world; the only man, with our dear sainted father in heaven, who had come very near to my heart. I used to say 'I would lay down my life for you,' and now I feel the same. Your tender, yet manly face is photographed upon our souls, and at thought of you your life at once becomes blended with our own—the dear little boy, the young, the full-grown man, of our most tender love. God bless you, my brother, o'er and o'er!'"

On November 27, 1890: "To-day I preached the Thanksgiving Sermon at the union service at the large Methodist Episcopal church. House full, and spirited meeting. Prominent singers from all the churches and the State Normal School made up the choir. The singing was truly grand and inspiring. I took for my text the 117th Psalm: 'O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great towards us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord.' Towards the close of my sermon I gave the following incident illustrative of humanitarian unity, which is really Christian unity, which all seemed to enjoy. A gentleman and his son were walking through the streets of London one Sunday morning, and the people were wending their way to a hundred different churches, passing and repassing in all directions. The gentleman and his son, after services had commenced, stepped into several churches where the forms and ceremonies differed. 'Father,' said the boy, 'why do not all people worship God alike?' 'In these things,' said the father, 'God has permitted us to differ.' By this time the meetings had closed, and the people were crossing and recrossing the streets to their homes, when suddenly a woman fainted and fell upon the hard flagstones, to all appearance cold and lifeless. Most quickly all ran to her assistance. A Quaker took her hand, a Methodist ran for the doctor, a Universalist fanned her, an Episcopalian rubbed her arms, a Baptist went for water, a Presbyterian found some camphor; Roman Catholics and all were anxious to do something for her relief. 'In these things,' said the father significantly to his son, 'God has made us to agree.' After this story I said: 'God has indeed made our hearts united where our heads disagree; and however much we

may differ in political and religious opinions, we should unite, and we are uniting, thank God, in the sacred desire, in the patient toil, for that condition of society and state in which it will be made the easiest for people to do right and the most difficult for them to do wrong; in which there will be no stumbling-blocks in the way of improvement, and where there shall be no more suffering and woe, no more temptation to injustice and wrong. I was delighted to be upon the platform with all the other ministers, and the great oneness and apparent harmony of the occasion greatly inspired me.

"We had a turkey dinner at home, and several guests. One of the women said it was the happiest day of her life to have witnessed such a meeting as we had in the morning. Dr. David Keppel, the consecrated, scholarly, and broad-minded Methodist minister, and the Baptist minister, the Rev. Mr. Cooper, a very bright and liberal young man, called and asked me to give the sermon, and when I thanked them, they said: 'Oh, no! do not thank us; it is just your right and privilege to do this.'"

The fall and winter work went satisfactorily on, to merge in the beautiful Easter time, when more took upon themselves the profession of faith and made open acknowledgment of their desire to live the life of Christ in the world. All rejoiced in the work; but soon after I had to relinquish my labors for about a month on account of illness, though sermons were read in the church, and the open meetings were carried on as usual. Great kindness was shown me by our people and our kindred. The money the latter sent for doctor's bills I used, after I had recovered a little, for rides in the country amid the apple blossoms and the beautiful spring scenery, and breathed and enjoyed myself well again. Midway during the illness

it seemed I might be floating out into eternity, and, strange as it might appear to some, this one thought was dominant: "I am so glad I have never preached error, but always the truth." Over and over again these words repeated themselves to my waking moments, and I felt sure when I met the Lord I should rejoice that I had not given to the people dark and erroneous views of His character and His government. But oh, my sins, I felt sorry for them, and thanked the Lord so many times that He was a forgiving God, and plenteous in mercy, though at the same time just, rendering unto every man according unto his works, and that He would bestow upon me that which would be for my profit, and would bring me at last into perfect harmony with His will. What a Father we have in heaven! Do we half realize it until we are brought low and feel our entire dependence upon His mercy and His love? One very sad thing occurred while I was sick. I had a call to go and attend the funeral of Father Bateman Monroe, and was obliged to send what was to me a heartrending negative. Dear old soul! they sent for me to come and be with him a few days before he died, and this was the saddest part of it, for I would have liked so much to have seen him and talked with him once again.

On June 14, 1891: "An urgent invitation is received for mother and me to go to Whitesville to assist in a series of meetings. They want just our service, and write that they feel sure this will be all that is required. Would to God we could go and see and help those dear people! but the work here is all that we can undertake at present. I have extra labor now, in getting up the Historical Address for the Semi-Centennial of the North Branch Association, to be given at our meeting this year at Standing Stone.

I have to get up at four o'clock in the morning to attend to the writing and the culling from the large volume of records and minutes. Judge Russell of Towanda, our president, asked me to do this, and I could not refuse so worthy a man and one so devoted to the cause, and then, of course, I want to help along in every way possible."

On October 4, 1891: "I have been called to Westfield on important business to assist in the examination and ordination of the young pastor there. Being a member of the Committee of F. O. D., it was my regular duty; and mother being chosen as a lay member of the council, we were both present. I felt for the young man, and was reminded of my own sufferings in being lawfully brought into the work. The candidate, Rev. Mr. Riegel, was passed; the ordination took place, and also a two-days' meeting in connection therewith. The services were enjoyable, and notable also, as we had with us the State missionary, Rev. O. R. Beardsley, and three ex-State missionaries, Revs. Ballou, Hand, and Hutchins, who dispensed the good things of the Gospel to us.

"We passed our vacation at home, for sister and son were here. They went with us to our Association at Standing Stone, and we had a grand time. Ten of us started on August 30, and rode forty-eight miles through the beautiful country, picnicking at noon by the roadside. The Association was unusually successful and largely attended. Rev. O. R. Beardsley was with us, and from abroad we had the aged and original-minded Rev. Samuel Ashton and sweet-souled Sister Myra Kingsbury. I gave my Historical Address, and they voted to have it published in pamphlet form, so I shall be the author of one little book at least. I hope I shall feel proud of it."

On December 29, 1891: "A stranger came to our

Christmas social, and now this pleasant note comes from her, as to the cordiality with which she was received, causing us to wish that we might always be thus mindful of others:

“ ‘DEAR MISS BAILEY:

“ ‘Do you recollect a lady calling on you Christmas Eve, Mrs. A. Campbell, from Morrisville, N. Y.? I want to thank you and the ladies of your church for their cordiality on that evening—also your dear mother. Please give my love to her and all the ladies I met. I had a very pleasant time. Let me know soon how you are prospering in the church, for I am interested. Accept this from a true friend. --

“ ‘MRS. ALVIN CAMPBELL.’ ”

On January 28, 1891: “ Just home from Titusville, Pa., where mother and I were called to assist the pastor, Rev. M. H. Houghton, and Rev. Stanford Mitchell, the sweet singer and powerful preacher, in a series of meetings. The time passed among our old friends was most enjoyable, and the results of the meeting very encouraging, sixteen new members being added to the church. Brother Houghton announced that I was to give the sermon before the ceremony of admission, saying he thought a woman’s speaking was more persuasive than that of a man. Of course this is not necessarily so, but I did the best I could, with fullness of heart, and was rejoiced to the highest degree when the sixteen persons came forward to pledge themselves to the life and spirit of Christ.”

During the winter of 1892 we had a very good series of meetings with the State missionary, Rev. O. R. Beardsley, and Rev. R. T. Polk, the pastor at Towanda, to help

us. Rev. John Kimball and wife, visiting her parents, were also with us. Mr. Kimball wrote a fine article for the *Leader*, concerning this meeting and our work, in which he said:

"This parish is a wonderful illustration of what faith and courage will do. A steady growth has been the result of their efforts, and they have to-day a faithful church organization, a cozy church building, and a delightful parsonage. Universalism has gained a name, a reputation, and a right to live in a place where once it was the synonym of unbelief and unrighteousness. The faith and devotion of this people and pastor are gathering the visible fruit of consecrated effort."

This year we worked up a grand "Columbian Social" for our church, including a National Apron Bazaar, in which there were aprons from the majority of the States, and two from old Mexico; with their State emblems upon them. This was a most enjoyable occasion and resulted in placing a good sum of money in our treasury. I would like even now to thank all the friends over again, from the different States of the Union, who so kindly responded to our call for aprons, not one addressed failing to do so. This effort brought us into the year 1893 free from debt.

During the winter of 1893 we had special meetings, with Rev. Beardsley and Rev. Amanda Deyo of Scranton, Pa., present. These greatly revived us; and in writing of them for the press I said:

"A wave of life has been created here which must flow on and out into broader ministry and enjoyment. Our brother preached upon 'The Pure Religion of the Gospel,' 'The Power of Thought,' and 'God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit,' and our sister upon 'Thirsting for God,' 'The Power of Christ,' 'The Influence of the Holy Spirit,' and

'Church Membership.' We had one excellent temperance and social purity meeting, and also an afternoon mothers' meeting, conducted by Sister Deyo, at which the W. C. T. U. organization was present."

"I was delighted to again have a lady preacher to work with me. She remained over Sunday, and assisted at our services. Soon we were called to her place to assist her in a week of meetings, which we did, greatly to our own added spiritual life and power, and we hope to the good of the cause. Towards the close of our meetings there was a great stirring of the elements, and one brother came out and said: 'I want to know more about this Holy Spirit.' The shadow was that the meetings could not have been longer continued."

On March 3, 1893: "I have been thinking to-day about a mother who came to me to get comfort in the loss by death of her only son, not a professing Christian; how she has talked with us, read our books with greatest relish and eagerness, especially those which expound the Scriptures reasonably and rationally to the human mind and heart, and how her husband said she would either have died or become insane had it not been for the light and comfort received from these sources. Oh, how sensitive was her soul; and she suffered in her own church in hearing allusions in prayer or sermon to the 'bottomless pit, or the endlessness of the hell-fire misery'! The whole religious world, I believe, comes over on to our side in times like this, and oh, that all might remain to draw comfort and support! A good old Presbyterian woman in Cincinnati said: 'We all have to be Universalists when we lose our friends.'

"A sweet tune has been singing in my heart—the one we heard last summer during our second visit at 'Summer-

land,' at the Thousand Islands. It was 'Galilee, Sweet Galilee,' and sung by a quartette of the Universalist choir from Rochester, who were visiting Mrs. Sargent's daughter at 'Summerland.' The sweetest thing, taken up by the sweetest voices, and when it came to us in the evening, across the waters, the effect was indescribable and lasting."

On the night of the Soldiers' Memorial Day our church gave an "Old War Song Concert" in the Opera House. It was a great success, and the proceeds over fifty dollars. Professor Cogswell and wife, head of the musical department of the State Normal School, and the Glee Club of the Normal Guards, gave us generous assistance, and our own young people outdid themselves in patriotic recitation, song, and the choruses. We had a tent upon the stage with soldiers in and around it; and when the Glee Club sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" the effect was very fine indeed. Many times during the evening the thrill, victorious and pathetic, of the old war times was upon us. We invited the G. A. R. Post, who came in a body, and when we sang "Marching through Georgia" they all rose and joined in with us. We had a flag presentation, and recited the old speech that mother made to Captain Hall, when the first company went out to the war from Lima, N. Y.

On June 24, 1893: "What feelings we are undergoing now, and in what a bustle of preparation, for we expect to leave the latter part of next month for the World's Fair at Chicago, and to be gone about ten weeks at least. We hope to attend the Parliament of All Religions, the National and the World's W. C. T. U. meetings, the Woman's Ministerial Conference, and the Universalist Congress. I have heard from Dr. Augusta J. Chapin, chairman of the Woman's General Committee on Re-

ligious Congresses, the only woman D. D. in the world, and she invites me to take a part at the Woman's Ministerial Conference.

"What a treat we have in store! Oh, happy day, our hearts leap forward at the thought! My sister and family will meet us there, and we shall do light housekeeping together, taking some necessary household goods with us."

On October 23, 1893: "We returned home last Saturday from the World's Fair, and yesterday I gave my first sermon upon it, with the subject 'Great Days at the Fair and the World's Parliament of All Religions,' and the text 'For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the works of Thy hands. O Lord, how great are Thy works, and Thy thoughts are very deep.' I argued that as God is seen in His own wonderful created works, so is He seen and manifested in the works of man, the result of man's thought, skill, invention, discovery, art, and handiwork; and though the works of God are matchless and perfect, those of man are great and noble, for he thinks God's thoughts after Him.

"Truly the Fair was beyond all our previous conception or imagination. Upon our first day we went about without guide or plan, taking an astonished and cursory view of the grounds and buildings, and finally came, toward the close of the day, into 'The Court of Honor,' where we beheld 'The Statue of the Republic,' its colossal and beautiful proportions glorified by the rays of the Western sun, amid its marvelous and harmonious surroundings. I had never beheld anything in all my life so beautiful as the scene before me, and like the Israelites of old, when the glory of the Lord did appear, I could not look at it, for a time. And then, I think, something like

this must have passed through my mind, though I did not put much of it into words :

" Has the veil that is spread between us and the eternal been removed, and are we beholding ' that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God ' ; and did God place this great statue here, that we might learn to reverence and obey Him, that by its emblems and sentiments of humanity and liberty for all men we might come to see the true dignity and worth of every life ; that we might yield ourselves to Him, the only wise God, and see in Him the source and the beginning of all things, and that on man He has conferred the ability to work, after His glorious patterns, both in the material and the spiritual world, that anew we should realize ' The invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead,' and we be benefited thereby, brought nearer to Him, to His knowledge, wisdom, and truth, to the all-beautiful mind and spirit that are abroad in the world, so that we might never live again just as we have in the past, but more conformably to this rapturous vision of His wisdom and His love ?

" We all remember the words of the Bishop of Zante, a grand old Greek Christian, whom we saw at the Parliament of All Religions. When he beheld the classic art and beauty of the Court of Honor, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, ' This is the Greece of my ancestors ! ' My verdict of the Fair is that all who attended it must be blessed and strengthened for the journey of life, and better prepared for the glories above, and that every stroke of the hand of skill and beauty there justified itself in the harvest of influence that the whole did yield. In the art building one afternoon mother became almost wild with

joy and excitement, bending down and kissing the hand of the noble statue of Abraham Lincoln, writing his great Proclamation of Liberty to the slaves.

"I am truly thankful that we could attend this Fair, and for all that went to make it so great and marvelous a success; for the conscientious, self-sacrificing, benevolent, and heroic labor of its officials and others; for the rallying of all nations to share with our own this opportunity to display their very best in all things useful, ornamental, and educational; and for the great peaceful coming together of our American masses, and the many friends from other lands.

"The World's W. C. T. U. meeting was great and inspiring. It seemed a chance of a lifetime to witness the beautiful women upon the stage, with their surroundings; for back of them was their banner with the globe encircled by the white ribbon, with the motto, 'Christ for the world.' Above this was Frances Willard's motto, 'We Wage our Peaceful War for God and Home and Native Land,' and other fitting decorations. Lady Henry Somerset presided with dignity and grace in the place of Miss Willard, who was detained in England by failing health. Beside her sat Anna Gordon, pure-faced and exalted, and bringing the life and influence of Frances Willard to mind. Other accomplished sisters were present, of noble purpose and attainment. What a blending of powers, both of the head and the heart, of achievement and work accomplished, was here presented!

"We listened to Rev. Anna Shaw, so witty and brilliant, and Susan B. Anthony, with her clear-cut, earnest face, whose noble address on woman's suffrage was filled with points, arguments, and reflections that told, and flashed fire among the people. Her voice, so eloquent and pene-

trating, reached even to the remotest corners of the great hall, and stirred the men as well as the women to tears, and we hope to good and fruitful resolutions. At the close of Miss Anthony's address Amanda Smith, the colored singer and evangelist, was called for. She came forward and sang 'The Lord Will Provide,' in triumphant and pathetic strains, and then kneeling upon the platform she uttered a prayer such as mortals seldom hear. As she prayed for the restoration of our leader, Frances Willard, to health, it seemed as if the mighty spirit put forth was enough to raise the dead. It was a fitting close to the day's proceedings. As she arose from her knees Miss de Broen, the beautiful French delegate, in her silks and laces, went to her, put her arms about her, and kissed her most affectionately. It was a time when the brotherhood and sisterhood of the human family were predominant in the hearts of the people, and all were blessed as with deep and living waters flowing out of the heart of God.

"The delegations from the different countries, and those from our own, with their banner marked 'United States,' were features of great interest, as also were the two thousand women in the audience, many of them distinguished in the grand old temperance crusade work. We sat in the audience among other white ribboners, perfectly but bewilderingly happy. The time we had longed for had come. Such a great good time, and we in it! We felt that for once, at least, we were where all appeared good and right, and as a great fountain of purity and energizing force for the world's redemption from the false to the true, the dark to the light, and praised God from whom all blessings flow!

"The Woman's Ministerial Conference, presided over

by that sweet woman, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was another of the attractions here. We heard fifteen women preachers give their experience, and met again that dear friend and noble woman, Mrs. Abel C. Thomas. Among the ministers was a Quaker lady, and she talked as if under perfect control of the Holy Spirit, and greatly influenced all present. The next Sunday, the 24th of September, we women were invited to speak in Chicago pulpits. The North Side Universalist Church was assigned me by Dr. Chapin, and mother and I had a delightful time at the church and in the home of the pastor, Rev. L. J. Dinsmore.

"On Colored People's Day at the Fair we were present at their exercises, and it was good to see grand old Frederick Douglass' great delight and satisfaction as one after another of his own people from the schools and colleges came forward to speak or to sing. How delightful it was to listen to his stirring and hopeful address, given with his old-time eloquence! What a stalwart he has been, and what a fountain his mind, both of the bitter and the sweet, but to-day showing mostly the sweet, as far as his prophecy of the advancement of his race was concerned—though to be attained, of course, by slow degrees, his motto being 'Higher, yet still higher.' He pointed out to us the fact that no race was ever so helpless at the time of its liberation as the colored race, and we should always take this into consideration in our judgments of them, and in our endeavors for their welfare and education. Grand old soul! After the meeting closed I rushed along, climbed over the railing of the platform, falling as I did so in the crowd, to shake his hand—that of a John the Baptist for his race! In hope and effort for them I will ne'er give up, for I love them still;

with such glorious specimens upon whom to fix our gaze as Frederick Douglass, Senator Bruce, and Booker T. Washington, we must believe in them, lose our race prejudice, regard them as our brothers, and be ready at every opportunity to extend the helping hand.

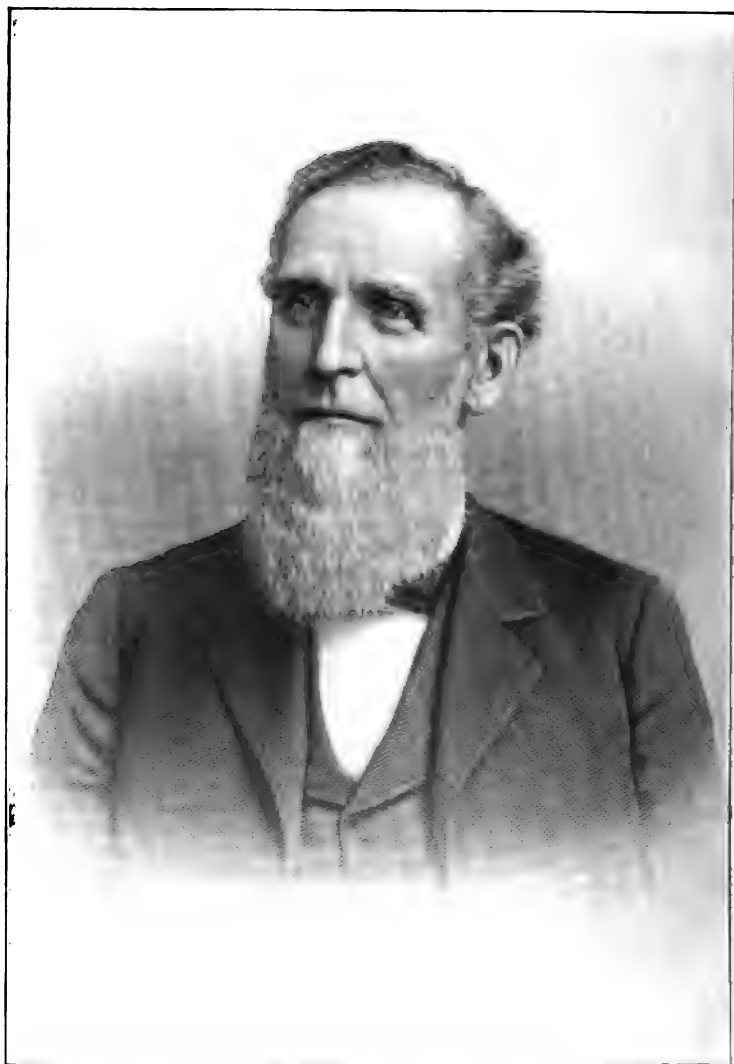
"In Chicago 'The Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg' was a wonderful sight, and you carry from it not only living pictures of the War of the Rebellion, but awful blood writings upon your heart and soul, and protests for man and beast; and the prayer comes forth in anguished tones unto the Father of us all: 'In Thy merciful Providence may there never be another war while the world stands; but mayest Thou win men to Thy love and will, to settle their difficulties in a more rational, humane, and Christian method. O most merciful Father, let us love one another, even our enemies, and bide our time and wait and work and pray, believing that with all Thy mighty forces in heaven and earth at our command we can bring the right to triumph over wrong without resort to cruel, to awful and hellish war: though all honor and gratitude to the brave, loyal, and unselfish ones who in the past have felt it their duty to defend in this way their country's rights and institutions.'

"I intend to write seven more lectures on the Fair, and shall thoroughly study their subjects, consulting my reference books and works upon points which I do not understand, thus making the work educational to myself and, I trust, to others. I cannot but think how fine it will be to thus 'think God's thoughts after Him,' and bless the heroic old astronomer, Kepler, for putting that expression into our minds.

"The texts for these sermons have already been selected, and they are so good; convincing you again that

the Bible contains wonderful things for all occasions and situations. They are as follows:

“ ‘ Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth? ’ (Jeremiah ii. 15). ‘ He directeth His lightning unto the ends of the earth. After it a voice roareth: He thundereth with the voice of His excellency, and He will not stay them, when His voice is heard. God thundereth marvelously, with His voice: great things doeth He, which we cannot understand ’ (Job xxxvii. 3). ‘ Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord ’ (1 Chronicles xvi. 33). ‘ Iron is taken out of the earth and brass is molten out of the stone. As for the earth, out of it cometh bread and under it is turned up, as it were, fire; the stones of it are the place of sapphires; and it hath dust of gold ’ (Job xxviii. 6). ‘ What is man that Thou art mindful of him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet ’ (Psalms viii. 4). ‘ How great is His goodness and how great is His beauty ’ (Zechariah ix. 17). ‘ I Wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions ’ (Proverbs viii. 12). ”



JUDGE C. S. RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"OLD LOVE RENEWED AGAIN" (*Continued*).

THE Sunday after our return from the great Fair I was called to Mardin to attend the funeral of the infant boy of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball. The sight of the perfect little form and the face of the child, so pure in death, was beautiful and touching indeed; and for me to seek to comfort those heart-pierced parents was a privilege and duty not easily entered upon. Four young boys, relatives of the deceased, carried the casket to its final resting-place, and as I started out to lead the procession I felt that God was very near. I did not walk alone, and I thought of those grand women I had met in Chicago, and this gave me additional strength.

And now we plan to have our Association meet with us in Mansfield the 15th of November, for we did not want one link in the chain of these important meetings to be found missing in future years, and we wanted the work to go on as formerly, yielding good fruit and advancing the cause. A good meeting was the result, and we secured a new president, W. S. Mace of Towanda, a young man full of faith and the Spirit, our former president, Judge Russell, having resigned.

I have always taken the greatest interest in this Association, and have done what I could for it. One year it so happened that I was away in the East, and Judge Russel wrote me asking me to make up the program, and I had great difficulty in getting ministers to attend, for, like my-

self, they were away, it being August; but we had a very successful meeting, with nine ministers present. It was held at Athens that year, and Rev. Myra Kingsbury preached in her most exalted way.

While at the Fair, through correspondence with Brother Lewis Daggett of Tioga, it was arranged that I should go to his place, ten miles from Mansfield, once a month to preach, which I did thereafter for nearly one year, the Presbyterian church being given us for the purpose. On the 24th of June, 1894, I conducted Mrs. Daggett's funeral, who, though a member of the Presbyterian Church, had requested that I should do so.

During the summer, owing to our meetings at Tioga, a man and his wife joined our Church. Their names were inscribed on the list of the church at Mansfield. At our Children's Sunday, at home, two little ones were dedicated, and the following Sunday four children of one family. These latter we had sought out from a home where the father was intemperate and the mother sickly. We had done for them what we could, and now the mother wished them given to the Lord, in this way expressing her desire how they should live in the world. It seemed almost as though I were their mother as I went down the aisle of the church to bring them to the altar. Dear little ones, practically fatherless and motherless, I loved them and prayed for their good.

That season we had two little kittens given us to love and care for, one all black with large golden eyes, and the other gray and white. The colored one I seemed to take to the most, I suppose from my lingering love for the negro race. The little mites, when we all came home one afternoon in the rain, wearing our rain-coats, spat at us, thinking we were strangers, in those queer-looking gar-

ments. They were united and inseparable, but oh, their pitched battles when in at night for our entertainment! They seemed to think they must pay their way with these gladiatorial exhibitions. Dear little kits, they liked to get up in the church and run through the aisles like little children, but when my sister in her magical way would call them to come down they would scamper and fly down the stairs to her in an amazing fashion. Mother chided me for calling them all sorts of endearing names, but I caught her nicely, when she was talking to one of them, and I said, "Which one have you there?" and she replied, "It is little sweetie," meaning Blackie.

In the spring of this year I attended what I called a remarkable wedding, for the circumstances made it so. It was that of Samuel B. Rockwell and Mertie A. Sweet, at the home of the bride, in Austinville, Pa. Mr. Rockwell, living four miles on the way, came for me the night before to drive me to his house. Though it was the 11th of April, a great snow had fallen, many feet deep, and the roads were badly drifted between Mansfield and Sullivan, where he lived. We managed to get through, and entered with relief the warm, comfortable farmhouse for the night. At the breakfast table the would-be bridegroom handed me my wedding fee in advance, just to keep my courage up, I thought, for it had been snowing all night and still "the beautiful" was fast appearing. The conditions to my mind appeared insurmountable, and I could not think they would undertake the journey, but they did, going not, however, with their fine span of horses, fresh new harness, and long strings of bells, but with the farm horses, snow shovels, and buffalo robes galore. There was no track anywhere to be seen, and the view before us was as an

undiscovered country covered with unknown seas of snow, whose depths we had not sounded. Our sleigh worked as a snow-shovel, and we did not touch bottom at any time. The four persons who made up the party, two men and two women, had almost constantly to act as ballast. First one side of the sleigh would go down and then the other, and we exert ourselves strenuously to keep from tumbling into the snow. But oh, the beauty that surrounded us! The enchanting scene draped in all the fairest possibilities of a snowstorm; the ever-greens and other trees laden and flecked with the whiteness and gentleness of heaven; even their sides from base to branch in ermine dressed, and every little twig wrapped around in white tracings and interlacings bewilderingly lovely, and suggestive of the workings of little fairy sprites. But after a time it rained, and the fairy scene disappeared, thus reminding us of the instability of all things pertaining to time and sense.

We had occasion to leave the main road, and we traveled several miles about a farm. We thought we were lost, but soon recovered the road. The horses gave out, and it was believed that we could go no further, but the bridegroom, a young man six feet tall, broad shouldered and handsome, stood erect in the sleigh and pointing with his hand said: "If the drifts were as high as that barn I should get there."

This settled the question, and a man from the barn brought out a fresh pair of horses, hitched to a "bobsled," and went before us all the way to our destination. We were very grateful to this man for breaking our roads, but when we offered to pay him, he said: "No! no! I do not want anything for what I have done—only do as much for someone else, if you can, and I shall be satis-

fied." On our way home we gave him a box of wedding cake, which pleased him very much.

At the door of the bride's home we women almost fell into the arms of those who received us, and we shook like aspen leaves, so hard upon us had been our journey. It was with greatest difficulty that we prepared for the ceremony. Everyone was very happy that we had gotten through, especially the bride and groom. It was the most cheerful wedding I had ever attended, and I was sure the law of compensation had something to do with it.

About this time I officiated at the funeral of an aged Methodist woman. Her minister had died, and during her illness there was no resident pastor of her Church to attend upon her; so as a neighbor and friend I went often to see her, to read the Scriptures and pray with her. Towards the last she whispered in my ear: "When I am taken I want you to have a part at the funeral service. It may make talk, but I don't care, for when we are approaching heaven we are all one." At the time of the funeral the supply of her Church could not be reached, so I was called upon to officiate in the Baptist Church, the daughter of the deceased being a member of that Church. The circumstances seemed unusual. A Universalist minister in a Baptist pulpit, officiating at the funeral of a Methodist believer; and mine eyes could see the glory of the coming of the Lord!

July, 1894: "How sweet to sit in calm, near the open door, on a summer day, and have the great world pass through your soul. It is the great world, with God in it, that makes you happy, after all. This is ever abiding and independent of scene or circumstance. But as one has said: 'The greatest pleasure in life is to be in perfect condition for the work one loves,' and this gathers you up

from the world with all its influences clinging to you, and with the god-speed of the soul to make each day as a thousand in the Lord; to spend your little time in the God-way of Christ; in relieving suffering and want, improving conditions for the many, and bringing souls to the fountains of everlasting love and light."

On September 16, 1894: "What a good meeting we have had to-day, our Communion Sunday. Dear Sister Coveney brought her little babe for dedication, a crying child at home, but so quiet and seemingly satisfied in the house of God. It was heavenly when the mother came forward, so dignified and true, and presented the little fellow, looking as bright as a star. When I laid my hand upon him, I felt the drawing of love and gentleness between my Saviour's heart and mine, and was blessed. Our Sunday school was full of the divine Spirit to-day. After the regular services the children marched with their banner, the choir sang, 'Where Is my Wandering Boy?' and I recited that beautiful poem, 'A Poor Wayfaring Man,' which I love more than any other. Of late we have entered upon a new departure, that of closing our morning service with a short open meeting, and it has proved very enjoyable. After the worshipful observance, the singing, and the sermon, depths of soul experience and language have been reached that we hardly knew we possessed before."

On October 31, 1894: "This is the W. C. T. U day of 'fasting and prayer.' All at the foot of the Cross, and blessed and holy exercises. How I love our Union and its meetings, especially the devotional parts of them. When we women of the different churches get together in this way, and so near to God, I think I can pray more truly and simply than anywhere else. What should make

us more truly and effectually forcible in prayer than the 'great heart-break of humanity caused by intemperance'? Sometimes when the good women pray at these meetings, it seems that the concentrated intoxicant-woes of the whole world flooded their souls, and they go out of themselves and become as mighty instruments of power. I never heard such prayers in other places, and at times our sisters rise to statesman-like dignity and wisdom, covering all questions and all phases of life, state, and government in their desire to save and bless."

On November 4, 1894: "After preaching at Tioga on this date, I went five miles further to speak at Hammond, in the schoolhouse, both on Sunday and Monday nights. We had full houses, and after my sermon from the text, 'And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd,' a Baptist lady remarked that even if she did not believe what I said, it made her very happy, and another person, not of our faith, said: 'Such preaching is both good to live by and die by.'"

On November 29, 1894: "At about twelve o'clock on the 26th of this month the stage driver from Troy called and handed me the following note, which at once caused me deep trouble of spirit.

" 'MY DEAR FRIEND:

" 'It is in sorrow I write you of the death of my niece —, who, I can hardly say it, took her life by her own hand, for trouble had unsettled her reason. She was away from home at the time, and her mother is nearly crazed with grief. I trust you will be able to come, for you baptized her at the church in Springfield. To you

we look for comfort in our affliction. If you come by stage Mr. G. will meet you at Troy. The services are to be held the 27th at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Leona, where her mother lives.

“ ‘ Yours,
“ ‘ Springfield, Pa., November 25, 1894.’ ” “ ‘ A. C.

“ Reading this note aloud to mother, I said: ‘ I do not believe I can go. I do not feel equal to the situation.’ But mother, always an unfailing source of strength and encouragement to me, said: ‘ Oh, yes! you can go, and you will do well, God helping you.’ We had company for dinner, and we could hardly get the food upon the table. My appetite failed me, and the tears kept coming: but somehow I gathered my effects together, and at two o’clock started with the stage driver, mother’s rich blessing following and comforting me.

“ On the seat beside me I found a companionable lady, also summoned to this funeral. She told me some of the particulars which I thought might be helpful. The last four miles of the sixteen to Troy we were beguiled by the singing of some fine appearing school teachers on their way to their homes in Troy. Thus does God help His afflicted and trusting ones. At the end of the stage route our ways divided, and I was left to ride to Leona with a brother of the deceased, who told me, as we passed through the woods in the moonlight, many facts which I needed. At Leona I was taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ritner Guild, with whom I had previously formed very pleasant relations at religious meetings. I had also received Mr. Guild into Church membership at Springfield. Their home, a synonym for comfort and geniality, I had often longed to visit, and now I was here, though upon the saddest of errands. I shall never forget the

adaptability of that home that evening and that night to the sore wants of my being. I was worn, cold, and weary, and my heart like that of a crying child, and here were all things needful. The bright lights of the house first affected me, and then there were such happy smiles and cordial greetings, and cushions heated for my feet and body, the teapot steaming on the stove, a supper with just what I liked best on a table at my hand, so that I did not need to move away from the heat; and I could see back of the stove on a lounge, the pillows and blankets for my bed all being warmed for the night. When the time came for me to go to my own room, I found there the happiest little fire in the cunningest stove, crackling out good cheer and good faith into my heart. I sat down by it and said: 'Now is the time to compose my thoughts for the morrow, to place on paper those things which will be most helpful to these mourning friends.' But I could not think; the mental wheels seemed blocked, the nerves of motion stationary, and I concluded I was too tired for service, and must seek rest and recuperation before my efforts would be at all satisfactory. The bed I was to occupy was in a little room just off from the other, and so dainty and white that it seemed fit for a saint, and suggested angel visitants. At the foot of the bed was a large picture of a woman, with her hands upraised and clasped in prayer, and my last waking thought was 'That is the attitude of my soul'; and then it seemed that the face changed into that of her who had gone, and the prayer there was her prayer for the help of Heaven.

"I lapsed away into the most perfect and restful sleep, and when I awoke I knew not where I was, until, by the dim light of the low lamp, I saw the pictured face upon the wall. Then I knew at once the why and wherefore

of my visit, and I was on my feet, to say: 'Here, Lord, am I: what wilt Thou have me to do?' Quickly I dressed, renewed the fire and sat me down, and oh! my brain seemed clear as crystal, and God and heaven near and helpful.

"My pencil flew over the page, and every thought seemed to come as if dictated from above. How thankful I was, and surprised, when the clock struck three, for I had supposed it much nearer the morning. I finished my writing, found my Scripture, pondered my petitions, gave myself up to sweet meditations on the goodness of God in all the events of life, and then sought my bed, to sleep again until daylight, when the dear sister of the house called me for breakfast, saying they were awake at four o'clock, but did not get up, fearing they might disturb me. They smiled at the table when I told them my experiences of the night.

"The service at the house was at 11 A. M., and oh, the look on the mother's face, who could find words to express it! Not common grief there, surely; and the agonized prayer on the countenance of the blessed departed one, could anything be said adequate to these conditions? But the Spirit whispered: 'Peace, be still!' The Methodist minister present kindly assisted me in the services, and took me in his carriage to the church. He sat in the pulpit with me, and offered a most comforting prayer. I became so absorbed in my sermon that I entirely forgot that he sat back of me, and this caused me afterwards to believe that I was helped by God's Holy Spirit. My heart yearned from its depths to comfort the poor bruised hearts before me. The house was full, and many there who had never heard a Universalist preach before. But I thought nothing of this, feeling that if the

mourners were truly comforted, all would be satisfied and comforted also.

"After the service at the grave, a good man belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church approached and said: 'Well, you have given us the full Gospel to-day,' and thanked me heartily, and later in the afternoon, on leaving the house of the mother, the friend who had written the summoning word, said to me: 'I hope you will live a good many years to comfort others as much as you have us to-day.' How reassuring this was, and my mother's blessing and my own fervent prayers seemed answered, and I could but rely upon God's goodness more strongly than ever before.

"The next morning we were all up at four o'clock, so that I could meet the early stage at Troy for Mansfield. Pleasant things happened on the way home, some of a diverting and beneficial nature. The stage at Troy was about full when I got in, and on the front seat with the driver was a good-sized pig, 'with its think,' as the little boy said, 'all gone up to God,' and with one foot raised, as if in appeal, for the silent journey. A man on getting in said to the driver, 'I did not know you had your brother with you this morning!' This caused a general laugh, and then the ice was broken, and we all got acquainted with each other, and light and pleasant conversation flowed easily along the journey. Most of the passengers were going to Thanksgiving dinner in the 'old home,' or with relatives and friends, and they talked about the good things they expected to have. The climax was reached when one lady of hearty appearance said she did hope they would have boiled cabbage where she was going. We smelled the cabbage as we laughed and rode, and thus the way was made short and cheery.

“Arriving safely at home, mother was overjoyed at seeing me again, and when I told her all, the tears of gratitude and sympathy filled her eyes.”

On December 2, 1894: “Good meeting to-day, for all seemed so sincere and in the Spirit. Text: ‘They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.’ There was an influence of light in our meeting, and God seemed in our plans, for we have serious ones now. Little ‘Saint Dora’ pledged herself to join the Church next Sunday. Her parents are pleased, and it will be a time of great interest to the church. Not long since she led the young people’s service, read her own selections of Scripture, stepped forward to the side of the little green desk in the vestry, and sang ‘Jesus My Shepherd Is,’ in her most soulful tone and manner, called on mother, the oldest in the room, to lead in prayer, and then asked us to sing, ‘Jesus Loves Me, This I Know.’ We thought an angel had appeared before us, and so it was. We are so glad she is to join the Church formally, though she has always been in it, or the kingdom, from the beginning.”

On December 9, 1894: “I have enjoyed, to-day, one of the greatest privileges of my life, that of receiving dear little Dora into the Church. Angels drew near to assist in the ceremony, making it an occasion of lasting influence and beauty. I never saw more genuine sincerity expressed in any face, and the impression she made was holy, and her atmosphere as the sweet violets of May. Would there were more little saints like her! Precious lamb! we all love thee, and pray that thy feet may never stray away from the Saviour’s path of purity, peace, and joy. As the end of the year draws nigh, I feel I may resign my second pastorate here, though I know it will be a very great trial. Our terms with these dear ones



VIVIAN BAILEY.

here cover eleven years, and in our judgment a change might be for the best.

"A woman, good and true, sent for mother and me to come and see her, as she wished to talk with us upon Christian topics. She had been very poorly for some time, and though for many years a member of a partialist church, she had doubts about her own salvation. It rained as we walked to her house, and as we sat down by her it began to thunder and lightning. She confided her troubles to us, and closed by saying, 'I thought you could give me comfort, for I know you do not believe that any one of God's children is to be lost forever.' She was hungry for our words and prayers, and as we left her she said: 'I wish I could see you every day and every hour!' We loaned her books, and went several times to spend an hour with her and at last did not hear her speak of doubts or fears any more. I sympathize greatly with her, having for many years entertained the belief that if any of God's dear children were to be lost forever, I should certainly feel that I might be of the number, and having had little patience with the great exultation often expressed over one's own individual salvation to the exclusion of thoughts for others, or the entire human family. According to our heredity, environment, enlightenment, and education we may be as great a sinner in God's sight as the very lowest of the human family; and I often think I may appear as wicked to the angels as others appear wicked to me, and pray at all times for the charitable and loving outlook upon the units of the race, taken one by one or in collective bodies."

On December 31, 1894: "On the morning of the 26th Dr. Moody rapped loudly at our door to tell us Brother Wylie of our church had passed away in the night. Our

first thought was what a Christmas gift this is to the realms above; and then the loss, oh, the loss to our flock! Soon Sister Howe and I were in the little home, sitting by Sister Wylie, and listening to her sad recital of the advances of the death angel in the night. As she talked I saw the light had gone out of her large, lustrous eyes, but was not prepared for what followed; for soon she lay back upon the pillows of the lounge and was gone. So sudden was the change that my spiritual sense was quickened, and I felt sure that Mr. Wylie was in the room, and at my right, not far from the foot of the lounge, and was drawing her spirit away. Still, I assisted with the rest to bring her to, but to no purpose. Then the bodies of these two old people, aged eighty-five and eighty-one, and having passed together sixty-three harmonious and happy years, lay side by side wrapped in their winding sheets, in the little bedroom, where the husband and father had breathed his last.

“Great was the mourning in the church over the double loss, and when the two bodies lay before the altar upon the funeral day, a new responsibility rested upon me, in the double duty I had to perform. How weighty their combined characters of honesty, charity, and consecration to the cause of Christ; and how grand they looked lying there, in sculptured dignity and beauty. His face showed great refinement and purity of thought, the result of education and high purposes in life. School teaching was his profession, and he had been a perfect gentleman all his days. A great lover of books and the best of reading, his memory was stored with poems and gems of thought, to happily bestow upon his friends. During his sickness he repeated that old hymn by Pope, ‘The Dying Christian to His Soul’:

" 'What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses—dims my sight,
Soothes my spirit, stops my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

" 'The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!

" 'O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?'

" Her face was Washingtonian in form, feature, and expression, and so marked by goodness and benevolence that a little girl, as she looked upon her, said to her mamma: 'She never did any wrong, did she?' And a woman, in passing, was so impressed that she requested of the undertaker another look after the funeral had ended. The bodies remained in the church over night, on account of the badly drifted roads, for they were to be taken sixteen miles away for burial, and it would take a whole day for this service.

" On the Sunday following we devoted the morning hour to a memorial for these dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wylie, and there was the vacant chair appropriately trimmed, and the platform, with its ferns, evergreens, and bright pressed leaves, as they were at the funeral; and I told the friends many particulars of the closing days of both, and together we meditated upon their work, and the goodness of God in their history, and the effect was uniting and comforting to our hearts. As I reflect upon the lives of these two friends and their kind and winning ways, I say to myself: 'What a grand, good couple they were, and how we all loved them! As we go their way and see that little home vacant, the tears will fall and our

hearts will ache that we can behold them no more in the flesh.'

"Brother Wylie was full of humor, and loved to relate stories of the experiences of his long and eventful life. I have heard him tell a number of times of going to a Baptist church during his young manhood, where the preacher arose and said: 'My theme to-day is the world, the flesh, and the devil. I shall make only a few remarks upon the world, pass lightly over the flesh, and go immediately to the devil.' This pleased Mr. Wylie so much at the time that he and other young men came out in the press with comments upon it.

"Our brother was most fond of the poets, and who would not be like him in this; for 'the poet's day is different from another,' and who would not rather be a poet than all things else? Poetry, it seems to me, is the very cream of human thought and endeavor. Poetry rises to the very skies, becoming as the flowing robe of the Infinite, enveloping all things in beauty and loveliness.

On January 13, 1895: "How sweet and how dear our farewell service to-day. I tried to keep up, and assured them that what had been done could be done again, and greater things also, with greater faith and zeal and perhaps greater opportunities."

On January 15, 1895: "To-day we held our Annual Meeting, and it was voted not to accept my resignation. They said they should feel that their head was gone if I left them, and Brother Ripley, poor old man, offered a prayer, with the very heartbreak in it. Sister Coveney said it would be no use for me to go, for they would send for me before the year was over; and so it went on, kindness and love in the extreme reigning and ruling. But

I was firm, and they had to accept formally at least, my decision."

On January 23, 1895: "I dropped into a partialist revival meeting the other night, and became terribly wrought up. In the midst of the excitement, the minister shouted: 'If you don't come to-night, in three days you will go to the eternal woe,' forgetting the proviso, if you die in that time unrepentant. He screamed forth in a voice that could be heard above the singing, the calls and judgments of the Lord, and finally demanded in vehement tones the saints to clear the aisles and the sinners to come up. At this there was a great stir, and the people went up, like flocks of sheep, to the altar. Pandemonium seemed let loose, and the whole trend was as if heaven were the great pay-day of earth and nothing in this life of any moment, except as a means of escaping hell and getting into heaven at last. The talk of the converts ran on in this wise: I have served the devil forty years, or fifty, as the case might be, and now I'm determined to make heaven my home. I wanted to end their words for them, and say, 'But now Heaven helping me, I'm going to live a true Christian life, loving God and serving my fellowmen'; or, 'I've heard the great and good Spirit speak to my heart, and I know that I am a child of God, and I trust now to walk as His child, and be ready to live and ready to die.' One brother exclaimed triumphantly: 'I know I'm saved! I know I am going to heaven, and I know I shall meet there all who are saved!' as though this were completely satisfactory, My heart cried out at this: 'How different from the Saviour's spirit, which thought not of self, or a few, but of all mankind, and said, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold," and Who would leave the ninety and nine, and go out after the one astray from the fold.' I

stood the falsity and the high pressure of the meeting just as long as I could, and then got up and went out.

"I must say there is nothing I hate so much as the doctrine of endless damnation and woe, with all that attaches to it. In the first place, I believe it to be utterly false, and nowhere taught in the Bible, and then to hear good men and true declare of God that which is worse than all the accumulated sins and immoralities of the whole world, seems inconsistent and monstrous to the last degree. It hangs on my spirit like an awful nightmare, to know that men and women do believe and teach such doctrines, and what must it be to really believe them yourself! I wonder how anyone lives under it. I went down the street that night under the trees that lined the sidewalk, saying out loud, 'I hate that, I hate that!' and felt that God justified me in it. When I got home mother said: 'What is the matter with you? You look as if you were crazy.' I told her what dreadful things I had heard said of God, and that if I believed them I should be crazy. She did my head up in a cold wet bandage, and sent me to bed. Can anyone who has sat all their life under partialist preaching, and been accustomed to its revival methods, understand how another, who all her life has heard different doctrines, with different motives, feels under the terrible statements and high pressure efforts of some of the so-called orthodox evangelists? I do not think one can. To me, under such circumstances, the Lord Jesus Christ is crucified afresh, and all the holy indignation I am capable of lifts me to heaven in appeal and protest. I take it that such teaching does not cause us to love God and our fellowmen; but, on the contrary, paralyzes our affections and our forces. Talk about war! What are all the horrors and the unmerciful cruelties of it compared

with those of the God-ordained hell that men do picture? When I think of it I rise in spirit to my Heavenly Father, and beg of Him to cause His children to see Him differently, as He is, a perfect Father, now and forevermore, and from Whose love in Jesus Christ nothing shall be able to separate them in heaven or on earth. But how glad I am I do not allow these differences to separate me from my fellows: that I can love them while hating the dogmas they profess. I believe that, owing to the state of the world, God permits such views of Him to be held for a purpose, but that in time the veil that is cast over all people shall be removed, and all shall see God as a Father of perfect eternal love and justice for every one of his children; and that none can be eternally saved until all are saved, for we are all bound together in sympathy and love; and that this time is fast coming, and perhaps would faster come, if we who hold this sentiment and hope were more alive to its proclamation and increase, more spiritual and full in its living. We need to be doing more revival work—the real Spirit kind, that reaches the heart and opens it to the knocking of the personal Saviour's love. In such work continued for a few days, a week or more, we have excellent results, and if longer continued, each year we would reach more hearts, save more souls, and add to our power for good among the world's forces. But the real true work of redeeming the life in Christ is the same in all churches, and yet it seems to me I could not come to a partialist God and Saviour; still, as far as purity of life and godly living is concerned, it is the same with all, and in this we can unite in Christ, our one, living Head and Example, and would, as we have said before, we had more of this unity of understanding and labor! Amen and Amen!"

CHAPTER XIX.

OTHER PASTORATES AND LABORS.

"April, 1895: We have moved away from the dear old home in Mansfield to Troy, Pa., and here we are ensconced in the pleasant parsonage rooms of our beautiful church, built by the Troy friends in 1884. I can hardly believe it yet, it all came about so unexpectedly. While I was considering an earnest call back to my first pastorate at West Swanzey, N. H., I was requested to go over to Springfield and conduct a marriage service on February 26. So I thought I would write the Springfield friends for an appointment the Sunday before, and thus once more meet the good people of that community, and break to them the bread of life. An earnest and favorable answer came, and after the service with them they flocked about me, saying, 'Is it true you have resigned at Mansfield, and, if so, why could we not get you here?'

"Brother Burgess, the leader of the choir, said: 'I came to this meeting ill, but your sermon has built up my physical, as well as my spiritual nature, and I feel better. I would be so glad if you could come and be our pastor.' By the time the pleasant wedding was over, that of Mr. E. Clark to Miss H. E. Wolcott, it was pretty well understood that I was to be their pastor, if they could complete the subscription paper which had been started by the district missionary, Rev. G. A. King, and if the circuit could be made again with Troy, six miles away. These two churches had been marked 'dormant' in the Denomi-

national Register, but I was delighted at the prospect of taking them up, for I knew that their people, like our own in Mansfield, were as the salt of the earth, and I had long yearned for them in a motherly and pastoral way; and then if we settled here we could still be near our old charge, and in the same Association. The field was wide, and seemed ripe to the harvest, and we could but think the circumstances providential.

"I had formerly preached here for three Sundays, when first coming into the State, and before we settled at Mansfield, for then it was the desire of the State missionary for me to take the two societies, though sixteen miles apart. The distance, however, proved too great, and I found I could not combine the two in one work; but this pastorate has ever been dear to me, as my first stopping-place in Pennsylvania, and, also, for the kind and hospitable reception given me there, especially by Mr. Uel C. Porter and family.

"At the last, everything was hurried for us—both at Mansfield and Troy. There, a farewell reception and supper was given us, and on the last Sunday I preached to the dear flock in the dear old place, and we had the communion together. After the service we engaged in a business and exhortation meeting, and plans were entered into for securing a candidate of excellent Christian repute. At Troy the friends hurried on the thorough cleansing of the church rooms, and the drilling of a well underneath the kitchen floor. They found an abundance of pure water in the good gravel soil, and this greatly pleased us, not only because of its necessity, but because it also seemed prophetic of the wells of water that should be in the hearts of the people, springing up into life everlasting.

"I dreaded my first sermon in Troy, fearing I should

all the time think of that other little flock at Mansfield; but by the grace of God, and almost superhuman effort, I got along without breaking, though when I read the hymn, 'I Love Thy Church, O God!' and came to the line, 'For her my tears shall fall,' I could not suppress the tears. They did fall, and for the little church I had left behind. Such is life, and such are the affections, eternal, God has placed within us. Oh, the departed joys, departed never to return, who can contemplate them without prayers, sighs, and tears! But the burden of life must be taken up again, and not a burden, for how soon it becomes a joy, under the genial sun of the God above us, and the great laws of adaptability and the correlation of forces and interests. A wedding is coming, and I must be bright and cheerful, and next Sunday I begin my work with the good country society at Springfield, and what an inspiration this will be!"

From now on, as to my life and work here, I will give a running account, and quote less often from my journal, or life book, as I have mentally called it.

With the interests of two churches I found, figuratively speaking, that both my hands must now be employed, instead of one, as in the past. To begin with, both church buildings needed repairs, improvements, and additions, and, according to my principle, that whatever needs to be done can be and must be done, I went to work, and much was accomplished. The first summer our church at Troy was freshly painted, the Rev. G. A. King helping to raise the first subscriptions for that purpose, and in the fall a shed, very much needed, was added to the rear of the living rooms of the church. A new platform was built at the church front, and the buildings were insured. At Springfield an old chimney was taken down and a new

one built, old doors removed, and a large double one placed in the central front, new wainscoting and bright stained glass windows put in, the walls newly papered, and new pews and fresh carpets obtained, and later, chairs for the aisles, and the exterior of the church building painted.

The spirit of the churches, fallen into dormancy, was by the favor of God greatly revived, and the pleasant social machinery started into action. The membership was increased in both places, that in Troy being more than doubled. Children and young people were gathered in, and organized into Sunday-school classes and young people's meetings. All the festival days were celebrated, and made by willing workers to be of grand moment; and sometimes union services were held between the two churches.

On July 9, 1895, a union Children's Day meeting was held at Troy, and the glory of the Lord stood on the mountain for us. The early dream of my life seemed answered that day, when parents and children to the number of twenty-three were solemnly arrayed about the altar for the ceremony of dedication, and the lives of fourteen little ones were consecrated to God and the dear Saviour's love. In the afternoon our first members were received into the home church, only four in all, but they were ones indispensable to its organization, its spirit, social and financial life.

The singing by the two churches that day was added unto by talent from the old Sylvania Church, and altogether was so rich, full, and fervent that through the open windows it attracted the attention of people at a distance, and I thought, How good it is when churches have been closed and dormant, to prepare such Gospel feasts as will

not only awaken and enrich the household, but attract the notice of the outside world! It is good policy, I think, when there has been great quiet, to make a stir and let people know you have come, and that you hope you have come to stay; to beat your little spiritual drum awhile, that elements of thought and action may be turned your way, and if possible, permanent good be gained thereby.

After our church building in Troy had been repaired and painted, Brother Porter, in his report of our affairs to the Association, said: "Our church now stands in its beautiful, fresh exterior, teaching us that we should clothe our lives anew in the beautiful garments of salvation," and a message was sent inviting the Association to meet with us another year. This invitation was accepted, the meeting proving as a very Mecca to all our religious forces, and containing a very fine body of delegates. But before that time the angel visitant had come for our Brother Porter, he who had in his absolute loyalty to the cause been as its very pillar in the place. Though the occasion of his funeral in our church, the first one ever held there, was of the saddest, yet the glory of the Lord shone round about, in the ample consolations we proclaimed in Jesus Christ, and in the pure, true life of the deceased. There were present all the ministers of the place, a body of Masons, the business men, and others.

I saw Brother Porter every day during his last illness, and ministered as I could to his spiritual needs. As Aunt Martha Bullock and I sat by him, that rare smile of his passed over his face, and he said: "Aren't we going to have a little singing?" and when we sang together, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," it seemed to greatly comfort him. His faith was strong and immovable, and his gen-

erosity and helpfulness to the cause reliable and abundant. His home, a center of love, truth, and sunshine, had always been an open one, and especially to ministers and all connected with his faith. He left the body at 9 A. M. I was there at 6 A. M., but had returned home to pray to God that he might be spared to us, for we felt that we could never prosper without his presence and help. I was on my knees when the word came that he had gone. Of course my spirit had acknowledged, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done," still I was mystified for a time; but God hears and answers prayer, and I got my answer the day of the funeral, when the choir was singing the favorite hymn of Brother Porter, the last one he had ever sung—that of Hosea Ballou—entitled, "Universal Redemption," beginning:

" In God's eternity,
There shall a day arise,
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies."

As the choir were rendering this glorious hymn, I distinctly heard, high up in the heavens, at my left and above the singers in the church, the glorified strains of angelic voices, and I was sure the voice of Brother Porter's was mingling with them.

I felt a sacred joy, and thought:

" Some day we will hear the grand chorals,
Some day we will stand on the shore,
Where the comrades already are waiting,
The music has gone on before."

I knew he had not died, as I had prayed he might not, and that now he could and would be a greater

spiritual help than when in the body; and I rejoiced and praised God, from whom all blessings flow. And so it proved. He was a pillar that was to go out no more forever. He was with us in his example and spirit influence. He still cheered and encouraged us. His beautiful smile was upon all our labors, and as "The Forward Movement" in our denomination came more prominently into view, we were sure it met with his hearty approval. We absolutely could not stop our work in Troy now, because he had gone, and because he came to sup with us, as we supped with our Saviour and our God, at the holy communion table. And then his mantle fell upon his wife. She doubled her own heart with his, in her faithfulness, courage, and generosity.

An incident occurred the second winter I administered to our Springfield parish, illustrating the tenderness of the tie that bound us together as pastor and people. The morning before our Christmas Sunday in the church, as I was passing through the room at Troy, where mother was sitting, I said to her: "I know they have trimmed the church at Springfield with evergreen, and very profusely, for a strong and pungent odor of it affected my sense of smell, and I could tell the direction from whence it came, and at once located it, surely and truly. I looked at the clock, and found it to be nearly eleven. On the following day, directly after our beautiful church services, I said to the friends: "Tell me about your trimming the church so appropriately." And they said they worked upon it nearly all of Friday, and came early again on Saturday, finishing it at about eleven o'clock; then they sat down and all thought of me, and wished I was there, to see it. This at once gave me the true explanation of the experience of the day before. I always believed that

John Brown smelled the fried cakes cooking five miles away as he was passing through the woods, as has been told of him.

At one time in Mansfield, while sitting by our western window, I was sure that my sister living in Nebraska was nearer to me than she had been, and in a few days a letter came, saying, "I am now at Omaha, and two hundred miles nearer to you than before." Truly, there is telepathy between hearts united by friendship, and in a common sympathy or cause.

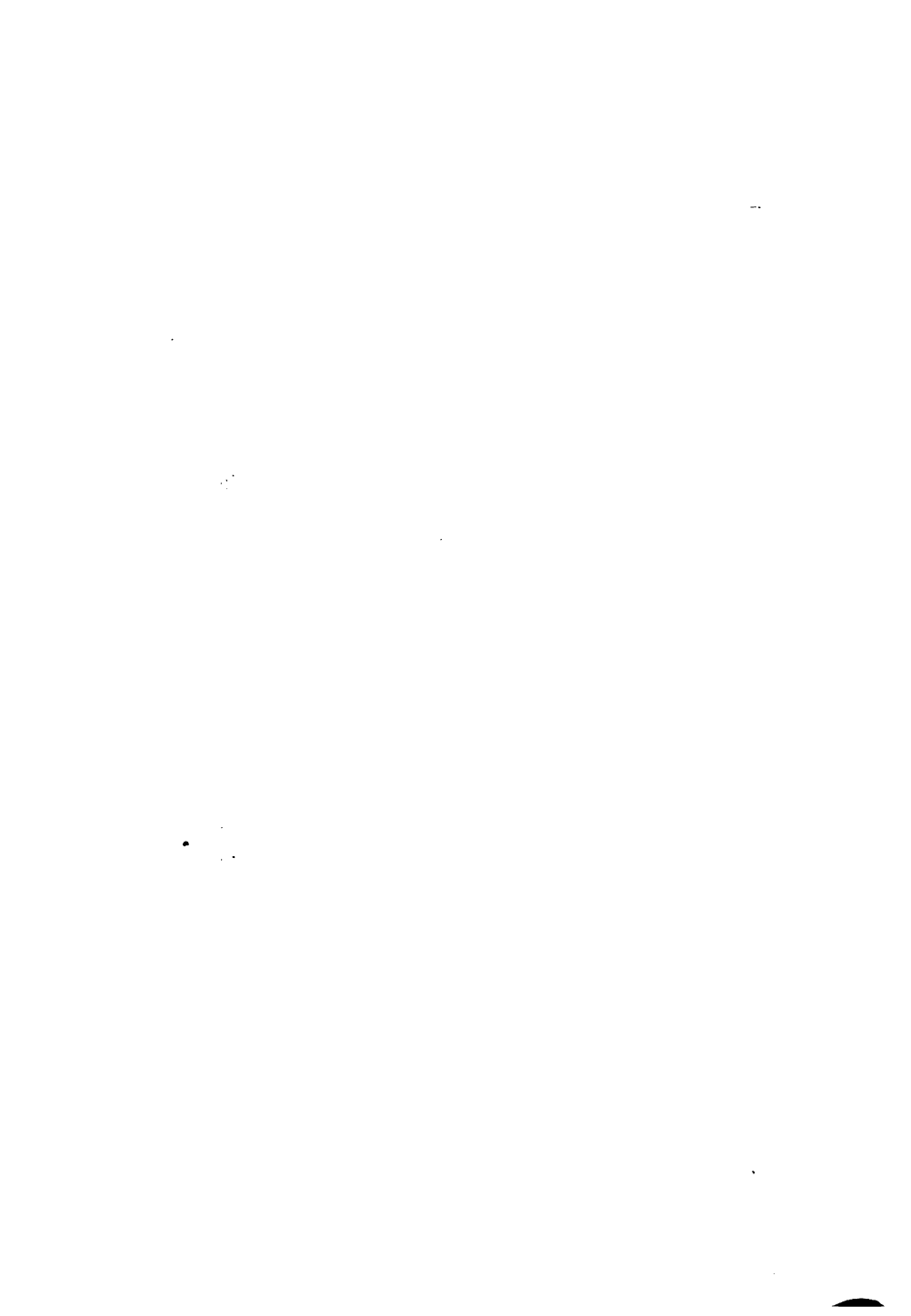
During the winter I sent to Cotrell & Leonard of Albany, and got me a clerical gown, Geneva type, which proved most satisfactory. It looked so plain, yet apostolic, that it brought the tears when I first put it on, and I prayed to God that I might prove worthy of such a costume. It soon became natural to wear it, and it saved me much thought as to appropriate dress for the pulpit, funerals, weddings, and other occasions.

Special revival and heart-culture meetings were held in Springfield, according to our usual custom of caring for the flock. We called to our aid Rev. Marion Yager of Binghamton, N. Y., and the results of the services well justified our efforts. The Sunday following, it was my happy privilege to receive seven new members into the church fold, and at the next Easter as many more. Among the latter was a very aged lady, a lifelong believer, Mrs. Samyra Williams. From the well-knit years of her struggling and heroic life a rich experience exhaled about her; and standing straight and true, her gaze seemed to be afar off, as if penetrating the very land of Canaan, where were so many in angelhood who had once walked the earth with her, hand in hand, sharing its joys and sorrows. A picture she made, holy and resolute, and all

hearts were awakened to unusual feeling. The older ones could see in her a type of the last of the early pioneer laborers, and the younger ones an example to follow in Christian faith and courage.

What expressions may be seen upon the faces of candidates before the altar of God, for the whole life seems to be stirred, either to an overpowering feeling of repentance, a godly sorrow for one's own or others' sufferings, or to a heavenly aspiration; or to both of these conditions, making the time for all none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven! If ever God comes to look straight down upon His children it is when they are sincerely confessing Christ before men, and He is confessing their names unto the Father.

How good it seemed to have the work revived in both places, or figuratively speaking, to see the desert blossoming as the rose; and I myself attended to the little garden at the rear of the church in Troy, romantic in situation, with little Sugar Creek gurgling by; and I would know when to put in the seeds, flower, and vegetable by the feeling I had in my soul about them. As the warm sunshine fell upon me, and there seemed to drop seeds into my consciousness, through affinity, I suppose, with the warm ground, I would feel sure the time had come for the early garden making. Oh, how sweet and delightful it is to have a garden, and it makes even your life seem more fruitful and natural! When we first lived here the garden plot was all covered with dry burdocks. I got an old man to pull and burn them. Looking out of the window, I saw he was literally covered with the burrs, so he could hardly walk, and that if he had been a ship and the burrs barnacles, he would have gone to the bottom. After laughing loudly, I ran





THE LITTLE HORSE NELLIE.

out to his assistance, and reflected, " This is what comes of closed and dormant churches. Oh, brothers and sisters, beware of the burrs awaiting you if you are faithless and indifferent, and remember ' the best reward of faithful work is more work given! ' "

I must speak of the good visits we enjoyed in the homes of the people when mother and I, driving kind Sister Porter's little white horse Nellie, with her comfortable covered carriage, went the rounds, sometimes in one society, sometimes in the other. Leaving home October 1, 1896, we made twenty-one calls and visits upon the parishioners of both societies, beginning at Sylvania and Altus. I will mention the names of the heads of the families we thus visited: George Monroe, Heeman Burrit, Fanny Scouten, Charles Gladding, Alva Cornell, Albert Cornell, Mrs. Lily, Furman Bullock, Alton Bullock, Mrs. Olivia Youngs, and Mrs. Linus Smith, all of Sylvania and Altus. At the last-named home, on the forenoon of our stay there, we received into the church fellowship of Troy Mrs. Lodema Bullock, mother of Mrs. Smith, and wife of that grand Universalist, Mr. Stephen Bullock, then deceased. We talked with her the night before, and had psalms and hymns and spiritual songs with her and the family. We found her ripe for making the confession of Christ, and ready for the service of admission in her own home, as she was unable to get to the Troy church. All the family were called together, and after singing, Scripture reading, and prayer, the dear and aged sister was received by baptism into full membership with the Church. We were very glad to have her perform this high duty before leaving the earthly sphere, and also to thus number her among the ranks of believers. If all such could be sought out and constrained to this duty and

privilege, the numbers in the liberal churches would be greatly augmented.

From Mrs. Smith's we sped on our way, it being Saturday, toward Springfield, for there we were to preach on the morrow. We stopped all night with Brother and Sister Wm. Brace, whose home is noted for comfort and social cheer. What a supper we had, and how good it tasted after our long ride, and then the evening's chat, how pleasant, and our sleep the most refreshing, upon a down bed and pillows! Mrs. Brace set her music box in motion while we were at our meals and this, together with the sweet, blooming flowers around us, made us feel as if in a charming little Arcadia. After the service on Sunday we went to Philander Furman's, seven miles, and then visited at the homes of Mrs. Martha Craig, James Mason, Sam Patterson, Howard Cornell, Alvin Berry, and Volney Furman. From this section we retraced our way toward Springfield, calling on young Brother McKean Brace, and on Mrs. Wolcott, and then on Brother Ritner Guild at Leona.

On our way home, at East Troy, we called on aged Susan Shattuck, who had said that she wanted me to attend her funeral when she should be called home. We found her bright and cheery, and telling her that I had heard of her wish concerning me, she said: "Yes, you thought you would first look me up to see what kind of a creature I was, didn't you?" She urged us to stay to dinner, but feeling we could not, we soon had a little service with the dear old soul and daughter, deprived of church home privileges, and sang that hymn so dear to us, "I Will Never, Never Leave Thee." Before we began the singing, mother moved her seat to one close beside the old lady, taking her hand. After we had sung one verse,

mother said to her, "Can you hear us?" for she was quite deaf. "Oh, yes!" said she, "I heard, and don't you want a cabbage head?" We all laughed at this, and she bowed her head, saying, "The Lord help us," and explaining, "I did want to give you something, and that is all I have got, cabbage heads—which I raised in my little garden." We finished the hymn, and were much affected at her display of gratitude. She enjoyed our ministry, with its broad sentiments, and immediately she desired to make some return. We relished greatly her kind spirit and bright mind, and on leaving her residence, and tucking one of her fine true cabbage heads under the carriage seat, among the pork, apples, honey, and bag of hens' feathers already there, we mentally exclaimed: "Oh, city ministers, high-priced and great! pity not the country parson, who dwells where the cabbages and pumpkins grow, for he has his compensations, in the loveliness and liberty of rural scene, and the bountiful, spontaneous benevolence of rural hearts and lives!"

The next Sunday at Troy, a good woman, "Aunt Polly Holcomb," sister of Mrs. Alva Cornell, joined our church. We had met her on our recent round of visits, and having talked with her on the subjects of profession and fellowship she had become persuaded. One Sunday, from the Springfield meeting we went four miles to the north and west, to speak in a Methodist church in the evening, and to visit among parishioners. On Monday, after supper, we attended an open-air meeting held by a traveling Hallelujah Band. The sight of them was dreadful, and the personality of the leader caused you almost to tremble. In his remarks he said that no one could enjoy the spirit of Jesus unless he believed in a personal devil and an endless hell, and looking more

sharply over the audience, he said: "There are persons here to-night meaner than the devil." I had never heard anything so coarse as this man's talk, and we soon left, not being able to bear it, and fearing his horrible influence upon the people. And we prayed God that such things might cease. We heard afterward that the morals of these people were questionable, and that much injury was done the place by their stay in it.

Life in Troy was pleasantly satisfactory to us. We liked the place, as we had always from our first acquaintance with it. Though of only about seventeen hundred inhabitants, some have called it a little city, so fine are its people, its homes, its business places, and its general advantages. Situated on the Pennsylvania and Northern Central Railroad, within an hour's ride of Elmira, and of easy access to many points, and with its intelligently social and friendly spirit, it appeared the place for a home of many years. We never lived among kinder or more congenial people.

When I had been in Troy only a few months, over sixty of the intelligent women citizens had called, making us feel very much at home, and we found the local W. C. T. U. very warmhearted toward us. One of the hardest separations to bear in leaving Mansfield had been from the W. C. T. U., with its much-loved president, Sister Westbrook, and our last meeting was a memorial one for Mary T. Lathrop, causing us to say, What should we do if Miss Willard should die? We talked that day of the good of the Union, and I was reminded that the wife of a principal of the State Normal had said to me, that whenever her husband wanted to prosecute any temperance work he wished the backing of the W. C. T. U., and that our organization had been a great help to him.

In my Troy diary, for February 2, 1897, I find the following: "The W. C. T. U. meeting held to-day at Sister Case's was to me as a beautiful mosaic in the pattern of life. It was evangelistic, and the leader, Sister Vanness, presented the subject, 'God with us, in our everyday affairs,' in her devout and inimitable way. She always sets her words home with strong fastenings, fairly rooting and grounding them in your heart and consciousness. You could not get away from them if you would, and you would not, they are such true and winning words. She has a jewel mind, and more and more it is to be burnished in the Master's service. Sister Baldwin as usual was triumphant in her prayer and talk. What a spiritual and intellectual mechanism she is, for the Infinite to flow through. I often wish more could get the benefit of her prayers, and also those of Sister Perry and others. It is no wonder we are all attached to our meetings when we have such grand principles, and such grand minds to present and advocate them. Toward the last of our business discussions the subject of cigarettes came up, and we were greatly stirred that we might do something."

Later we had a committee appointed to visit the principal of our high school, in regard to forming an "Anti-Cigarette League" among the boys, which he soon accomplished, and this effort was also the cause of the dealers in the town ceasing their traffic in these little "coffin nails." I never see a boy puffing a cigar or cigarette but that I want to make him, not only by persuasion, but by force, if necessary, desist.

I received a letter from Rev. Myra Kingsbury, then at her mother's home in Sheshequin on account of somewhat impaired health, in which she writes of evangelistic work in our denomination. The letter was dated February 14,

1897, and she urges a meeting in the early spring in Mansfield, and that mother and I should go over and assist her. Our old society was then without a pastor, for they had been unfortunate in not keeping the young minister who had been laboring with them. We were gratified, indeed, at the project of united efforts with our sweet-souled sister Myra and the beautiful singer, Mrs. Watkins, and also of being once more with our dear parishioners and friends at Mansfield. A delegation from there had been present at the Association in Troy, and we had suggested to them the services of Miss Kingsbury. After this meeting had materialized, Rev. Myra writes me, under date of March 20, 1897, as follows:

“ MY DEAR SISTER :

“ I am wondering if the line has been unbroken between here and Troy, and if you have felt the message coming to you with which the mere outward sense has nothing to do.

“ Every day I have looked longingly toward pen and paper, but while the spirit was more than willing, the flesh was weak. That glorious meeting at Mansfield put me on heights ecstatic. One can realize in a way,—can she not?—Saul’s experience with the light, on the Damascus road. How the glory of it shining forth thrilled his whole being, and brought the strange new consciousness of that ‘ forever abiding ’ which was to make him free indeed; yet, as with the rest of humanity, he was conditioned to receive spiritual illumination with limitation—the rays must come, one at a time, lest the tabernacle be unable to bear the too great brightness. The feeling of joy not offset with opposite emotion would break us down, would it not? .

“ I have been miserable in the physical, since my return,

but my mind, like some caged thing, has kept beating against all obstacles, and planning modes of attack on the enemies of our spiritual life.

“When the Spirit maketh intercession with our spirits, with groanings which cannot be uttered, what is one to do but yield to the importuning, and try exploits on any legitimate method, whereby the fire of holy zeal may be started and kept burning? I trust in all the work I am arranging, the assembling together will be as one mind and one soul, and the spirit of love will be the glorious medium of making everyone understand in the language of his own heart the wondrous things of God. Ah! if we had more fervor, what might we not accomplish! Let us pray that it may increase and fill our household of faith everywhere.

“Thanks for your belief that God is with me, in my endeavor to go forth in mission labors. I trust in you, too, and love you affectionately. How I wish you and your dear mother could be on hand also. Wherever I go I shall miss the forwarding of the good work in which you both so efficiently joined by words of grace and power. If only the dear Father blesses as before, the future will be all bright, as the past. Without Him I can do nothing. With Him I forget everything save the message to all people.

“Yours affectionately,

“MYRA KINGSBURY.”

Thus we see the spirit of evangelism with which our sister was possessed, and had not her going away from earth intervened, we believe she would have proved a most reliable and efficient worker in the new “Forward Movement” of our Church.

The two-days' meeting at Mansfield, in which we all most heartily engaged, was all and more than we had hoped. From the beginning it took with the people. They came in large numbers, filling the house, and giving mother and me the precious opportunity of meeting parishioners, friends, and neighbors. One night when the church overflowed, we said to several: "How is it that everybody in town seems here?" and got the same answer each time: "We wanted to see you and your mother once again."

This was very gratifying from those with whom we had lived so long and still so fondly cherished.

Dear Myra towered in all she did, and every word she uttered could be traced to a source of transfiguration, and every appeal, to the depths of an exalted nature. Her tall form, and fair face, with its smile of heavenly sweetness, was everywhere modestly conspicuous. In each of her sermons were climaxes, where the singing of the sweet-voiced woman she brought with her would come in most appropriately, sounding effective notes in the hearts of the listeners. Dear Myra planned the entire services as a spiritual general, even devoting a part of one evening to the interests of the young people of the town, and calling in a large number. The place was benefited and the church encouraged, and Miss Kingsbury was invited to be their pastor, but as she could not respond, a supply was soon had, and through him a permanent pastor, Rev. Wm. M. Lawrence. Although a goodly number of the most faithful ones had been removed from earth, and some of the families had gone away, I was glad to see the same bright spirit life as before, all ready at the very first meeting to show itself in truth and love.

The Sunday after our revival meeting at Mansfield,

when in the Troy pulpit, I looked right down into the spiritual condition of those present, and I could see in some a good spiritual blooming, and in others only the beginning, as of a little child, looking out but beautiful to behold, because sincere and confiding; and with sacred emotion I cried out: "Little children, let us love one another!" How gratifying to me had been the faithfulness and the generosity of the church, as well as its progress in things divine. That any should be seen at the altar unashamed to kneel and humbly pray for God's help and blessing, in our Christian Union Society and other meetings, was a great source of Christian pleasure.

After our successful State Convention at Reading in June, 1897, where Rev. Miss Kingsbury gave "The Communion Sermon," the last she ever preached on earth, appearing in the pulpit as an angelic presence, and where we were entertained together at one of the most hospitable homes, I received a letter from her, dated August 14, 1897, in which she says:

"Know that I am passing under the rod of awful pain and suffering, but I try to hold quite still, remembering not my own, but my Father's will. In all things God is God; and when we groan in the agony of bodily pain some way the fact asserts itself that He pities us and loves us the same as when we are free from pain. The everlasting arms are ever underneath us, and to bear us, oh, so tenderly, into some other mansion of His great house, when the condition for our betterment fails us here in the earthly mansion. And it will be—does not faith assure us?—the sunniest of all these, and painlessness, joy, tearlessness will be the blessings of our God. It occurs to me I told you at Reading that I did not know how this sickness

might terminate. I may rally from it and be more vigorous than heretofore; if I should not, however, my dear little sister will respond, I know, and come to speak words of gentle comfort to the blessed mother upon whom my sickness has told, as is evident in the added lines of care.

"The glow of discipleship thrills me when I think it was the dear Christ's way, Whom I am seeking to follow, that it was expedient that He should go away, teaching not so much the tangibility of body as the saving power, the steady rushing sound as of a mighty wind, of the Spirit, which was to fill the world; when every man should understand every language before unknown to him, the word of every language being Love, which God is."

The next month the following word was received from her.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"The sand in the hourglass of earthly existence seems falling rapidly and the door of some other mansion in God's house ajar. I write this to prepare you to respond when the summons comes.

"Do not eulogize, dear, but speak some word of eternal comforting hope, as you can. My love goes forth to you and yours and all the friends.

"Affectionately,

"M. KINGSBURY."

A month elapses and then word is received from the mother that "Myra is very low, and may last only a few days longer"; but, strange to say, she lingered on, suffering to a great degree, until the following summer, when she went to her Father's house, on the eleventh day

of July, 1898. Then I was summoned, and my way there was marked by the tenderest and saddest emotions; for I had truly loved dear Myra, and had so longed that she might be spared to continue and to engage more heartily in the spiritual work of our Church, for she seemed in every way fitted and ripe for it, and then we had cherished plans of coupling our strength and laboring together in this branch of our Master's vineyard. Now the end had come, I truly felt alone, crippled, and hurt; but I must not think of self, but of the parents who had lost their only remaining child, and other dear ones, mourning, and the church at Sheshequin to which she last ministered, and which held her in high reverence and warmest affection.

To cheer my heart I repeated :

" 'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting nearer God,
The spirit climbs and has its eyes unsealed."

I have spoken of the funeral in the *Leader*, and so will not sadden my heart again with its rehearsal, save to say that it represented a large section of humanity filled with grief and sorrow for the going away of one of its best and brightest ones. Relatives, neighbors, friends, parishioners, and townspeople were there in large numbers to express not only their affliction, but their appreciation of those qualities which had made a name so endeared and honored.

Wherever Myra had labored in the ministry there the cause had prospered, whether it had been in Vermont, Maine, or elsewhere; and her character was of the best and purest. She was exalted by her birth, living,

and profession, and her sweet and winning ways were as a magnet to those around her.

For months after the dear girl left us I felt her spirit with me every day, and as from a world of greater uplift, of greater surrounding wealth of light and love. I could not tell where one world left off and the other began, for both were as one.

When my heart was fully comforted and I could sing with joy,

“ Beautiful city of Zion,
Built on the hills of light ;
Thou art the place of our refuge,
Beautiful place, so bright” ;

she did not come so much to me, and I felt that she was then giving her influence to someone or others who needed her more, either in this world or the other. I think we can tell whether the coming to us of spirit friends is in part voluntary, or whether we draw them to us by our need; and it is pleasant to know this much of the spirit world, as well as the greater fact, that they do come to us to comfort, direct, energize, and bless. We do not especially need to see them, for feeling, in this particular, is more than sight, as it is a very part of our self and consciousness. The experience of the spirit is greater than bodily seeing or hearing, and not so readily to be deceived. Blessed, sweet, and lofty-souled Myra! we have supped together in body and soul, around the table of our Lord and Master, and shall we not continue to do so, and more effectually as one of us is now all spirit? And blessed Myra! you who so desired in every fiber of your being to move spiritually the cause, come with other spirits, and the great and mighty potent power of God's Holy Spirit and assist us in our Church work, that we may



Good Tidings of great Joy. Which
Shall be to All People.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, TROY, PA., EASTER SUNDAY.

hear the "steady rushing sound," and be alive to its great love message. Let us all join hands with the great Infinite Spirit, believing in the innumerable company also, and the "Forward Spiritual Movement" shall reach everyone. Then we shall not live apart, but together, with hearts and hands reaching out to the great world of humanity.

CHAPTER XX.

OTHER PASTORATES AND LABORS (*Continued*).

As I was about my morning work on December 3, 1897, I rested from it a few moments to say this to mother: "Do you remember that I told you what Brother Lewis Daggett said to me as we waited in Waverly after our Association at Athens last summer, that if anything happened to him I must be sure and come?" And then I remarked: "Do you not think it was strange that he used that word 'happen'?" Shortly after this conversation a message came requesting my immediate presence at the telephone office, where I most sadly learned that Brother Lewis Daggett had been killed by a falling tree, and they wanted my services in Tioga on December 5, for the funeral.

While there I learned that Mr. Daggett went to his wood lot in the early morning to oversee some cutting, and though the proper warning was given and supposedly taken, the fall of the tree was fatal, striking him on his head and causing almost instant death. In his coffin he looked as though he had fallen asleep. He was taken in good bodily condition, though eighty-one years old, and out of place he loved—the woods. Before the service a niece of his handed me the following note and verse:

"The deceased was a lover of the forests, God's first temples, and he probably inherited this clean, wholesome

love of contact with nature from his honorable grandfather, Major Seth Daggett.

" I love a pine,
A tree I know ;
It stands so strong,
And sings a song,
When fierce winds blow.
A shelter warm
Where wee things may
Sleep frosts away.
I love a pine,
A tree I know ;
Fit type of one,
A man I know."

I was so glad I had this, for I love such little things that come from the heart. Brother Daggett was a man of warm affections, and of sterling sense and integrity of life. He was very much devoted to the great doctrine of his Church, and was fond of a certain verse found in the *Genealogical Book of the Daggett family*, entitled "The Universalist Creed," written by Captain Samuel Daggett in his ninety-sixth year, who was born in Tisbury, Mass., in 1764. It reads thus :

"Upright in heart, in all our dealings just—
In God's free grace we put our only trust ;
And in His boundless, universal love
We place our hope of heaven, and bliss above ;
And when life's scene is drawing to a close,
Calmly we sink into our last repose,
And as in Adam, death o'er all doth reign,
E'en so in Christ shall all be made alive again."

The evening after the funeral a son called my attention to a large crayon picture of his father upon the wall, saying: "I always thought Pa looked like Abraham Lin-

coln, and I know he was good, like him." I was much saddened to lay away another of the best of earth, and also another faithful and generous member of our church at Mansfield. Often his tall form and most kindly face had been seen among us there, and his helpful service was ever most cheerfully given. His father, a pioneer Universalist in Tioga, many remember as a good man in deed and life. May such stock ever abide in the earth!

At a funeral the very best seems stirred in all hearts, and how close you get to that supreme element, and a circle of blessing surrounds you. The friends appear different to you ever afterward. A tender attachment springs up, and new ties are formed which I believe are everlasting. And oh, the deep wells of consolation and salvation a minister must first draw from before he offers them to the people! Often I have been more blessedly happy at a funeral than any other time, though, of course, there is always that deep sense of responsibility and humility therefrom and all your sympathies are most tenderly stirred. Thus we have the Scripture, that it is more blessed to go to the house of mourning than of feasting.

But what of the little beings or pets intrusted to our care? Is not our love for them like in kind, if not in degree, to that we have for the human? I think it is, and I take from my diary kept in Mansfield, under February 21, 1895, the following in regard to little "Whitie and Blackie":

"Last night as I went to pray, I could only pray for our dear kitties—my heart was so full of them. It was a new experience to pray for dumb creatures, but I thought it was legitimate. A young man came with a basket for them, as we had promised them to his mother, who is very fond of pets, and very tender of them, as is her son also.

I knew I should miss them, and already there was a funereal atmosphere about—the floor, the chairs, and the lounge all looking so lonesome.

“In about an hour the young man came back, saying little Blackie had escaped, and he could not find him. We looked everywhere, but no trace of him, and then I went out alone, after eleven o'clock, in the dark, away down the street, under the trees, occasionally crossing the yards to get nearer the barns, and calling forth in subdued but piteous tones: ‘Kitty, kitty! Oh, my little Blackie, do come to me!’ But all in vain. My sleep was broken through the night, but when the morning dawned, lo, and behold! there sat the lost one on the window sill, looking in and crying loudly for admittance. We took him in, petted him to the extreme, gave him the ‘minister’s best beefsteak,’ and then had to live our grief over again, when the owner returned with his ominous-looking basket. Such sweet, cunning little ways as Blackie had, and how loudly he purred to kind attentions, and how affectionate he was! I shall always remember you, kitties, love you, and pray for your welfare.”

In Troy a pet kitty came to us, providentially, we thought, and as it had a history and a character, we will mention it. In the spring of 1897, as I went out to view the early mornings, and look our little garden o’er, I noticed a strange, forlorn-appearing cat, brown and yellow, coming out of the ventilator in the wall underneath the church. She appeared like a young cat who had never had a home, but was seeking one. I tried my best to get near her, but every effort for some time failed. I carried out saucers of milk and bits of good things, which she would partake of after I had left her, but was watching through the window. I feared she might make a home

for herself underneath the church, and that when her kitties should come they might suffer in there, where no one could get to them. So I made a nice little bed in a box in the woodshed, and tried to coax her into it, but could not do so. However, after my return from the State Convention at Reading, she would allow any familiarity with her. Then I would put her in her little bed and hold her there, and talk to her, and say "Now you must make this your home, and not go any more into that old dark place under the church." She would purr and seem to say, "Yes, I understand"; but all know how persistent the maternal cat mind is. Still, this dear kitty struck a compromise, and acted upon it; for on a Sunday morning, not long before our summer vacation, I heard in our woodshed what I thought to be the most maternal song I had ever listened to. It came from underneath a huge pile of kindlings, and so loud and triumphant that it issued from every little crevice of the pile, and filled with triumph all the place. It impressed me as wonderful, and helped me to preach that forenoon. More than ever I believed that everything that hath breath praises the Lord, and more, under some circumstances, than others.

After church I carefully undid that pile of kindling wood, and there on a little bed of old newspapers lay the thoroughly exultant and blessed mother, with just one little kitty, maltese and white, at her side. From the song, I had thought there might be a dozen little ones; but all the same to her, as she had now a home and something to love. How prettily they came on together—the mother so watchful and attentive, so perfect in her care, and the little one so bewitchingly wayward, cunning, and sweet. The mother would often jump up in grandma's chair, bow her head, and begin to tread its soft cushion, when I

would stand reverently by, feeling that she was saying her prayers and thanking God for all her comforts in life. But the poor thing was never well, and soon failed perceptibly in health, losing her appetite and growing so weak she could hardly stand. Lying down, she would still try to amuse her little charge by swinging her tail back and forth, and the little one would innocently catch at it, all unconscious of her poor mamma's condition. Holding on to life until her kitty was about weaned, she crawled away and died.

After the death of the parent the little offspring became all our own, and we tried to do well by him; not to cross him, but to allow his nature full freedom for development. We kept him while we lived in Troy, and I can truly say that he never had a drop of hot water spilled on him, nor was hurt in any way by us, but displayed a confidence in us that was beautiful to behold. I often told him of his loving, self-sacrificing mother, and he appeared to understand, purring so softly and affectionately. He showed a cunning trait in his calculation when turning round, to strike just the right spot for his cozy nap, in some nice warm place. Often he came in from our neighbor's coal bin, all soiled and discolored, and ornamented profusely with burdock burrs; but then I loved him the more, for I pitied and wanted to help him.

When quite young we allowed the little creature to sleep at night on the foot of our bed, and in the fall and winter, near the morning hours, when it would get quite cold, he would come to the top of the bed, or to the door of my tent, and instead of knocking, as we do, he would draw one paw adown the turned o'er sheet, with scratching sound, and generally on my side, for he knew mother didn't like to have him in the bed. Thus awakened, I

would take him in, and when I stroked his little head he would sing a most fulsome song, and very skillfully too, with trills and scales, and double hemi-demi-semiquaver notes. Certainly he possessed the art of "combining tuneful sounds in a manner most agreeable to the ear."

There was a little girl in our Sunday school in Troy, Jeanette McCabe, who on our celebration days spoke her little piece in a manner to win all hearts. She stepped so airily on to the platform, with her tiny feet, that you just thought a little butterfly, with a divine little soul, had come. To her true art, accentuated lines, and the waving of her little hands as of fairy wands, you were all attention, until she disappeared from before your view. Well, this little girl had gotten hold of a tiny waif kitty, which she worshiped, and when it was loudly purring one day, her mother said to her: "What is your kitty singing?" She at once replied: "My kitty is singing 'Nearer, My God, To Thee.'"

Animals are wonderful creatures, even the smaller domestic ones, and how amply all their wants are served by their God-given instincts and capabilities. It is good for us as well as them, that we should note their ways, habits, and powers, and to find that they have much in common with us. Surely we may discover in them faith, hope, love, wonder, fear, caution, sympathy, gratitude, discretion, partiality, ownership, discernment, affection, reverence, appreciation, devotion, humility, mirthfulness, politeness, calculation, economy, reason, thought, plan, purpose, forethought, memory, character, habit, moods, temperament, disposition, and a variety of facial expressions. I believe there is a soul atmosphere around them, and I was sure my kitty could feel through the closed door my mood and intent toward him.

Dear old Charles Wesley took the bird to his bosom from out the hurricane of the night, giving us that everlasting hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and we would do the same. We would not let one little bird perish, were it in our power to save it. We are all one, men, birds, beasts, flowers, stars, and clouds; we belong to the world and to the universe, and the world and the universe belong to us. In every father and mother, brother and sister, I see my own dear tender ones; in every little child, the little ones that have been dearest unto us; in every tree, the dear old one standing by our house; in every hill, the hills that blessed our early days; in every cloud so bright, the great ones rolling over childhood's hours; in every horse, the true-hearted "Black Beauty" of old, and in all the little pets those we have loved and lost. Even the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the sky, and the sea have great and tender relations with my soul, and the world of spirits bends down and closes me in with richest blessings; and all the time communion with dear ones, absent either on the earth or in the heavens, becomes more tangible and blest.

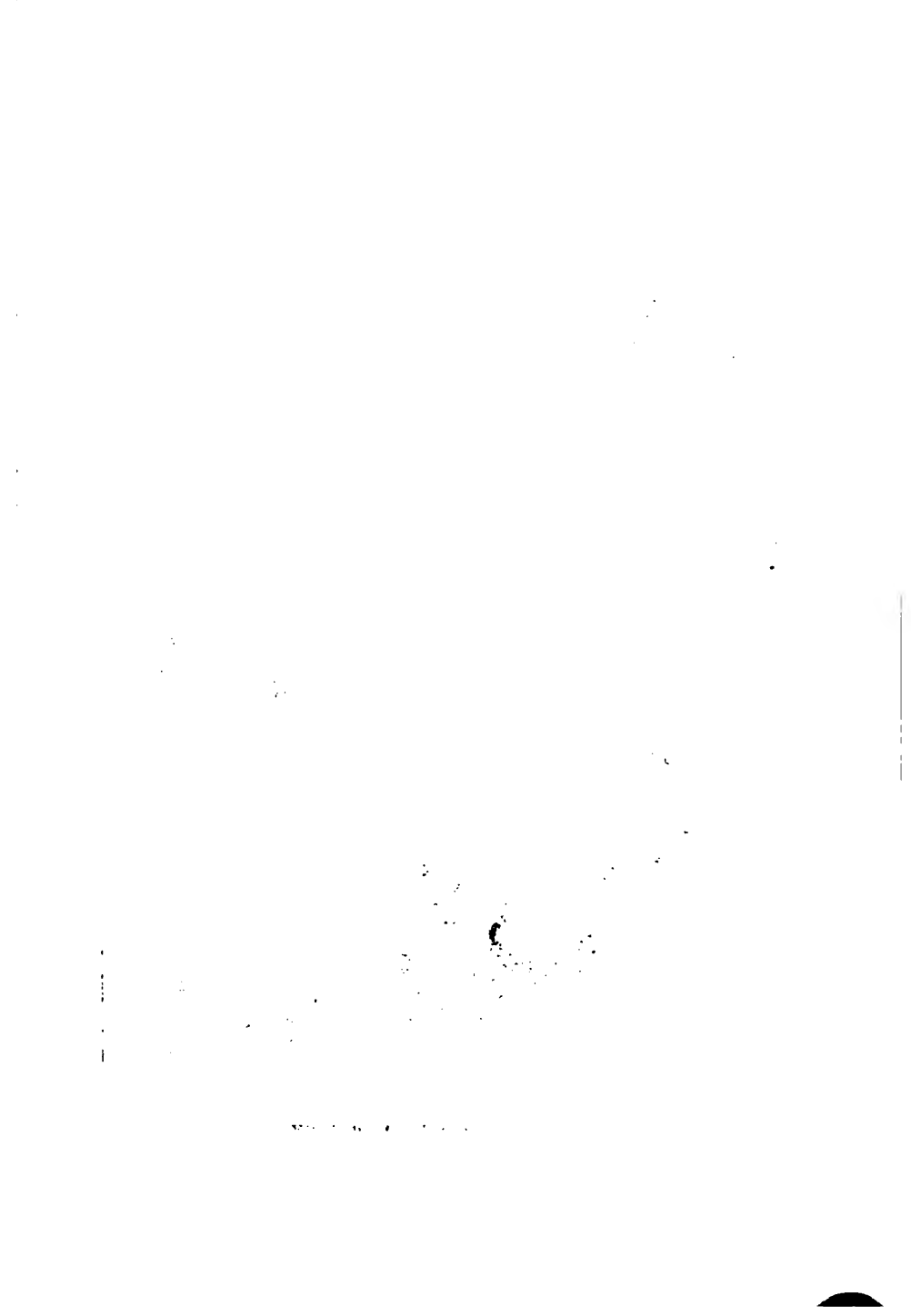
They try men for heresy, for disbelieving in the doctrine of an endless hell; but it seems to me this doctrine is the most heretical of all, for as Dr. Gordon of the Old South Congregational Church in Boston says: "If God shall succeed, Universalism will be the result. When will Christian thinkers fear atheism more than Universalism; when will they see that the deepest immorality lies in a distrust of the righteous will of God; when will they awake to the fact that only those who believe in a Gospel for humanity, and eternally for humanity, can resist unto blood? Any scheme that puts God with an inclusive and everlasting redemption behind mankind, looks like Uni-

versalism, but let us remember that any other scheme is in our time a royal road to atheism." Oh, souls, look up! and behold God, as your Father, and believe in Him to the uttermost, and pray for all men, "For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved and come unto a knowledge of the truth." "For there is one God and one mediator between God and men—the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time." Oh, yes! the will of God is to be done and the ransom of Jesus Christ to be testified, if not here, for all, some time in the future: for God changeth not, and the mission of Jesus Christ worketh on to the purification and redemption of all souls. And what an economist is God,

"That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When he hath made the pile complete."

The fire shall try every man's work—of what sort it is. "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." "For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, was not yea and nay, but in him was yea. For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen unto the glory of God by us."

The Gospel does not contradict itself; but is one harmonious whole, all its judgments, chastisements, and threatenings harmonizing with its love-promises of ultimate good. And how we love to see people coming to its practice and its spirit; to the personal Christ, who will abundantly bless; and how imperative it is that they come, for the longer the coming and the practice is postponed, the more difficulty attending them in future days, and how great the loss to the everyday life, to be without God





BABY LAURENCE A. BAILEY.

and Christ in the world. It is blessed to come now and, giving self first, all other things shall be added. As heredity and education have much to do with one's belief, I will say right here "that if I am thankful for anything it is that not one particle of the endless-misery idea was born into my composition, or ever taught into my young ears; but that I came up believing to the uttermost in the love of God; thus suffering no fear toward Him, only that I might do wrong in His sight." The question of heredity in this particular is a serious matrimonial one, and may it cause many to think, "I would not have children of mine bent toward these dark views of God, and also of humanity at large, but rather have them come into the world credulous and tractable toward the great overflowing Spirit of God's love and the beautiful love germ He has implanted in all souls."

On the seventh day of January, 1898, we began especial revival meetings at Springfield, with Rev. Amanda Deyo as our help. These meetings proved of great benefit to the old members, and added to us seven new ones, ranging in ages from twenty to seventy-five years. Following these services a series was held in Troy, adding two to the membership, and helping to bring seven more persons into fellowship at the Easter of that year, two of whom were baptized by immersion, Rev. B. Brunning of Elmira kindly coming to our assistance for this most sacred and beautiful ceremony.

During the series of meetings we spoke, as we had often done before, good words for our chief denominational paper, the *Universalist Leader*, consolidated from the *Christian Leader*, the *Universalist*, and the *Gospel Banner*, and under the able and spirited leadership of Dr. F. A. Bisbee and others. Would that all our people

might take it; for a parishioner without a church-paper is, denominationally speaking, like a bird without wings, a fish without fins, and we might almost say a plant without flowers, that is, in intelligent, hopeful, fruitful life. One can hardly estimate the good that can be done with the denominational paper, as a missionary giving light and healing to many.

In my journal concerning these meetings at Springfield and Troy I find: "How anxious Amanda and I felt in the pulpit. We would put our arms around each other, look into the faces of the people, and entreat them to come, come to the Saviour's love, mother meanwhile breaking out into her old-time devotional hymns. It was good to be there, and when Father Wm. Brace, Brother Burgess, and Sister Youngs came forward to join the Church, how radiant and childlike their faces appeared, and the Holy Spirit enwrapped us all. On Monday after the second service, mother, Amanda, and I had our supper in the church, at the twilight hour, and from the little table before the altar. We blessed and brake and ate, and thought nothing ever tasted so good before. It was angels' food. I came home to Troy on Wednesday, to make ready the Passover here. I baked beans and cooked meat in the night, and got the tables all set in the church rooms. I found that our kitty had not exhausted any of the five saucers of milk I had left for him, but with mathematical precision had lapped just so much from each one—the cunning little thing! He was as glad to see me as a child, and I returned the joy, I assure you."

January 30, 1898, was a perfect Sunday to me. Though intensely cold, thirty persons gathered in our beautiful church in Troy, and I preached on "Christ as the Son of the living God." How rich I felt to be

able to give so much Bible and other truth on this glorious theme. Before the closing prayer I was full to overflowing with love divine, and a window of heaven seemed opened upon me, and great refreshing airs came to uplift my soul and make it fearless. How good mother looked, sitting in the pew, so calm and intelligent, in her tasty bonnet and plush cloak, and how surrounded I felt with her love, as well as God's. How good the friends looked to the right and to the left, accentuated by Father and Mother Cornell—the very salt of the earth, as all denominations say; Sister Porter, their daughter, whose whole being responds to the interests of the Church and the denomination; Sister Reddington, of melodious voice, sensitive to all things; young Brother and Sister Cornell, exalted in life and willing servants of the Lord; Sister Lelia Bullock, one of the sweetest and the truest, and Brother and Sister Parsons, than whom there are no more loyal and devoted souls.

The Y. P. C. U. meeting was led by young Brother Cornell, and it was good to have him kneel and begin his prayer with these words, "Lord, thou knowest we are humble," etc. After church mother and I had the best of dinners, for how like angels' food an ordinary meal will taste after a good spiritual meeting! We rested in the afternoon, and then passed the evening singing old hymns and songs, and reading a few beautiful old poems. It seemed a perfect day to us.

How little I knew that Sunday in February, 1898, what sad news awaited us; that before another service in the sanctuary of God Miss Willard should be called home, and great grief rest upon the people. When Frances Willard died, on February 17, 1898, it seemed that a curtain of gloom had fallen over the entire world, as it did over

our country when the noble Lincoln was taken from his high post of duty; but oh, the light that shone from the heart and life of Miss Willard, so illumined by loyalty to Christ, could we be utterly cast down while still under its sway? So wise had she been, transparent and triumphant in her ways before us, and so full of love and ministry to the world, both for body and soul, that more than any other woman throughout all history she was a personal friend to every one of us, especially womankind.

I never had a speaking acquaintance with her, and had only seen and heard her once, and yet in many respects she was to me the most helpful friend in all the world. How high, and yet so approachable she seemed, and you felt sure she understood you. More than all others she had furnished me an ideal in Jesus Christ, which I had loved and clung to closely through all the years of her far-reaching activity. And now she had gone, how could I get along without her? and then to think of her other million women friends, the local unions, the national and the world's W. C. T. U., all so fully deprived and so deeply bereaved and disconsolate—it was overwhelming. At first there was a crippled sense, as though the general and the local cause must go down with our great leader, no longer among us; and the heart-rending loneliness of it all caused many tears to flow.

For weeks I was much affected by her death, particularly at night and in the early morning. Earnestly I prayed to God to comfort my heart, and in some way make up this great loss to me. My prayer was answered in the consoling truth which came to me, that now Miss Willard knew how much I esteemed and loved her, and that now we could all have her, as we could not when she was in the body. Often I talked with her, heart to heart, and

amid my tears found the sweetest and most inspiring consolation. I really began to feel that it was expedient that she had gone away. I had found Miss Willard long before in a manner, but now I had found her more fully and truly, and she had found my humble but loving self; and was it not so with many another?

At our first W. C. T. U. meeting in Troy, after her going away, a very sad and sorry little band gathered together, every one a real mourner. The spirit of true-hearted grief so rested upon us that our way seemed entirely blocked; but one after another found a voice, and each endeavored to comfort the others with words of reminiscence and of hope. So much had this blessed woman said and done, that her words and deeds were as legion—some of which we each could grasp for our encouragement. The meeting ended somewhat less sadly than it had begun, for the enforcement had been that we must go forward now, everyone doing more than in the past. Miss Willard having lived upon the earth, and now having been glorified in the heavens above, we could not think of stopping our work.

Then came the memorial, and the immortal number of the *Union Signal*, which brought our tears afresh, and made us to know, as never before, the worth and the beauty of that life. In it Anna Gordon, blessed heart, so near to Miss Willard, and so beautiful in herself, kindly and sacredly gives us "The Last Day"; and whenever I have read this account I have received a fresh baptism from the Lord. It always reaches the depths of my being, and I often think how many unknown women like myself all over the world have taken in the life and death of Frances Willard, and, for this, how near we ought to feel to each other. How blessed to think the last legible word

she wrote was "love," and that in these last solemn days her eyes oft rested on the Hoffman picture of Christ, over the top of which she wished her great thought placed: "Only the golden rule of Christ can bring the golden age of man"; and that once, pointing to the picture, she said: "He can do everything for us." How blessed to think also of her Christian reminder: "It is we, not I; you know it is our Father. Don't forget that"; her words "How beautiful to be with God," and "Clara, I've crept in with mother, and it is the same beautiful world, and the same people; remember that it is just the same." Her advice for us all to follow Christ, can we help but cherish it?

Miss Willard's picture, taken in London in 1893, is to me a great inspiration and a companion of my days. I often sit and study it; the beautiful features, the flesh so molded and informed by the Spirit, the finish of expression, and the transparency of life there to be seen, which aided her in giving to the world the great wealth of her pure heart, her sublime spiritual culture, and the knowledge and wisdom of her intellect.

Beautiful sister, may we try to be like thee; feel less the clog of the mortal, and more of the strong guiding power of the Spirit! Would that all could have enjoyed the un mutilated life that was thine from the beginning, and more similar advantages and opportunities, barring a little dwarfing of the spirit, until as you said, you came to yourself, and could take all in. Often I think of Miss Willard's first choice in life, that it would have been the ministry, and this draws me nearer to her. Through sympathy I wish she could have been gratified in this; still, I think it was best as it was, for otherwise her life and work might not have been so far-reaching.

On the evening of March 20, 1898, the time set apart for the National observance by the W. C. T. U., we had a Union Memorial meeting in the large Methodist Episcopal Church of Troy. We planned with an earnest heart and prayerful will for this great event, and it was truly successful. Our topics were: "Miss Willard's Childhood"; "Miss Willard as an Educator"; "Woman and Friend"; "A Reformer"; "Our Leader"; "As a Christian and Patriot"; "Miss Willard's Death and Funeral"; and "Her Influence as Spiritual and Immortal." These topics were apportioned among the ministers, the principal of the high school, and some of the sisters of our local union—the last one falling to me. I delighted in this subject, for I believed in it so thoroughly.

Take Frances Willard, with all her other qualifications and attainments, without the spiritual,—her soul centered in Jesus Christ,—and she could not have been the Frances Willard we know and love. It was this that gave vitalizing and carrying power to her life and message, and will continue to do so down to the end of time. The soul gifted and centered in Christ, how worldwide in influence it may become—even as Christ dwelling in the Father shall be able at last to reach every child of God, and to Him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess "that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God, the Father."

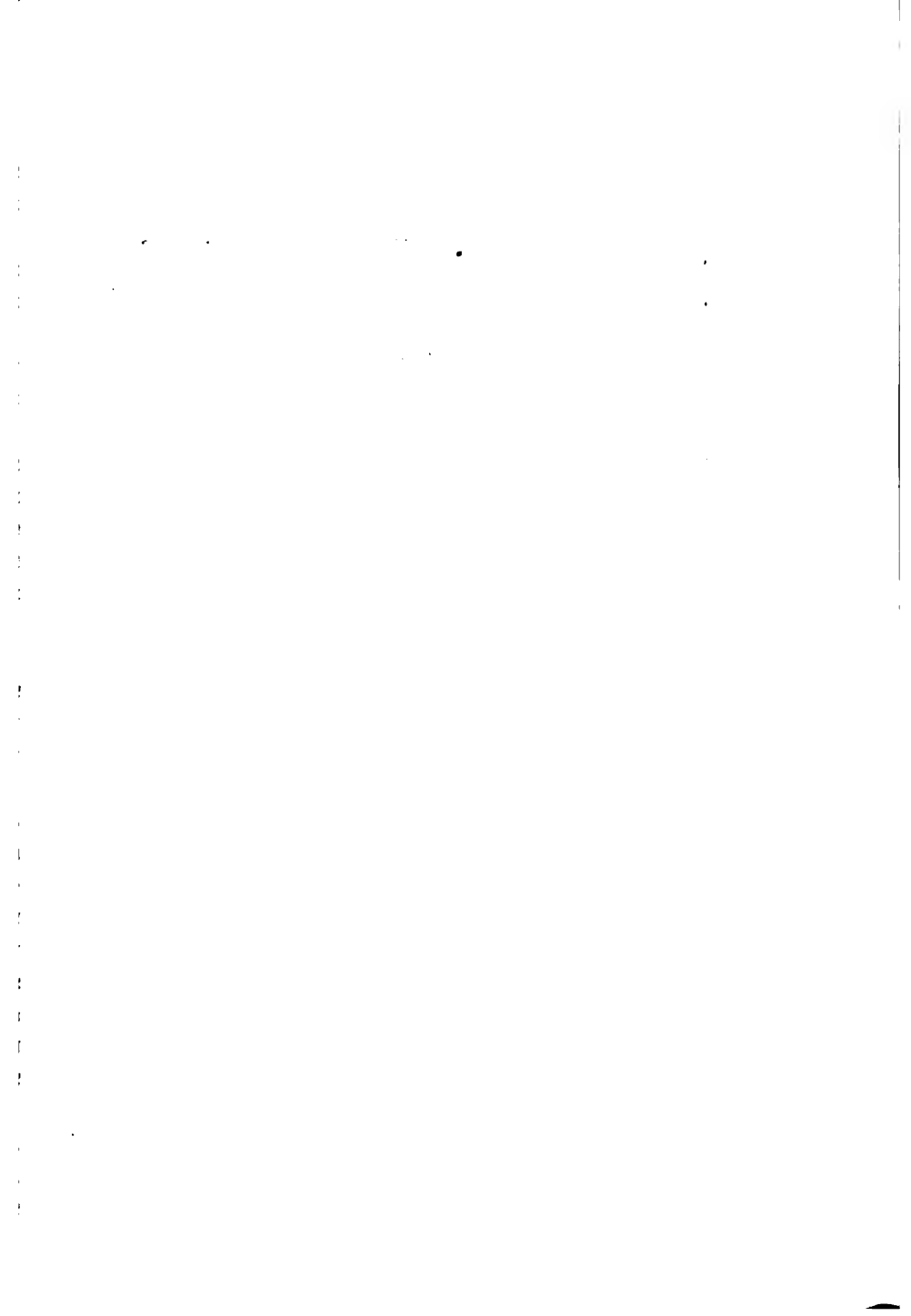
The church was tastefully trimmed, and before us, high upon the organ, was placed in blue and gold letters over white, the motto: "How Beautiful to Be with God"—those last tender and impressive words of Miss Willard. The house was packed, and as we marched in a hundred strong, all wearing the white ribbon, and preceded by the ministers of the place, it was a supreme moment to

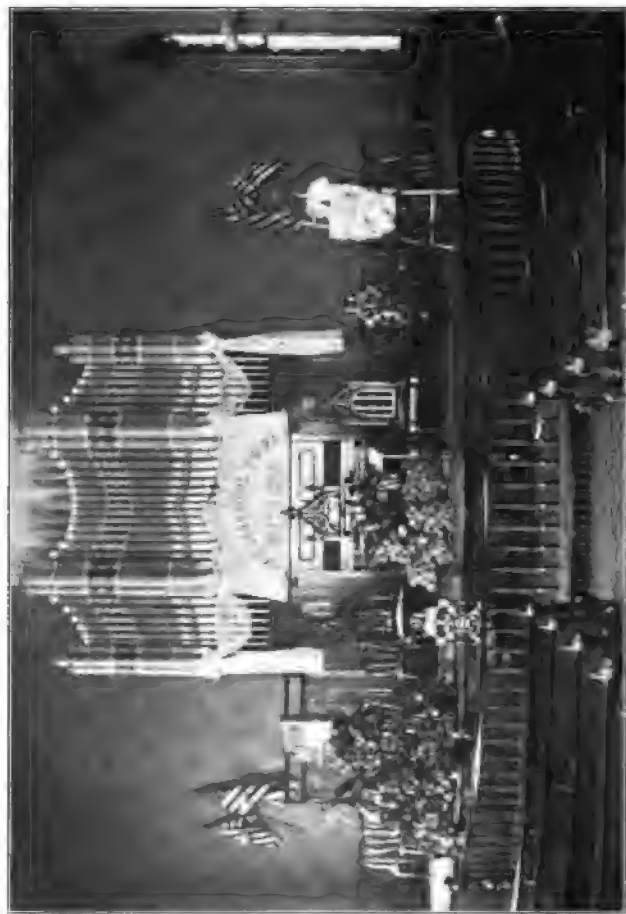
many in the ranks! Such occasions do good. They blend the life forces and move them to more ideal living.

It was a full Frances Willard Sunday to me, for in the morning I had spoken at Springfield, upon her life and work, and in the afternoon upon the same subject at a Union Memorial Service at Columbia Cross Roads, and now, in the evening, again at Troy. But the subject was fresher each time, and at the third service I was thoroughly keyed up, and the same with Brother Hutchins, the pastor of the Troy Methodist Episcopal Church, who also had observed the same course as I that day. I never heard a better talk than he gave that night. With his fine ability, absolutely aroused, his words were eloquence itself, and produced a great impression.

It is difficult to leave the subject of Miss Willard, and I must even now pause to say that the friendship between her and Lady Henry Somerset of England was strikingly beautiful. Their lives came together as the perfume of rare flowers, blending to give the world something it did not possess before; something to keep, to cherish, and with which to regale one's tenderest and most grateful moments—a patriotic infusion, too, the love of two countries and all countries mingled together. Whenever Lady Henry appears, either in her marvelous words or writings, or her beautiful pictured face and form, she seems a very part of Miss Willard, and at the same time her own dignified, lovely and blessing self, a character and a personality for us all to love, in this our home country.

Truly, Lady Henry Somerset seems very dear to us, and may the Lord bless her with health and all resources, mental and otherwise, with which to carry out her noble





THE M. E. CHURCH, TROY, PA., FRANCIS WILLARD MEMORIAL SERVICE.

plans and purposes in life. What a meeting there will be in heaven some day, between her and her beloved and almost idolized colaborer, and how we shall all eventually love them together, as we have here in this world, and with ever-increasing power!

Our dear Father in heaven, we bless thee for the good and true of earth, whom Thou hast permitted us to know, and for the hope we have of meeting them in heaven, dwelling with them, and catching their influence and inspiration forevermore. Grant us to grow into pure and immaculate life here, that we may be permitted to move in their sphere above, and, when we are tired, to nestle down beside them for rest and peace. Father, we would tear the veil apart that separates the seen from the unseen, in our haste to know the glories of the spirit world; and yet we would pray for patience, and a humble waiting, in seeking to follow Christ, Who sets the example of self-denial for us and the supremacy of the inward will over the outward world, with its troubles, discouragements, and temptations. As He overcame, so may we, believing thoroughly in Thy promise, that Thou wilt "perfect that which concerneth us." In Christ we ask it, Amen!

Among the older number who joined the Troy Church at the Easter of 1898 was a dear little saint, Clara Parsons by name, and aged eleven years. A prodigy in ability, scholarship, and wise forwardness, she led the Y. P. C. U. meeting one evening, when only nine years, and this is her little program, marked out by her, and which I found afterward in her own handwriting, and preserved: Singing 94; reading; prayer; singing 121; discussion of topic; singing 52; benediction.

This child I believe will be heard from some day, as has her cousin, Mrs. Olive M. Kimball. Always loyal to

her own church, she said one night after meeting: "Mamma, I like to belong to a small church just like ours, for we can all get so well acquainted with one another, and feel so much at home, just like a little family."

In my diary under date of March 30, 1898, I find: "How much I like to step out into our kitchen and stir up something good for mother and others to eat! Indeed, it is a great pleasure, and sometimes that most useful of all places yields up a good deal of merriment. When my sister was here we took it into our heads we would make a loaf of steamed brown bread, something I am famous for, and how good it is when it is made right! We resorted to our old jug for the even cup of molasses, when to our astonishment out came vinegar; but we poured and poured, for we were sure of the jug, until there came a mixture of vinegar and molasses, and then to our astonishment the real stuff we wanted. We made our bread, and it was good. We concluded that someone, not either of us, of course, had put back vinegar into the wrong jug; but the fun of it all was that after this occasion you never knew which you would get, clear vinegar, mixed or clear molasses, and we said it was just like some people, uncertain what they would yield, until tested, and to be after a time more or less avoided!"

On April 20, 1898: "We have faced war all day, and all the time the feeling has possessed us to be on our knees! What a refuge there is in prayer to the God of all peoples, all nations, and 'for whom are all things and by whom are all things.' We have read the papers with starting tears, and are so grieved and disappointed that as a people we must go to war with another nation. With others we think 'that no matter what the object to be at-

tained, such means are too barbarous to be indulged in by a Christian nation.' ”

On April 21, 1898: “Somehow on awaking this morning a peaceful intelligence seemed to surround me, saying in this war between America and Spain there will not be great loss of life, and it will be settled right. But it appears a strange war, and I mean to keep out of its horrors all I possibly can. War shatters the vase of the soul and destroys all our preaching. It affects me like the doctrine of endless misery, and truly, as General Sherman has said, ‘It is hell!’ ”

On May 8, 1898: “Poor Dewey at Manila, how I suffer for him, waiting so long to be assisted by our troops; and oh, the sufferings and the starvation of the poor Cubans, the insurgents, and also of the Spaniards, and the loss of life, it almost kills me; but I go to God, and with His Spirit hold together and reflect that with the eye of faith we may see good to come, that God will overrule the evil, and bring such results as will cause many, in the future, to bless His Holy Name for the present heroic and strenuous efforts that are being made on the part of our Government.”

On June 4, 1898: “Full of happiness has been this beautiful day. Sitting by the open door, the great world has come in to bless, to fill us with the knowledge that our lives are a part of the great whole; help to make up the great fabric of mind and heart humanity which reflects the image of God, giving us a share in the work, the dignity, the genius of all, and rendering our thoughts sweet, hopeful, yea, ecstatic, giving thanks unto God for all things through Jesus Christ. Our three societies in Pennsylvania have been as one before us, and we have held loving communion with them all.

“ ‘What is excellent
As God lives, is permanent ;
Hearts are dust—heart’s loves remain,
Heart’s love will meet thee again.”

On January 12, 1898: “Mother and I have been a few days away from home, out on a little pilgrimage among the faithful, with the little Nellie horse, and at one place where we called and stayed to dinner, we met an aged partialist believer, who was in great trouble of mind, fearing he should not get into the ‘holy city’ at last, ‘For,’ said he, ‘every day it grows upon me that I am not now accepted of the Lord.’ He had been a church member for many years, and a good Christian, he thought, so long as he was able to attend church and prayer meeting; but of late, unable on account of failing health to perform these duties, he felt sure that the grace of God was slipping away from him, and as God would not always strive with the wicked, nothing but a horrible fate awaited him on the other side. Poor old man, pure-minded and good! it did seem too bad that he should get such dreadful ideas into his head, and mother and I determined to bring him out of them, and put better and more cheerful ones in their place.

“We said to him: ‘My good brother, God has not changed, for He is unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, in his great love toward us. “Behold, the Lord’s hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear.” It is you who have changed, and probably your ill-health has made the difference in your feelings. Your nerves are affected, so that they do not take on the fullness of bliss you once enjoyed; but when your health is restored, you will see all things rightly again. Should you not regain your health,

but go down to the grave in this condition, God would take knowledge. He will know all your infirmity and your desire, and He will abundantly pardon and bless. Oh, trust the Lord and His exceeding loving and impartial kindness! Give up all things before you do your faith in your Heavenly Father, "and grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Thus we tried to comfort him, and came away with prayers in our hearts for his restoration to courage, to upliftment of mind, and above all that he might find a more abiding confidence in the love of his heavenly Father.

"I heard a partialist minister say this in a revival sermon on the Great Judgment Day: 'There will be the great separation; but somehow we shall all be reconciled to it.' I spoke right out in meeting and said, 'Never!' If we could not be reconciled here, how are we going to be there, unless we change into fiendlike beings? The fact is, there is to be no such endless separation of the human family; but this makes a good weapon by which to frighten people into the Church. It is easier to get them by this means than by the building up of character, which is the truer and better way. But I have noticed that after sermons on the Great Judgment Day, and kindred revival themes in partialist revival services, that all seem to be happy but me; so I think that the public does not take such preaching to heart very much, after all. 'Human nature is stronger than theology.' I hope if the beginning of the coming new century is to witness a more widespread revival than the world has ever seen, it will be along the line of more rational views of God and His government, and will come right to the point of making men see the goodness, the glory, and the beauty of the life in Christ, here

and now, and the great loss and sinfulness of withholding one's self from this life; that the real spiritual and other blessings come not, while we are away from God and Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and that 'the highest consciousness of life, which is the presence of God,' is the great ultimatum to be desired by all men, fitting for life and death.

"I preached not long ago on this subject: 'The Bible Hell—What Is It, and How Shall We Live to Escape It, in this World and the World to Come?' I hope I showed the true meaning of the word, that it is God's fire for burning the dross and saving the good, and that if we would not suffer all its pain and remorse here and hereafter, we must live in a way to have no evil works; but if we have the evil works we ought to cry:

" 'Then try me, as the silver try,
And cleanse my soul with care,
Till Thou art able to descry
Thy faultless image there.'

God is a consuming fire, but at the same time He is a Saviour."

During our summer vacation of 1898 we visited Saratoga and Geneva, N. Y., and took in on our way home our Association at Mansfield, Pa. At Saratoga we had the privilege of attending our first summer meeting there, under the management of Dr. Q. S. Shinn, our wonderfully alive missionary, and would mention, as especial features of interest and benefit to us, Dr. Shinn's great doctrinal, incontrovertible sermon which he gave on the last Sunday of the session, and Dr. Lewis' magnificent and highly impressive illustrated lecture on "The Passion Play."

We enjoyed for the first time the immortal scenery of

Lake George, and passed a delightful season of two weeks at that clean and homelike place, "The Vermont House," with its genial proprietor, Mr. F. J. Thayer, and where the morning devotional services and the evening social, musical, and literary entertainments were interesting occasions, blending all hearts together.

At Geneva we preached two Sundays in the old but well-preserved and well-cared-for historic Universalist church, and in the same pulpit which my father had occupied some forty years before while attending an Association there. Those were rare Sundays to my mother and self. At the second meeting mother was so affected by the services, the fervent singing of the choir from the high gallery at the rear of the church, and by the old associations of the place, that she wanted to shout "Glory!" She said she had never experienced so much of the glory of the Lord in a single Sunday service.

It was inspiring to find in the church in Geneva so worthy and capable a lay brother as Mr. C. N. Hemip, by profession a lawyer. During vacations and when for any cause the society is without ministerial assistance, he supplies the pulpit and looks after all the interests of the church, religious, financial, and social. Sometimes he reads the sermons of others, and then again gives one of his own, and his manner of conducting the worship is far more devout and able than that of some of our ordained and experienced ministers. He has been called upon to attend funerals, and has been known to sing at the grave a beautifully selected hymn in a very effective spirit. He has been for over twenty-five years the efficient superintendent of the Sunday school, and has been called by outsiders the best man in the city of Geneva. There was talk of excluding him from the Young Men's

Christian Association on account of his religious views, but they concluded, from the amount of humanitarian and religious work he did in the place and from his fine personal influence, that he was "a whole Christian Association in himself," and that they would only honor themselves by admitting him. Character tells, and such laymen help the cause and are an example to all the rest.

While in Geneva I had time to prepare the program for the Association at Mansfield, and also the "Communion Sermon," which duty had been assigned me. I enjoyed a meeting with the body, and with our old parish, which caused me mentally, at least, to shout "Glory!" At one of the morning prayer meetings Sister H. told us how on arising she went out to view her "morning glories," growing near the window, and there her soul would be filled with the goodness and the glory of the Lord; and Brother Brunning leading the meeting, said: "Yes, Sister H. goes out to view her morning glories, and she gets the glory of the Lord." It was a beautiful glory meeting—a fountain of cheer and sunshine to return to, and fill again and again the heart with true help and pleasure.

In the fall of 1898 my mother's rheumatic trouble increased, causing her in the month of November a very serious fall, breaking her left hip bone; and then, oh, then! how tried were the hearts of her loved ones! She seemed approaching the shores of the invisible, and the doctors said she could last only a few days. I thought her dying, and realized, as I had never before, the tie that bound us. When sleeping, as it appeared her very last, I knelt beside her and said: "Oh, my beautiful, blessed mother! may God spare you to me yet a little longer." Our life together came before me as the very best, and I felt that I



ERNEST SARGENT OLMSTED, AGED 25.

could not desire anything changed. After she was some better, I said: "Mother, I have kept thinking that you are the best woman in all the world." And she replied: "That is just what I have been thinking about you; and I find the bond is very strong between us. I would like to live for your sake, if it be God's will. We are one in all things, and it would be very hard for you to be left without me." How heartily my whole being responded to those closing sentences, and I resolved that if God spared her to me I would pour out the blessings of my love upon her every moment of her remaining days or years.

Victor Hugo wrote to his children, "Love God through your mother," and who does not largely do this? George McDonald said: "One who is a mother to her own children only, is not a mother; she is only a woman who has borne children." My mother is not of this type. She is a mother to other children, and all children, in her thought, love, and prayers.

From the day mother was hurt there began to flow toward the house streams of good will, sympathy, and love; and tangible testimony in the shape of all manner of delicacies, fruits, and flowers. I never saw anything like it before; and these messages and offerings came not alone from our own church friends, but from those in all the churches, and outside of any denomination. The kindness did not abate, but kept on and on until I almost had to issue a request that the stream should hold up a little, at least, fearing overtax upon nerve and strength.

Troy is distinguished for its kindly attentions in cases of sickness or distress as well as for other features and attractions. It is also noted for its beautiful women,

and a good proportion of them visited us in these days of our misfortune. One splendid woman, of true heart and mind, to be noted in any company of women, and whose good things flowed in for weeks and months "to save us the trouble of caring for ourselves," was Mrs. Redington, and how kind and thoughtful it was of her; another was Mrs. Hoffman, a beautiful, glory-eyed woman, who shed tears for our sad accident, and sent us again and again offerings, beautiful and good, just like her own royal self; then a beloved Apostle-John woman, with baskets of things in her train; a Saint-Andrew-faced young sister, with a prune pudding all covered with white; another, distinguished in appearance, of the Mrs. Scott Siddons type, with a heart and hand dropping sweetness, beauty, and love; one strong and dignified, and with a smile as sweet as summer; another queenly and of the absolutely heroic kind, and yet sweetly sympathetic; and still another, of older years, and looking as though she had just passed outward through the pearly gates, and had brought a hint of heaven upon her garments. How many more there were, and all so good that they came as angel spirits before us, and we trust that ever here and hereafter our love may abide with them, and Heaven bless them.

Mother was much impressed by the loving manifestations she received, and by the good providence she enjoyed, of having both of her daughters with her during the critical period of her illness. The Sunday morning following the accident she received a note from one of our parishioners, herself an invalid and heavy-laden at the time, reading thus :

"MY DEAR MRS. BAILEY :

"We are very sorry for you, and wish we might do





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something for you. As I cannot come to you on account of infirmity, cannot I do something for you at the house.

“Yours with love,

“A. M.”

When this was read to mother it started the fountain of tears, and she said: “Put it in your sermon, Emma, that love is the lever that moves the world. The Almighty Spirit is in everyone; all have it, and it is called forth in time of distress. Such a sense as I do have to-day of Almighty power and love drawn out to feel and do for others! Yes, the great heart of God beats perceptibly against my own.”

CHAPTER XXI.

MY MOTHER'S STORY.*

My earliest recollections are rendered very happy by the thought of my dear and honored parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Whitcomb of Swanzey, N. H. My father, who was a frugal, honest man, I love to think of, although he has been dead many years. I was an only daughter, with six brothers, older than myself. As I was the youngest, and a girl, I was quite a pet in the family, and particularly with my father, who would often call me to sit upon his knee, and that was just where I felt secure and happy, even in a thunderstorm; for then my father would sing to me:

" Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less His goodness, in the rain and thunder."

Like all children, I enjoyed stories, but I liked best of all to hear my father tell of Jesus and His love; how the dear Heavenly Father sent Him to this earth to teach us how to live, and what a good man He was, how He loved everybody and went about doing good, and that He did not forget the little children, but took them up in His arms and blessed them. Such teachings were salutary to my young heart. I felt that I loved this Saviour of the world, and I would often ask my father to tell me more about Him. I was early taught to pray, by my parents,

* This chapter was written by my mother at my request, during the year 1895, before her eyesight failed her, and with a view to placing it in my book,—THE AUTHOR.

but it was a reality in my very being to lift my heart to God in this manner.

My mother's health for many years was very poor, but her heart was full of prayer, and her frequent ejaculations were, "O God, my Saviour, help my infirmities of body, and cleanse me from all sin!" I can remember a terrible scene when I was a little over three years old. My toddling baby brother Gilbert fell into a kettle of hot water, and was so badly scalded that he only lived twelve hours. My mother's groans and cries were fearful to my young heart, and they are now vivid to my recollection. She could not shed a tear, but in great agony of soul lay down to rest for the night. She could not close her eyes, and my father tried to comfort her, though his own heart was bleeding. There was no rest for her poor aching breast, until she saw a brilliant light almost like the sun shining upon the wall. As she gazed a face appeared, beautiful, serene, and all compassionate. She felt at once it was the face of her Saviour, and then the lips moved, and the word "Hush," three times repeated, came to her in great sweetness and power. A change passed over her spirit, she was soothed and comforted, and made to feel reconciled to her terrible bereavement, and soon went to sleep. She lived to the age of seventy-nine, but that vision was ever a reality to her.

I had never heard the doctrine of the great Restitution preached until I was twelve years old, for I had attended with our family the Congregational Church, where all the town worshiped together. Previous to this age my father had often told me of his conversion to a broader view of God and his government than I had ever heard from the pulpit. As a preliminary to his story, he said: "My father, who was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, died

when I was nineteen years old, and called all of the family to his deathbed to hear his parting words. He gave us all good advice, to be loving and kind to our mother and to each other, and above all to be truthful and honest with ourselves and all the world. Then he said to me, the eldest: 'If you are ever in doubt in regard to the Scriptures, you must consult Priest Goddard,' the old minister there, whom they had settled for life. As I was on horseback at one time with a grist of corn for the mill, I met a young man who asked me if I was going to hear the strange minister from England, Rev. John Murray, who was to preach over in the Fish neighborhood in the schoolhouse at five o'clock that afternoon. I said I had not heard of it before, but at once I resolved to go.

Leaving my bags of grain at the mill, I rode to the schoolhouse, full of wonder. The house was so packed with people that I could scarcely find a seat. A death-like stillness pervaded the place, every heart waiting and listening for the preacher. It was in the early fall, and the door stood open. Soon the saintly man came in, and, with a serene look of complacency upon his features and true dignity in his bearing, he took his seat on the platform. I was much impressed, and as he read the Scriptures it seemed to me that I was hearing the Word of God as never before; and then came such a prayer as I had never listened to—prayed with such confidence, hope, real earnestness, and power. My soul was lifted—a fountain of tears was opened, and they were rolling rapidly down my cheeks. God was addressed as a loving Father, who loved all of his children alike and would provide eternally for all. He had sent His Son into this world to make known His undying, His everlasting, love, and His unchangeable and unbreakable will, that in the dispensation

of the fullness of times He will gather together in one all things, both which are in heaven and in the earth, even in Him. Then came the sermon, with the text, 'God is love,' and oh, how he did set forth the love God has, as our Father, our Saviour, and everlasting friend—that He has all power, and that His Son Jesus must reign until the last wanderer is purified and brought home to Him. I was convinced that I was listening to Bible truth, and that it was just what I had stood in need of—a God whom I could trust, and not fear. Before the sermon ended I was born into the quickening power of the spiritual kingdom of Christ. I lingered in the schoolhouse, and the preacher, seeing my tearful face, came toward me, and extending his hand said, 'Young man, I discover that your tears are those of gratitude and love to God. Cling to your Saviour, and God will ever bless you.' When I came out of the place I was surprised to find a new world—the earth, the heavens and all things had changed, becoming new, more lovely, beautiful, and inspiring than I had ever known them; for through all shone the glorious fact that the Saviour embraced the whole world of mankind in His loving mission and purpose. A change also came over my arduous duties in my widowed mother's home, for I felt that now all would be a loving pleasure, and I never after that realized any need of old Priest Goddard's explanation of the Scriptures."

I used to say to my father after he would relate this experience, or tell me about his conversion, "Oh, how I would like to hear such preaching as that!" and he would say, "Some time, my daughter, we must try and get one of these ministers here, so you can listen to what has been an anchor to my soul for so many years." At the time previously mentioned, when I was twelve years of age, my

great opportunity came, and then I was as truly converted as my father. The minister, Rev. Charles Hudson, was from Westminster, Mass., and my heart was all aglow to hear those views which had been such a comfort to my dear father. I went hand in hand with him to the church, and saw behind the desk a fine-looking man with benevolent features, and before he had closed his prayer my sire was in a flood of tears, and my own heart was touched with the fire of divine love. I, too, wept from the very joy of my soul. The minister took for his text these words, "God is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe." He fully proved to my understanding that God, through Christ, is the prospective Saviour of all men, that all shall be willing, in the day of His power; but that those who believe now in the record God has given of his Son Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of the world, have especial salvation from doubts and fears, and if they follow Christ they will be saved from sin. It was a blessed discourse for me, and I felt at one with God. It seemed so good and reasonable, and my soul was baptized with the precious truth that all souls are God's for time and eternity. I was a happy child, and I could see God's love depicted not only in the face of the preacher, but in all the congregation.

As we came out of the church I got hold of my father's hand, and said: "How beautiful everything looks; how happy I am; and I am going to try and always be a good girl! Oh, how I love everybody, and I am so glad Christ's love is to redeem all at last!" My father was happy, and I guess he thought, "Just my own conversion over again, or as far as it can be, at her age." When we reached home I ran in to my mother's sick-room, and putting my arm around her neck, said: "Oh, my dear

mother! this is the happiest day in all my life. I have found the true Saviour, Who is to save all at last; and I love Him with all my heart, and I feel I shall always be a good girl. I know I am a Universalist as well as father, now." I heard no more of such preaching until one year from that time, when Father Hosea Ballou, that sainted soul, came and preached from the same desk, and from the text, "Now is the day of judgment," showing conclusively that the "Judgment Seat of Christ" was set up in the earth with the advent of His Gospel, and that we are rendered by the light of its commands and precepts, its glorious doctrines and spirit, accountable to God every day and hour we live; that if we have done well we shall receive the reward of that righteous conduct; if we have done ill, our punishment must come: we suffer loss, and our evil works must be burned, yet we ourselves shall be saved, so as by fire—the purifying fire of God's loving chastisements; all of which appeared just and reasonable to my understanding.

Years now passed before I was privileged to hear again the sound of such preaching, though I was known as a firm believer in the glorious faith of universal redemption. We moved to Saxton's River Village, Vt., and there I heard no clergyman of our faith but once, when I rode with a company of young people twelve miles to Chester, Vt., to hear Rev. Warren Skinner preach—a man of noble form, gracious manner, and persuasive voice, and also to enjoy the communion service, which was to be administered that day. I was well rewarded for my efforts, for I was never more moved, and I was overcome with rich feelings of joy and gratitude, to partake of the Lord's Supper with believers of my own faith. The tears flowed freely from my eyes, and noticeably to my com-

panions, for one of the young men of our company whispered to me and said: "Eliza, if you believe everybody is going to be saved, what are you crying for?" "Oh," I said, "Newton, you don't know anything about it!" In those days, when Universalism was new in our country, and the controversy between it and orthodoxy was sharp and bitter, like my father before me, I could never listen to the preaching of its consoling and inspiring doctrines without the tears rolling down my cheeks. One time I was caught in such a meeting without any handkerchief, and with new white kid gloves on, and it is needless to say that I spoiled my gloves.

We moved back to New Hampshire, to my native town, and from there we went to a Universalist convention at Walpole, and heard the saintly Ballou once again. In a Conference Meeting there we listened to one of his simple, grand, fervent, and reasonable prayers, in which he said: "If there is a weeping Mary in this audience, oh, let her come to the fountain of living water, which is constantly bubbling up for the salvation and the satisfaction of all souls." I fell on my knees in the great congregation, and gave my heart to God more fully than I had ever done before. Still, the kind Father above had good things in store for me, for a young Universalist minister came to our place to preach, James Wilson Bailey, so pure and honest and worthy-looking, and who had such a good sermon, that I said, on coming out of the church, to a friend: "That's the man for me," hardly knowing what I meant by it, only that I had enjoyed him very much. This young man had become a Universalist by setting up type in the office of the *Impartialist*, a Universalist paper edited by Rev. Wm. S. Balch, and two years from that time he became my husband. Oh, what bliss

filled my heart, to have for my life companion a man whom I could love from principle, and who was a preacher of those doctrines which I so fully believed in, and had so hungered for for many years. Truly, God had been most kind to me, and I was exceedingly grateful to Him. We began our life together with united prayers to God for inward worthiness and outward usefulness in the Master's vineyard.

During our first settlement together, in Hinsdale, N. H., I was very much exercised to speak in the prayer and conference meetings of our church, but feared to, as I had never opened my mouth in this way, and it was hardly thought the place of women to do so at the time, except in singing. I became very much oppressed with the repression of my feelings in this direction, so much so that I decided that I must either give vent to the tide within or remain at home; but my husband encouraged me to go, and to speak forth freely my thoughts, as the Spirit should dictate. I did so at the next meeting, and my relief was unbounded. I never knew what I said at that time, but I felt I had done right, and experienced great satisfaction therefrom. After reaching home my husband put his arm around me and said: "Eliza, you are happy, aren't you?" From this time on it has ever been my habit and joy to take part in such meetings, when the opportunity has been fitting and the spirit moved.

I had long entertained the idea that baptism by immersion was the truest expression of being buried with Christ in his baptism, and at a convention in Nashua, when the Rev. A. A. Miner was to be baptized in the river, I sought my opportunity and followed him into the water to enjoy the services, performed by Rev. W. S. Balch. I was so happy that I sang, with the chorus of voices on the

bank, both as I went down and as I came up out of the water, strains of that dear old hymn, "The Converts," beginning with "Oh, how happy are they who their Saviour obey." I was always very happy with my husband in Gospel work, and especially to sing with him in religious meetings and at the bedside of the sick and dying, and many a blissful season did we enjoy together in this way, witnessing many a heavenly and seraphic departure from earth. Thus our faith was strengthened, and our belief confirmed in the blessed doctrines we held so dear. When my dear husband went home to God, in the glorious way he did, after our married life of twenty-five shining and tender years, I felt that this was the most blessed experience of our life together, and, though lonely, I could sing with the choir at the home funeral service, "I Will Never, Never Leave Thee," a hymn very dear to our family.

We were both especially happy in the care of our lovely children, whom God so kindly granted us. Before my youngest daughter Emma was born, whom we called "Bird," as a little girl, I was attending women's prayer meetings every week, in which I took a deeply interested part, and I feel sure that these meetings and the spirit of mind induced by them had much to do in the shaping of her mind and the all-controlling desire she had in after years to preach the Gospel of Christ. I have often said she was almost born in a prayer meeting, and even when a babe she seemed to love the influences of the Church.

I have never swerved from my belief in my precious Saviour, and in Him as the Saviour of the world, and this faith has with the years grown and brightened in my heart, until in my advanced life it towers before me as a light-house to my dim eyes, and a citadel of strength to

my declining powers. My love for Christians in other denominations has ever been warm and true, and growing with the years; and I rejoice in my later days to see the increased unity among those of all religious beliefs. I have always enjoyed association and labor with true believers of all denominations, for the Christian life and spirit is the same with all, and God speed the day when all sectarian barriers between them shall be removed.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONSUMMATIONS.

As this is the last chapter in my book, concerns our last work in Pennsylvania, and also speaks of the "Great Convention" held in Boston in October, 1899, which was as a climax of aspiration for our Church, and also to my hopes and desires as a woman minister of the Gospel of Christ, I have headed it as above.

During the fall of 1898 I was obliged to relinquish my work at Springfield on my own and my mother's account. The prospect for mother was a long confinement as a cripple and invalid, and I was quite worn with all that had come upon me. The Springfield ties of work and friendship pulled most decidedly, but we secured the services there of Brother Brunning for the remainder of the year, and this mitigated somewhat the situation, though for a long time I could not meet a Springfield parishioner on the streets of Troy but what, when his back was turned, the tears would start. I loved my work there, as I have always at every post where I have been stationed.

The Christmas of this year poured showers of blessings upon us, and among the books that came were Lilian Whiting's little book, "The World Beautiful," bringing an hundredfold and more its size in spiritual influence, and "The Life of Susan B. Anthony," in two volumes, which I devoured in the long winter evenings when mother was asleep. I was all wrought up over her life, which seemed to me the most indefatigable one, for an un-

popular yet noble cause and purpose, of any which I had ever read. I thought I knew much of our grand Susan before, but this revealed to me that the half had not before been told.

Somehow I look upon those two books as sisters of mine, and I take each by the hand and say: "May I walk between you, and be as steadfast to my calling as your noble heroines have been to theirs!—Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton, as one has said of Lord Kitchener, your 'lives should be patented'! and some day the world will exalt you, even more than it does to-day; but it will be when your wonderful bodies have been laid away, and your still more wonderful spirits are climbing the heights eternal, and when all the women of our land, and perhaps other lands, have come to be in full the other units or integers with men in the world's affairs and government."

. Notwithstanding mother's illness I managed to do much for our Christmas exercises in the Troy church that year, and a real holy Christ Child occasion it proved to us all. In June, 1899, I made a great effort to attend our State Convention held at Athens, for I had not left mother for even a single day since her accident, except to officiate at funerals or weddings.

The meeting was so grand, Gospel-like, and progressive from beginning to end that I was greatly blessed, and came home more enthusiastic for the "Forward Movement" in our Church, so forcibly advocated at the present in our *Universalist Leader*, than I had been before, and determined that the spirit and life manifested there should be felt at our coming Association at Springfield, as it had fallen to my lot, as many times before, to make up the program for that meeting. At Athens the report of the Troy Church received especial favorable mention, as

having shown the "letter and the spirit of the General Convention for our churches," and for this we were much gratified.

After my return from Athens I sent out over fifty letters and postals in reference to the work of the Association to be held at Springfield, and as earnest reminders for the friends to be present. The meeting went on record as an unusual one that year. It was full of the glorious spirit of love, hope, and work which we had enjoyed at Athens. The "Whirlwind of the Lord" seemed over us, and the devotional services were of the Bible-melody kind, comforting, yet searching in their influence. After the last of these a lay brother arose and spoke, saying: "Brothers and sisters, we have made our religious duty too much just listening to preaching, and what we want most of all is to put that preaching into practice, to be as lively stones ourselves, a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, offering up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ." This was just what we wanted to hear, and all were blessed by his words. Afterward this lay brother told me he would have liked to have led one of the prayer meetings there. I was sorry it was too late, but promised him that another year, if he were present, he certainly should have the opportunity.

Beautiful Mount Pisgah was in view, framed by the open doorway of the church, and with Revs. Ballou, Tillinghast, Brunning, and Kimball present, we had talks and sermons that touched the spiritual heart of the Gospel, making the session to me as beautiful as if enveloped in a bright and shining cloud of heaven. Rev. J. D. Tillinghast, now the State missionary of Pennsylvania, proved the most persuasive and politest of divine beggars, and we could not say him nay. This is the kind we want,

to gather up funds for mission purposes. Mrs. Olive M. Kimball, the Minnie Bullock of the dear old Mansfield days, dropped down among us, as an angelic presence, and led, by request, the Y. P. C. U. meeting in a manner to make lasting spiritual impression.

Whenever I stood before the people I could look into the faces of dear parishioners from Mansfield, Springfield, Troy, Athens, Sylvania, and Columbia, and into those of dear friends from all the places in the Association, and I felt a great heart-bleed and a song of praise to arise within me, that I could be present once again: though a great sorrow kept tugging at my heart, that dear mother could no longer attend such meetings with me; and also for the thought that would come pressing home, that maybe it would be a long time before I could be with all these dear ones in Association assembled again.

During the early fall of this year the Biennial General Convention of our denomination, to be held in Boston the last of October, began to loom up before us, its claims set forth and urged by the editor of the *Universalist Leader*, Dr. F. A. Bisbee. Later its program, spread out for our joyous contemplation, beginning with that of the Two-Days' Ministerial Conference, appealed away down to the depths of the ministers' and lay brothers' hearts. In my soul I said I must go, though I could not see my way at all. I went to mother's good old Testament, given her by my father before the War of the Rebellion, asked God to lead me, and then I opened the book with my finger resting upon this verse:

"That he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man" (Ephesians iii. 16).

This seemed to be my answer, my encouragement, that

I should find a way for my mother's care, and that the Lord would strengthen me to make all needful preparations, see me through the journey and the great meeting. How thankful I am now for that answer, as it all worked according to its precious promise.

Finding a dear friend to take care of mother, and another to go with me to the meeting, I went, endured, possessed, and was glorified, coming home with a deepened heart, a broader mind, and a finer inspiration; sharpened, strengthened, solidified, and enthused for the work of the Church and all good endeavor.

The devotional meetings of the Ministers' Conference, and those of the Convention following, were as the Day of Pentecost fully come: the Spirit poured out upon the sons and daughters of God there represented, causing them to prophesy, and the young men to see visions and the old men dream dreams. During all of the services the handwriting upon the wall might have read:

"And I will show wonders in heaven above and signs in the earth beneath; and it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Through the lofty arches of the grand church edifice, inhabited by the shades of Murray, Ballou, Cobb, Whittemore, Chapin, Miner, Emerson, Sawyer, and others, a voice might have spoken, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear. For David is not ascended into the heavens; but he saith himself: The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou here, on my right hand, until I make thy foes thy footstool."

We were all of one accord in one place, and from the greatness of our numbers could have thought, "And all that believed were together," and from our unity and fellowship of love, "had all things common." The singing was full and grand, led by the noble and supremely gifted Rev. Stanford Mitchell, whose voice could be heard above all the others, and whose occasional solos, gently swelling in power, filled all the house with rich and ennobling melody, and raised your spirit to the very gate of heaven.

Taking the religious tone of the Convention, held for seven days in the large Columbus Avenue Church, as representative, no one could say that the Universalist Church lacked in the devotional or that which goes to create and sustain the fires of a truly religious denomination. It was noted toward the close that not one prayer offered in all the services failed to ask God for the outpouring of His Holy Spirit: which might shed the love of God abroad in our hearts and stir us to duty Godward and manward.

After our first meeting, where hundreds were already gathered, more than two hundred of them being ministers, I looked about me and was astonished at the weight of brains present; and I reflected: "Hearing of Boston and Eastern intellect and culture is one thing, and seeing it is another." It became the general remark: "What a grand-looking congregation!" "What a splendid, cultured, dignified, and consecrated class of ministers there are present!" Of course there were more there from the East than any other section, and most of the younger ministers were supposedly graduates of Tufts College and Divinity School, and these seemed to have a common look of development and culture, which was striking and inspiring to behold, and then there were grand delega-

tions from the West, the South, the Middle States, all bespeaking a fine and instructive meeting. I thought I might rub off some of my own plebeianism in daily contact with such, and also that there might be a happy blending of forces and influences, as every person has some strain of nature or character which belongs to no one else. As the great days went by, all seemed less strange to me, and I concluded the unifying process had begun, with me, at least.

Dr. J. Coleman Adams of Brooklyn, N. Y., always a conspicuous figure in our conventions, for his fine appearance and his rugged and dignified words of wisdom, in his introductory at the first session of the Ministers' Conference, quoted the words of Wendell Phillips: "Democracy does not mean, I am as good as you are, but you are as good as I am," thus striking a glorious note of equality among the brethren. Rev. I. P. Coddington of Rochester, N. Y., young, hearty, of roseate hue, with a flower upon his coat and a smile upon his face, came forward to speak upon the topic, "How May the Ministers Be of Most Service to Each Other?" He said he had found no time to write his address, but if we would give him our sympathy he felt quite sure he would say what he ought to. "Any Church," said he, "can make a Hercules out of its minister by giving him sympathy." Judging from his work in Rochester, his people there must be up to the standard in this divine quality. He said ministers could help each other by getting better acquainted, by always practicing the Golden Rule in their relations with each other, and by doing their duty faithfully where they were, and by being loyal to all the interests of the denomination. The faithfulness of one helped the faithfulness of all.

When the discussion was on "The Local Church in Reference to the General Church," led by Dr. E. C. Sweetser, that faithful, far-sighted, and truly courageous man, and when the "little churches and the little ministers" were mentioned, I almost made a little speech myself, for I came very near saying that when we felt right we didn't realize we were little churches and little ministers, but that we were a part of the great whole, or one of the cars of the denominational train attached to the great engine in front, which is the General Convention, and ready to give us just as much steam, power, and speed as we will furnish the material for. I feel that way, and know I can move along with the rest, if I am only coupled to the train by the conviction that I am trying to make the most of my religious journey, and my own church all it should be under God, in the performance of duty, and in the life of the Spirit.

Upon the subject, "The Immediate Opportunity and the Immediate Duty," Rev. W. C. Selleck of Providence, R. I., spoke great and clear words for our real Christian life and real Christian and humanitarian work; that this would upbuild our churches and outlast all other efforts, and was the opportunity and the need. At the close of his address he expressed gratitude that we were entering the dawn of a new glorious day for spiritual religion, that the researches of the century had prepared the way for it; and "may our faces," said he, "be radiant with its blessed light," his own face so lighted by the truth that he appeared to have already reached that climax of opportunity and life. Others emphasized the creed and the doctrines, but all seemed to agree in the great truth that the greatest need was more love to God and man. Rev. F. W. Perkins said he would urge loyalty to our Church,

and at the same time the need of putting ourselves in the attitude for fellowship and work with the churches of other denominations.

At the closing session of the Ministers' Conference, Dr. C. E. Nash, president of Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill., a man of great heart and spiritual leverage, led the forward march for loyalty and subordination on the part of ministers to the "appointed authorities of the Church," and for greater spiritual unity among them, and the success of it cast delight over the entire body; and no one felt that we had "pulled a crow" when Dr. Crowe of New York came forward with his little pledge card in hand. After this, circling about the altar and joining hands, we all sang, "God be with you till we meet again," led by the glorious tones of a Mitchell; and then was demonstrated the supremacy of the invisible, spiritual, and angelic presences, holding high sway over our religious emotions, and furnishing us with that which should be as resources and treasures for other days.

The regular convention began, and the president, the Hon. C. L. Hutchinson of Chicago, with his honorable gavel, made impression for ability and courage as a leader that few among men could even aspire to. Plymouth Rock could claim relationship with him for firmness, and yet the very skies for geniality. Among the good words he said were these:

"The work of the Universalist Church is to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, to win men to God and righteousness. We will proclaim the love of God and pray for the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit."

After the great mass meeting on Sunday night, when six thousand people sought entrance to Music Hall to

hear the three grand speakers, Drs. Eaton, Crowe, and Shutter, Hon. Hutchinson said he could not sleep, from very ecstasy and prophecy of spirit. Dr. S. H. Roblin, pastor of the Columbus Avenue Church, and following the late Dr. Miner, gave us starlike words of welcome, reminiscence, and encouragement, and looked the embodiment of the past, present, and the future for mental supply and inspiration. I even fancied I could see a little of Jonathan Edwards there, though nothing of his hard theology.

What a length of time it would take to even outline the good things of this meeting, so we can only mention a feature here and there which plainest stands out in our memory. The morning Rev. Henrietta G. Moore of Ohio led the Conference meeting we were much impressed by her remarks as to the minute and universal care of the Fatherhood of God, which she said we could see everywhere, even in the life of every leaf upon the tree. The leaves hung before us, shining and vibrating in the sun, tokens of the love and watchfulness of God the Father, and shown by a typical woman, brainy, symmetrical, cosmic in mind, and Christian. A most excellent meeting to remember, and refreshing as the pure sweet airs of early summer mornings. Rev. H. N. Couden, the blind chaplain of the United States House of Representatives, presided over one of the Devotional Services. He is a tall, experienced-looking man, and as he presented, in his blindness of sight, caused by his service in the War of the Rebellion, the light of Jesus' truth, a new light shone upon us, with transforming power.

It seemed a good thing that our people had previously united upon the following as our essential principles of belief, and that now they were ratified at this Convention.

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The spiritual authority and leadership of his Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Dr. I. M. Atwood, our General Superintendent, mantled with wisdom and a fatherly dignity, gave us great encouragement, with the present outlook of the planting of churches in the various centers of our country and others. The urging by him and others of missionaries and district missionaries in all our States, as the policy of our General Convention, was a most welcome message, methinks, to all our people, for the churches need looking after, and the ministers also.

Dr. G. L. Perin, with a face in which the masculine and feminine appear equally blended, the highest type of the human being, made us to feel, in his report and exhortation as General Financial Secretary, that he had a right to a part, if not a tenth, of what we possessed for the up-building and the spread of the religion of Jesus, and during the great meeting devoted to "Our Forward Movement," in twenty minutes' time he drew from our exchequers over twelve hundred dollars, or at the rate of over sixty dollars a minute, for the cause of the Japan mission; but our minds had been prepared for this in a measure, at least, by the fine addresses of Dr. Nash and our returned Japan missionary, Rev. Clarence E. Rice. God bless the young men in our ministry, and in all ministries whose hearts, souls, bodies, and minds are in the work!

Dr. Shinn, our General Missionary, was the Krupp-gun of our forces, firing off truth and success at a rate

and distance unparalleled; and sometimes exploding with the fullness of his powder-like enthusiasm. Long life to Dr. Shinn, with great heart, hope, and magnanimous nature to flash the light of Truth and blaze the way for her; to start and nurture our beginnings, and to rally us with a trumpet's call to our summer meetings.

Our "Twentieth Century Fund"—shall we stop and pray before we mention it? But Dr. Bisbee was there, and it was explained, advocated, and voted into the hands of the General Convention, to be made a permanent fund, the interest only to be expended for denominational purposes. Two hundred thousand dollars! Shall we get it? May the Lord grant it! We must each one work and pray, pray and work, and it will surely come.

Our Father in heaven, may we all feel interested and help to bring the day when Thou wilt "destroy the face of the covering cast over all people and the veil that is spread over all nations." When Thou wilt "swallow up death in victory and wipe away tears from off all faces"; and the glory of the glorious truth, that God is love, yesterday, to-day, and forever, shall reach all hearts, and none shall mourn or be afraid, because of an avenging, wrathful, and unrelenting God in heaven. In Christ's Name we ask it. Amen and Amen!

Did we hear aright, when two brothers, Hon. H. B. Metcalf, of Rhode Island, and Mr. Calef, of Vermont, said they would each give twenty-five hundred dollars to the fund, as a permanent one? Oh, yes! we heard aright, and the glory of it got into our hearts and went up to God in tender and grateful emotions. Dr. Cushman, with face distinguished for true cameo work of mind and spirit, gave us one of the best words in regard to the "Forward Movement," when he said it must begin in the

individual life and in the individual local church, and not out of them.

Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, missionary of the State of Michigan, and ranking high in our ministry for her long and most efficient service, won our truest approbation by the manner in which she presented the claims of the central West. As I listened to her, the harp strings of my soul were gently touched, and music sweet resounded in my ears, for truly "the eternal feminine is simply the power of love, which has its throne in a good woman's heart." The tears started as soon as I heard her voice, regardless of the beautiful things she had to say.

It was indeed pleasant to see the sprinkling of women ministers in the great and goodly company—twenty-six of them in all, and to note their different personalities. Whenever one came forward to present her thought, or make some good point in the discussions, to me there was a relief from so much broadcloth, and convinced me more than ever that a union of male and female speakers upon any worthy occasion is most agreeable to the many sensations of the human mind, and very profitable also.

I was much pleased at one of the evening sessions, when Rev. Effie K. M. Jones of Barre, Vt., took her seat upon the singers' platform, and, with her statue-like form and features, surmounted all the varied and distinguished assemblages before us in the lower seats, reminding us of the Goddess of Liberty. At the Consecration Meeting, the last of the Convention, Mrs. Jones emphasized in true way and faultless manner the great need of piety in the Church, while Rev. C. A. Hayden, that of revival awakening and quickening by the Holy Spirit's power, and



REV. FLORENCE KOLLOCK CROOKER.



FATHER SHRIGLEY, AGED 86.

Dr. A. G. Rogers, that of centralizing around the personal Christ, where our hearts will be kept warm and active.

At the close of this meeting we joined hands and sang as we had done before, "God be with you till we meet again," and greatly cementing and inspiring was the effect, and very tender, too, when we thought of those among us aging in years, but not in the sunshine of the soul. Of course Dr. G. L. Demarest was there, a philosopher in the wisdom of his years and a general in the guidance of our religious ship; Dr. S. H. McColleston, too, with smile as genial as the warmth of summerland, and whose friendship is as true as truth itself; Dr. J. W. Hanson, whose knowledge of the beginnings of things, and the Old and New Testaments in the original, is trustworthy and vast, and whose place among us would be hard to fill; and saintly Father D. B. Clayton, all the way from South Carolina, whose efforts and sacrifices as a missionary in the South can hardly be overestimated or appreciated.

There were present, also, many old friends, some of whom were kindred, and others old parishioners of my father's, and very dear. My cousin, Mrs. Jane Merriam of Palmer, Mass., expressed a good thought when she said, in the morning conference, that it seemed to her we had all come home to a family gathering, describing in her remarks an old-fashioned Thanksgiving return to the family homestead. I met a minister from the West who introduced me to another as "Miss Bailey, the author." I was so pleased I did not contradict him, and then it brought me back to the good old days of *The Star in the West*, to which I used to send my struggling, newborn thoughts.

The language of my soul at the meeting was: "Lord, it

is enough!" or it seems almost too good to be true; and may it be that we shall all enjoy from it broader and deeper lessons of love in the individual efforts we shall make to go forward in the cause of Christ. May we be faithful, pressing on with renewed zeal, courage, and consecration, and may it be ours more than ever to so live that we may cherish and give the right spirit to the world, to redeem it from selfishness, sin, and doubt, and to feel the real force of Jesus' words: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

On Saturday, the 21st, something took place which was very memorable to a few, and afforded richest opportunity and blessing. It was in the afternoon at "The Thorn-dike," and in the beautiful and ornamental reception room, where the women ministers held their banquet, with Mary A. Livermore as the chief invited guest and oracle. Allow me to say in Scripture language that the glory of the Lord which was upon the very threshold went and stood over the cherubim, and that never before had I experienced the sensation I did on entering that room, and beholding the array of twenty-five beautiful sisters in the ministry, each one appearing to have a distinct and high personality of her own. It was as a new revelation, and with social zest and richness of taste we entered at once into the occasion.

The sweet dream of all the years of such sisterly acquaintance and companionship was realized, and the words spoken for all, under the guidance of Rev. Mrs. Jones, appealed to our truest knowledge, our rarest experience; those of Dr. Augusta Chapin in prayer, out of the heart and the realms, spiritual and intellectual; those of Revs. Henrietta G. Moore, Abbie Danforth, and Florence

Kollock Crooker giving us things like some of Paul's, unlawful to utter. The dinner was up to the best of the Thorndike's reputation, and was chatted down with glowing hearts and loving glances; but the climax of good was reached when Mrs. Livermore addressed us with all her old-time power and eloquence. The weight of her progressive thoughts, and the completeness of her expression, gave us an intellectual and spiritual feast to be partaken of with a keen relish and unusual gratitude. She spoke of the great telepathy between heart and heart, between God and man, and between angels and the soul, discovered and yet to be; of the chiseling effect of sorrow, trial, and suffering, and with words and looks of thanksgiving and encouragement, of the advanced opportunities of women in these our modern times, bringing us again to the feet of this wonderful woman, to her spirit of wisdom and tender sympathies, her remarkable and glorious career of far-reaching usefulness. We were greatly stirred, and lifted up as with wings from the earth; and the glory of the God of Israel was over us above.

As our wonderful guest in her wonderful manner spoke of sorrow, of which she had of late received her full cup, in the death of her noble husband, that able and valiant champion of the rights of woman, her eyes filled with tears, as did our own, and then again with those of joy, when she asked how many women preachers there were in our denomination, and was told seventy-eight. For brightness, richness, and sweetness this occasion was remarkable, and forever to be cherished by its participants. Never again could any one of us women ministers feel so lonely as before, and we thanked God most heartily for the rare privilege we had enjoyed, and especially in having Mrs. Livermore with us as our example and pioneer.

This afternoon was set apart for the grand excursion to Tufts College, our great University, but I did not go, and felt amply compensated therefor. However, I took another opportunity to do so, and with swelling pride looked over the fine buildings, the magnificent grounds, and the memorable views to be seen from College Hill, upon which the school is situated.

After the Convention, what? Well, on a Sunday at home I tried to tell the people all about it, and spoke one hour and a half, and came out of it "as fresh as a rose," and the people did not wilt, but expressed themselves as much interested, and hopeful for the cause at home and abroad.

In November the services of Rev. Amanda Deyo of Philadelphia were secured at Springfield, and together we held union meetings there and at Troy upon the Christmas and New Year's Sundays, and though the weather and the traveling were the most trying, we had telling services at both places. The great religious waves of the Boston convention, at which we were both present, flowed into them, and we were glad to know they had not subsided; and I think there was a certain power in our spirits that we did not possess before going to that great and glorious convocation.

And now sweetness and sadness both cast themselves over my spirits: sadness from thought that I must soon arrange to leave my work in Troy, as I had done at Springfield, as these two societies must still be joined in circuit to make up the wholeness of either in sustaining preaching services; and the sweetness from the ever kind and pleasant relations existing between me and my people, and also from sense of duty in my plan and purpose.

The last two Sundays of my year I managed to have

Sister Deyo preach to our Troy people, that they might become more acquainted with her, and if pleased they could secure her at the beginning of the fiscal year, viz., April 1, 1900. The Sunday before, I prepared my resignation and intended to read it to the friends after the morning service, but in the pulpit I felt great bravery, being united to the Spirit. So I just concluded to read it there at longer range from the dear ones; but, oh, the little after-meeting! the tears would fall responsive to those in the other eyes, and when I saw how hard it was for them to rise or even stir to the call for a vote. In time one after another found a voice, each expressing such words of loving appreciation, attachment, and reluctance to our going, as made the strain of mind and heart very hard to bear; but I insisted on the vote being taken, saying it was final with me, and to gratify their little pastor once again they gave it. I would not speak so freely as this did I not know just how it was with them, and that our love and friendship was truly reciprocal. It saddens me now, at this time and distance away from them, to think how dear they were and are, and how fraught with tenderness every remaining moment of our pastoral year was with them.

As on the 14th of February of that year, 1900, my mother's ninetieth birthday occurred, a reception for her and myself was prepared by our people, and held in the commodious church rooms where we had for five years found a pleasant and comfortable home, yea, more than ordinary, with plenty of room, air, and sunshine, and right under the "droppings of the sanctuary," which we much loved. Over one hundred people, parishioners from Troy, Springfield, Athens, and other adjoining places, and friends and neighbors, poured in, and with them an

abundance of ten quart chicken pies, with other good edibles, birthday cakes, etc., etc. From 11 A. M. to 5 P. M. all went merrily. Miss Nellie Martin from Providence, R. I., arrived, a dear old friend of former days, as if to complete the joy of the day. The sun shone clear and bright, and the program of the afternoon, with the different denominations taking part, Rev. E. P. Morse of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mrs. Deyo, and Editor A. S. Hooker rendering hallowed and happy service, threw all into such loving fellowship as caused some to say that they had never enjoyed any social event so much, unless it might have been a similar one, when we celebrated in the same place my mother's "eighty-six faithful years."

There were presents of money, books, and other valuables from friends at home and abroad, and choice remembrances from those of the Mansfield church. An avalanche of letters, containing the most friendly and beautiful sentiments, together with substantial bills and checks, fell down upon our heads, not breaking them, but our hearts nearly with gratitude and friendly emotions; and I cannot refrain from presenting here choice portions of the same. This from my brother :

"MY DEAR MOTHER :

"I trust you will not think it necessary for me to express, on this your ninetieth birthday, my love for you—the filial, strong, heartfelt, warm and undying love of an only son to his noble, true, devoted, Christian, heroic, capable, talented, and loving mother; for all of this you are to me, have been, and forever and ever will remain, to me; and I know Sister Abbie and Emma feel the same.

"During the many years of childhood, boyhood, and

even young manhood, when you so tenderly loved, guarded, watched, nursed, and reared me, I now know—I did not, could not, then understand, and fully appreciate my mother, the best mother of all the mothers of our generation. Indeed it seems to me that now, and only now, as I reflect upon all you have been to me, and upon the long and eventful history of your life, the strength and originality of your nature, the high nobility and purity of your motives and conduct, I am able to fully and truly appreciate and adequately sense the true position, status, and worth to me of the being who gave me life.

“My mother, I will tell you that I do appreciate and love you, as well as any son ever could or did his own mother. Some of the best and strongest traits of my character are inherited from and due to you. The many lessons of right principles instilled by you into my young ears are now my strong guardians and safest guides of life. I send my congratulations and earnest prayers for your continued life, health, and strength for many years to come; but should fate, accident, or death separate us, and we should not be permitted to meet again on earth, then you must remember, and forever hold the thought, that your Murray boy loves and appreciates you now and forevermore.

“Your only son,

“J. MURRAY BAILEY.”

The following from my sister's letter, and also from one of dear Sister Angie Sargent.

“MY VERY PRECIOUS MOTHER:

“Our spirits will all be with you on this eventful day. Surely you will feel our united love and most tender

wishes that you may be spared us many a birthday in the future. I had forgotten to record your age, in fact, wanted to remain ignorant of the chronological data, for to us you will never grow old, as beauty of soul and goodness are immortal. We bless God that He has spared you to us all these years; that your mind has fed your body with so many beautiful images of thought; that with all your recent suffering you have gloriously risen above it, and that you will always continue to be our brave and beautiful mother, shaping your views of existence into that which is most gratifying and eternal.

“Accept a bit of Jerauld’s and my love in the shape of a check, which never comes amiss.

“With most loyal love,

“DAUGHTER ABBIE.”

This daughter, Abbie, has ever retained her old time and lively affection for the home nest, never having failed to write, when absent, every week in all the years to her mother and sister, and together with her magnanimous-hearted husband, now Major Olmsted, to observe the most careful watchfulness over them, sending the best of reading, and doing all in their power for their good and comfort. Surely a record worthy of mention.

“MY DEAR MRS. BAILEY:

“It hardly seems possible that you commenced life so near the beginning of the present century, which is now rounding to the very close. My hope for you is that you may be permitted to remain with us for many years longer, even to round up your own century of living in this beautiful world.

“A life like yours cannot well be spared. We all need

your daily precept and example. To those of us who have been so fortunate in years past, to share them, words are inadequate to express our gratitude.

"Mr. Sargent and I deeply regret that we cannot be with you on this auspicious occasion, in memory of which I send you a book, 'In Tune with the Infinite.' Not that you need any instruction on that point, but the title seemed so in harmony with your whole life, and so appropriate that I beg you will accept it as a united expression of the love my husband and I have for you.

"Your loyal friends,

"JAMES AND ANGELINA M. SARGENT."

This from Dr. Royal Henry Pullman, then of Baltimore, Md., but now translated to the golden shores above.

"MY DEAR SISTER:

"Most heartily do I congratulate you upon your ninety useful and honorable years. Many precious memories sweeten this birthday, and brighter than ever is the faith that sustains you, and more glorious is the Christian hope that fills you with a splendor the sun can never give. I am proud of you, and I know your childhood was sweet, your youth beautiful, and your maturer years have been filled with the noblest activities for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom. Much has been yours, but this day glorifies every period of your life. The Spirit of the Lord rests upon you, His peace fills your heart. Himself is with you now and for evermore. With the Psalmist you can say, 'Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

"I am no longer young, but God gave me grace last

Sunday to preach in my old church here in Baltimore. My theme was, 'The Living Bread of Heaven' (St. John vi. 51). I was very happy, and I am sure that you will sympathetically share in my joy.

"Yours very truly,

"ROYAL H. PULLMAN."

A letter came from Madrid, N. Y., that blessed home of our childhood days, and the scene of my father's and mother's earlier ministerial life together, with messages from half a dozen or more of old friends still living there, and this fairly quickened all the pulses of our being. We were enriched in every way by this pleasant event, and we knew the influence would extend far into our future.

How beautiful mother was that day, robed in a black silk dress, with white lace cap and kerchief, and pink roses upon her breast, the gift of a dear parishioner. Not yet able to stand, all day she sat in her easy chair under the beautiful and appropriate decorations of the parlor, radiant with love and life, and a certain ethereal expression playing upon her features. To me she was another "Saint Courageous," and I thanked the Lord again and again for the sweet, noble gift He had bestowed upon our family, in our dear mother's long and well-ordered, faithful Christian life. As she has ripened in years, more and more she has seemed to give forth comforting power and help, and to be the life of the company wherever present. During our vacation of 1887 at Saratoga, she was presented with a beautiful chocolate pitcher by the boarders at "The Washburne," because, as they said, she had done more than all others to make it pleasant for them.

Mother had her part upon the program at her birthday reception, and talked, recited poems, and sang to the

people, and when our mother sings it bringeth to us showers of grace divine and lovely. Many were the congratulations I received upon her remarkable qualities and graces of life and character, and that she had retained all her faculties so perfectly through all the many years of her life. As I look at mother I say: "The best part of one's life is the last part, and while I admire the enthusiasm of youth, and approve heartily of it, I am thankful that I, too, have passed on to the more quiet heights." This happy day of our life together we have not sought, but it has come to us, and may we retain it and improve upon it until we reach the happier day of the soul, in the spirit land of God.

In my diary for March, 1900, I find the following: "It is always best to take up church collections when they are due, as it is to answer letters as soon as received, for then they are out of the way for others. Example. Subscriptions for our Sunday school Temperance papers were due, and we at once discharged the indebtedness; then came our 'Convention quota,' and we were more ready for that, and Sunday, the 11th, we made the call, and, with the treasury's help, we sent it on. Soon the eloquent appeal in the *Topeka Capital*, 'In His Name' for the poor starving sufferers in India made us sorrow for those far-off brethren, so that we must take up a collection for them, and now we should save our little moneys if we can, for the fence at the rear of the church, which needs to be rebuilt.

"The positive doctrines of the Bible should take hold upon our consciousness and experience in a way to become the essential part of life. Another little view of it, I will lay my cheek on the great never to be uncertainties and find rest.

"What invisible wires of love, in a little town like this, stretch from house to house, which none but God and angels see, but human hearts feel and bless God for. On the 16th a great snowstorm fell, and the new Methodist Episcopal minister, Rev. Ward Mosher, came over in the early morning and 'shoveled us out.' How glad and kind his face looked when I opened the door to thank him for such neighborly and Christian deed.

"I am impressed with God's care of a little flock of sparrows which has its home in the tower of our church; how 'he feedeth them'; for I see them alighting on the little weeds about and carefully picking off the seeds above the snow. As I throw out crumbs to them I feel singularly in partnership with God. Sometimes I give them a quantity of warm soaked bread, and then they surround the meal like so many cunning little harpies with gourmand taste and haste, and I can but laugh at the funny spectacle.

"The W. C. T. U. met with us the other day, and strange to say just at three o'clock, the time for our meeting to begin, the alarm of our clock went off in a startling manner, as if to call the attention of all to the great evils of our day, and ring in, in their stead, 'purity, total abstinence, and prohibition.' To say the least, it was strikingly pathetic.

"When we do anything wrong in life, I have always noticed that it is like striking a wrong note in a tune. We are out of harmony at once, and a discord is made which runs through our entire being. The moral is, avoid the wrong, do the right, obey the laws, and keep in tune with the Infinite.

"As I was ascending the hill on the way to our railroad station last Wednesday, a vision of the nineteen years

spent in this vicinity arose before my mind, in view of our concluding work here; for soon we seek another place of abode, and I must confess the tears unbidden fell along my path. I reviewed in thought much that had transpired, and what we had attempted in our labors for the churches and the common good, and lamented that more had not been accomplished.

"Then I remembered the teaching and the spirit of some words of Charles Kingsley which I had recently read: 'You are disappointed. Do remember, if you lose heart about your work, that none of it is lost; that the good of every good deed remains and breeds, and works on forever; and all that fails and is lost is the outside shell of the thing, which, perhaps, might have been better done; but better or worse has nothing to do with the real, spiritual good which you have done to men's hearts, for which God will surely repay you in His own way and time.'

"I thought of the beautiful letters received from the Mansfield friends, and also of those from the Whitesville church, saying, 'The influence of the dear old meetings and all the precious religious services we once enjoyed together remains with us yet, and will go with us through the years.' 'Oh, blessed friends!' I cried, 'I gather you all together unto my heart, and shall keep you there while time shall last; and when it shall be ours to meet in the heaven prepared for all souls, these ties shall be renewed in a truer and sweeter affection, and a brighter realization of God's holy laws, amid the better opportunities there for heart to heart companionship and service.' I humbly pray: 'My dear Father in heaven, may it be true that the cause has been better served than as though we had never come into this part of Thy moral and spiritual vine-

yard. May the members whom we have received into the Church have borne lasting light upon the world, and may they continue honored and honoring citizens of the kingdom of Christ. Grant, O Lord, that the children and the children's children, here and everywhere, form not only a remnant for Thy saving truth, but from our loyalty and life, and their loyalty and life, be numbered with an host who shall plant the banners of Thine everlasting and impartial love upon every hilltop, and in every valley in the land. In Christ's name, the Redeemer of all souls, we ask it. Amen and Amen! ' "

On April 22. we had the privilege, with Sister Deyo, who was then beginning her pastorate at Troy, of receiving into the Church a fine young couple, husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beardsley, and this seemed a fitting close to our labors of love in the place.

The first of May we went to Elmira, N. Y., to board for a time with Miss Amanda Simpson, a character of note and of rare ability and worth, and there, between Sundays, given as we best could to the sermons of the celebrated Dr. Henry, or Dr. and Mrs. Eastment, of the the Park Street Church, T. K. Beecher's, I finished sketching this book, which I had begun in December, 1898. We left our household effects at Troy, for Sister Amanda Deyo to use, and as she had none of her own at the time, they fitted nicely to her needs, and helped us to serve the cause a little, even while absent, which pleased us much.

During the month of June I was invited to attend my college class reunion, on Alumni Day at the Syracuse University. The invitation appealed to me much as a band to children; I felt I must leave all and go, and by the way, I think the man who first organized a brass band ought to have his name written in letters of gold. I went

to the university, formerly our old Genesee College of Lima, saw the magnificent institution; gloried in its wonderful achievements; met some of my classmates and friends of the dear old bygone days, and heard Charles M. Underhill, A. M., of the class of '60, respond to the toast: "An Immortal Alma Mater and Grand Mater, '52-'71 (Genesee College)." If anything which grandly touches the hidden springs of our being can be called luscious, his words were such, and they were glorious ones, causing us to prostrate ourselves at the feet of our blessed Alma Mater, and also to rejoice in the great outlook of the university, as set forth by that Websterian-looking man, Chancellor Day.

From Elmira we removed in July to Saratoga Springs, for mother's health and improvement, and to meet my sister there. Here, after another delightful stay at the "Vermont House," and an absorption of the good things of Dr. Shinn's summer meeting, we found permanent board at that homelike place, "Elmwood Hall," owned by and under the management for many years of Dr. and Mrs. Emory Potter, who with their fine family of daughters have been ministering spirits to large families of boarders; and where the little dog, "Roscoe Conkling," in whose eyes can be read "God is Love," has performed a delightful part.

Saratoga is an ideal place in which to do an ideal work, but alas! genius is required for that as well as surroundings, and who, methinks, will put the true finishing touches upon this book?

I sigh for the genius of Edward Noyes Westcott, and the literary ability and culture of Dr. Lyman Abbott, whom my heart has often blessed for his interpretations of life to me; but alas! I cannot reach them. The book must

be left in its plain and homely garments of language and of thought; but its pages are mantled with love, joy, and hope, and we trust they will have some mission for good and cause others to sing with us,

“ Oh, happy day ! that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.”



